

# APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

A MAGAZINE OF GENERAL LITERATURE.

NEW SERIES.]

SEPTEMBER, 1880.

[No. 51.

E D G E - T O O L S .

IN TWO PARTS.—PART SECOND.

"Many were in love with triflers like themselves, and many fancied that they were in love when in truth they were only idle."—RASSELAS.

## CHAPTER IX.

WHEN Honor Burns, as the outcome of her hasty and not too coherent meditations, decided that "something must be done," she had as little idea as have most people who make use of that convenient phrase what the "something" was to be; nor could she foresee by whose hand the work was to be accomplished. We are all ready enough to "forecast the years," but, did we know beforehand what our own share of the future was to be, I doubt that but few of us would be willing to perform our allotted share in the programme.

The room that she and Mrs. Burns shared together, and from which their sleeping-chambers opened on opposite sides, overlooked a narrow strip of ground, by courtesy called the garden (consisting of some gravel-walks and scentless flower-plots beyond the piazza, beyond that some scorched turf, and beyond that the beach and the sea), from two large windows which opened nearly to the floor. Between these windows stood the toilet-table, and at one end of this, and close to the window, Honor sat down, resting her elbows on the table and her chin on her clasped fingers, to think.

Before her lay a book which she recognized as having seen in Aimée's hands a day or two before. She had not noticed then, but remembered now, that it had been laid aside as she entered, and no remark made thereon; and, wondering a little, she took it up to examine it. It was a volume of poetical selections; and a pink glove, that Emmeline had worn the preceding night, lay between the leaves of Joaquin Miller's "Myrrh."

Honor looked at the poem with more attention than she had ever given it. The music of the verses did not move her, but to her excited fancy there seemed a keen and cruel appropriateness to present circumstances in some of the lines: "I wish his love had less of worship and of tenderness"; "At last it comes to me that none were ever true as he"; "Farewell, for here at last the ways divide, diverge—" She threw the book down; she did not need the name upon the title-page to tell her whence it had come. It was another link in the chain her mind was forging—another proof that there was cause for anxiety and dread.

But her feeling was as yet only of doubt and bewilderment; no anguish of certainty, no perception of inevitable misfortune, no knowledge that her misgiving was the common talk of others, were yet hers; and no sharp, keen pang of personal pain, no sudden stab at *self*, had yet divided her unconsciousness as the lightning cleaves the tree. That was all to come.

While pondering whether she should write at once to her father to come and fetch them home, and reflecting that it would be little use, as he might even now be on the way, she became aware that, as far as the sense of hearing was concerned, she was no longer alone. The windows were furnished with those narrow iron balconies for holding flowers which as effectually prevent any observation of the outside world as they screen from observation those within, so that Honor could not see who were her neighbors; but male voices and an odor of cigars apprised her that some one must be either at the window next to hers or on the veranda below.

She had no intention of listening to any man's

conversation, but at the same time, absorbed in her own reflections, she did not leave her seat; and presently these words, in a voice she did not at once recognize, came to her ears:

"I don't see why *you* should worry yourself about it. The man is no doubt behaving badly, and the women appear to be two fools; but it's not the first time that the game has been played—and played out."

"I know that," answered a deep voice, which Honor knew at once for Mr. Weir's; "and if I were a player I dare say it would be all right. As a spectator, I think differently. I admire the girl, and I rather pity the simplicity of the other; and, though God knows I'm no saint, I hate to stand by and see a man, who cares for neither of them, wreck them both."

"If you feel so strongly about it, why don't you say a word of warning?"

"Because I have learned that to meddle in such matters is only, and inevitably, to make them worse."

There was a short silence.

"Some one told me he was going to marry the girl," resumed the voice that must belong to Mr. Torrie; "and I should have thought it would have suited his book better than another useless flirtation. She's very handsome, and I don't suppose some of the old man's money would come at all amiss. He's been bitten confoundingly deep in that last mining business, I've heard."

"He meant it at first, I believe, but found it too much of a pull up stream to make the necessary love to a woman who, with all her beauty, resembles nothing so much as a fragment of a Greenland glacier. I haven't much doubt that he'd do it yet, and be glad of so legitimate an escape from what must be a dilemma, if she'd give him the least encouragement."

"He must be rather an ardent character, according to your account."

"I can't understand it. Perhaps I am generally too much in earnest instead of too little."

"If he's so little in earnest, there can't be much danger in the case you speak of."

"I'm not sure of that. *There* he has only half way to go."

"In his place I'd take the girl. She doesn't care for any one else, I suppose?"

Mr. Weir did not answer instantly; he struck a match and uttered an execration on its non-explosive properties; then—"It's scarcely likely she'd take me into her confidence, if she did," he said, in a peculiar tone.

"I'm sorry I have to go to-morrow, and can't stay to see the *dénouement*," said Mr. Torrie. "As the hero of the romance does not seem a man likely to marry, I suppose it'll be the other

conclusion, an elopement and an appearance in court."

"Not at all. He's far too wide awake for that. But he'll compromise her, and get her talked about in a way that will be just as damaging to her."

"What is there so attractive about her? There's that solemn Morris over head and ears in love with her; why aren't you afraid of *him*?"

"For three reasons. In the first place, it's an old attachment, and they never come to anything; next, there's no sham about *his* Puritanism; and, third, and what is of most consequence, she cares no more for him than I do for her. But don't mention names, please; we can't tell who's near. Those geraniums may have ears, for all we know."

"I'm not going to mention anything more. I promised Lockhart a game of billiards this afternoon, and time's up. See you this evening. By-by."

Meantime, behind the geraniums the listener sat, immovable; her face one scorching, burning blush, and her heart—*was* it Honor Burns's heart that beat so wildly?

She was perfectly sensible of her position; she was quite conscious what the part was that she had played; but she felt no regret and no shame.

The knowledge she had gained over-weighed a thousand-fold all care for the manner in which she had gained it. The burden of wild anger, the sickening sense of disgrace, the horror of the present, and the dread of the future, were not to be added to by any sense of personal unworthiness. She knew that what she had deemed too sacredly terrible even for her own private meditations, what she had hardly dared to dwell upon in her own inmost thoughts, was common property and public talk—the subject of the light conversation and the jests of men whose opinions and way of thinking on such matters (now heard for the first time, and as women seldom hear them) were as new to her as they were frightful. She knew that the woman she loved as her own life was regarded by these and others as one who, if not already a sinner, might be at any moment led into sin; and whose escape from perdition depended on the forbearance or carelessness of one like themselves. She knew that she herself—though that was of light moment in comparison—had been weighed in their balance, her character misjudged, her motives sifted and misconstrued, her future mapped out and held at their will and pleasure. And she knew, by keen and cruel revelation, that she had, of late, been building a house of clouds, and that it lay in vapory ruin.

Was she Honor Burns? Was it she who had said that life was a calm and commonplace round, where temptations were unfrequent, sacrifice little demanded, and passions seldom roused? Was it she who had thought the poets erred in their expression of love and anger, of jealousy and fear? Was it she who had deemed that such things, even if the lot of others, could never come near her?—she who sat here, bowed with shamed pride and wounded trust, shaken with her unaccustomed passion as the peach-tree is shaken in spring tempest, when its slender boughs are tossed and its tender blossoms beaten down and defiled by wind and rain!

"It toucheth thee and thou faintest," said Job's scornful comforters; but Honor did not faint, either in body or soul. Her strong nature asserted itself after the numbness of the first shock had passed; pride rose up to support her under unmerited disgrace; courage bade her throw back as slanders the accusations that had been breathed; love showed her that, whatever the evil, the remedy was in her own power, and she must not shrink from her part; and despair, taking the place of the hope that lay death-stricken and bleeding, nerved her for the struggle, with the sense that she had nothing now to lose.

She went over the conversation in memory; it was too deeply burned in upon her mind to leave a word doubtful; and, supposing she knew of whom the words had been spoken, there could be as little doubt of their interpretation. That atom of doubt she must resolve, and then—

She bowed her head in utter loathing of herself and her fate, as she recognized what must be; what there was no escape from if those men had spoken truly. Her father must be spared, her friend must be saved, at any cost; detractors must be silenced, and the lie cast back in the teeth of the world; and, if two women suffered unto death in the process, what matter? What were women made for but to suffer? And Honor smiled grimly to herself at her sudden conversion to a doctrine which, however firmly held by others, had hitherto found in her no believer.

She thought herself favored by Fate as she glanced from the window, and took her resolution in a moment from what she saw. Some, perhaps most, women would have hesitated; few, perhaps, would have overcome the hesitation to the performance. Not so Honor. The power that had lain dormant in her had awakened and taken possession; her unlikeness to her sex in general showed itself in her courage of action—her resemblance to it lay concealed in the tender forgetfulness of self and devotion to another, which dictated that action and which no one would ever know.

Mr. Weir, finishing his cigar alone as he

strolled up and down upon the beach, was somewhat surprised to see Miss Burns coming toward him with swift and steady step. He had said quite truly that he admired her; he did so, as a masterpiece of Nature, and as the possessor of an imperturbability as desirable in woman as it was rare; nevertheless, he was not best pleased to see her now. Her name had been too lately on his lips for him to feel quite easy in her presence; particularly as her seeking him would seem to imply that she had something of importance to say.

The crimson that had vied with the hue of the geraniums as she crouched behind them had faded away, and she became yet paler than usual as she addressed Mr. Weir. Her voice, however, was steady, and she looked at him bravely as she said, "May I speak to you a moment, if you please?"

"I shall be both honored and happy," he replied with a bow and a smile, as he removed the cigar from his lips; but he said to himself, "I wonder what the devil is coming now?"

"I am quite aware," said Miss Burns, "that a man's code of honor does not always necessitate his speaking the truth to a woman. May I hope that you will, in spite of this, speak it now to me?"

Utterly at a loss, he could only bow again, and murmur, "If I can."

"It is easy. Were—did you refer to me, and those belonging to me, in what you and Mr. Torrie were talking of just now?"

Very seldom in the course of his life had Mr. Weir been abashed or confused; but his usual self-possession failed him now. A vain attempt to remember on the instant what he had or had not said, keen annoyance that she had overheard him, amazement at her bold candor in avowing it, wonder as to what purpose she could have in view in so doing, all combined to keep him silent for one breath, while he thought—"She has the uncommon frankness of a man; has she also the usual insight of a woman?" before he replied in the short and simple word "Yes."

"Your face answered for you before you spoke," she said, while only a slight tremble in her voice betrayed the pang that overcame her for a moment at the last destruction of her slender hope. "But I thank you for making no excuses, and answering me as you would have answered a man. One question more: did you mean all that you said—do you believe all that you affirmed?"

He would have disclaimed remembrance, but she stopped him.

"You can not have forgotten—do not make me recapitulate"—she blushed painfully as she spoke. "Be as honest as you were before."

"It is against my will, Miss Burns, that I answer yes. Believe me—"

"That is enough," she interrupted. "I was not mistaken in trusting to your honor. I will trust it further still."

"Can you ever forgive me—" he was beginning.

"Spare me," she said, hastily. "What you must think of me, I know, but do not lower me yet more by needless excuses; you only spoke as you had a right to speak to your friend if you so thought. I will make no useless apologies; I could not help hearing, and had to listen; had it been even more despicable than it was, I should have listened still. I have gained knowledge at the price of your contempt and my own, but you need not regret it."

"I do regret it. If anything I can do or say—" Mr. Weir's usual facility of speech had quite deserted him.

"You are a gentleman, Mr. Weir, and as such you must know that all you can say and do is—nothing. If you wish to spare me yet deeper humiliation, you will forget that I have spoken to you—you will blot out this interview from your mind for ever."

He understood her. "It shall be sacred—as though it had never been."

"I thank you." If she felt the impulse to say more, she checked it, and merely bent her head as she left him. Perhaps she felt her strength deserting her, and dreaded the snapping of the chord already overstrung.

"Ye gods, what a woman!" thought Weir, as he looked after her retreating figure. "By Heaven, she almost makes me break my resolution, and fall in love with her on the spot! And that idiot might have won this splendid creature instead of devoting himself to that piece of pleasing insipidity, who in turn wastes *her* best feelings on one who would leave her at a word or sign. What an infernal game of cross-purposes! I wonder what is in her mind? She didn't come here and say what she did without some strong purpose, and what she intends she'll carry out, that's certain. I may see, perhaps, but she will never tell. She knows when to speak and when to hold her tongue."

Unconscious of the admiration she had excited, and sensible only of her own utter misery and heart-sickness, Honor again reached the seclusion of her own room, vacant as she had left it; there she gave way and burst into a flood of tears—stormy tears, with now and then a choking sob, which gave her little relief, and which after a few minutes' indulgence she endeavored to repress.

"This is not the way to carry out my plan," she said. "This is scarcely the part of the bril-

liant belle without a care. Can I ever do it? O God, forgive me, both for what I leave undone and what I do!" The passionate prayer, so unlike her, broke from her lips unawares, and, terrified at her own emotion, she made a strong effort to be calm. "She must see nothing—know nothing; ah, that is the hardest part of all! to be so 'cruel even to be kind'; to give up sympathy and substitute deceit; to sever at one stroke the ties in which years have bound us; oh, what have we done that life should be so hard!"

Lifting her face from her hands, she saw before her Randolph's book, lying where she had thrown it in anger at Aimée's *folly*, as she had harshly called it; now, perhaps, the keen pain in her own heart taught her compassion; perhaps, as some say, of suffering is born the love of as well as the capacity for song; at any rate, she raised the book, and, turning to the poem she had read before, her eyes fell on what she had then missed—the lovely introductory lines to "Myrrh":

"There is no life so beautiful as is the white, cold, confined past:

Here I may love, nor be betrayed—the dead are faithful to the last.

I am not spouseless: I have wed a memory, a hope that's dead."

The hard, fierce look died out of her face, and was succeeded by a great grief and gentle tears. "I have learned that lesson," she said, softly, as she closed the book. "I thought there was no light but my own; but 'whereas I was blind, now I see.'"

## CHAPTER X.

MRS. BURNS and Honor did not meet again for some hours; for the first time a veil hung between them which neither dared lift the hand to withdraw. Neither doubted the other, but each was conscious of her own concealment, and, to all hearts not naturally depraved, self-discovery is more bitter than the discovery of others, and self-condemnation the heaviest of all.

The French maid who attended them equally conveyed to Honor madame's excuses for not appearing. "She had *mal de tête*, and, if she was to support the fatigue of descending to the parlors with Miss Burns, she must take repose." Honor was but too glad to accede. So foreign to her nature was any thought or action that was not wholly known to others, that she could not help feeling like a traitor, generous as she knew her intentions to be, and feared she should never support her part if she and Emmeline were alone.



She therefore charged Léontine with a message that she would not herself leave her room till it was time to go down stairs for the evening's amusement.

It was a new experience for Mademoiselle Léontine to find her young lady difficult to dress. Honor was generally as indifferent to her personal adornment as can be expected of any acknowledged beauty, but to-night she showed an anxiety as to her appearance, an impatience, and almost an irritability which was as new as it was unaccountable to the Frenchwoman. "*Ciel! que mademoiselle est difficile!*" she muttered, as Honor desired her to rearrange her hair for the third time. It was not, however, as unreasonable as she, who was not in the secret, supposed. Honor was no believer in the theory of "beauty unadorned," but thought that when a woman goes forth deliberately, conquering and to conquer, it behooves her to make the most of those weapons with which Nature has endowed her. He would be but a careless soldier, and little deserving of victory, who went to battle with an empty cartridge-box or his saber rusted in its sheath.

Perhaps a ceremony performed in silence and solitude before the commencement of Léontine's ministrations might have had its share in producing the disturbance of Honor's habitual composure. Her jewel-box had contained, ever since that well-remembered day when Weir had given her his definition of constancy, a folded paper, of which, as she did not open it, I can not tell you the contents, but about which hung a faint perfume as of withered flowers or dried leaves; Honor had lighted a taper and consumed this without other sign than a little shiver as the last ashes dropped from her fingers. "Let it go," she thought; "it was only a dream, scarcely shaped before I woke. It has taught me my lesson—I shall never make the same mistake again!" But, though we may be very courageous, and bear self-inflicted wounds without betrayal of our pain, Nature can not be outraged altogether with impunity, and the emotion denied one form of protest is tolerably sure to find some other outlet.

However, if the progress of the toilet was under difficulties, its result when completed must have been admitted by all to be worth the pains taken to attain it. A whimsical fancy had taken possession of Honor to carry out, in her appearance, the comparison wherewith Mr. Weir had compared her. He had likened her to a glacier; and, while determined to cast aside the likeness in mind and manner, the outward semblance she resolved to keep. A dress of some shimmering stuff of the pale-green color of frozen water, partially covered with a foamy material that

might pass for new-fallen snow, together with crystal ornaments which sparkled with the frigid brilliancy of icicles, so completely carried out the idea and set off to such perfection the cold fairness of her beauty that Emmeline, when she saw her, started with an involuntary cry of admiration.

Honor could not echo it. Mrs. Burns's look drew from her the rapid exclamation: "Good Heavens, Aimée! how pale you are!"

She was pale indeed—a pallor enhanced by her being dressed entirely in black, unrelieved by either ornament or flower. Her eyes were heavy, and bore unmistakable traces of tears, which made Honor (hitherto totally unsuspecting that anything had happened) wonder whether she had had any unusual cause for agitation.

"I am not very well—my head aches still," Emmeline said, with a very unsteady attempt at a smile.

"You don't look fit to go down; suppose we give up the idea?"

"Oh, no, not on any account!" Her unconfessed craving to see Randolph again was as great as Honor's desire to avoid him; and the latter, conscious that her proposal had arisen as much from a cowardly disinclination to meet what must sooner or later come as from any wish to spare Aimée, ceased her opposition and they went down together.

They went down together, and it may be doubted which woman bore the sorer heart: she who alternately struggled against and passionately clung to a love that was as delightful as it was unlawful, and who thought with trembling of obligations disregarded and forgotten vows; or she who strove to crush the love which, while every way worthy, was degrading because unsought, and who contemplated with equal self-contempt the part that lay before her in the future and the mistake that lay behind her in the past.

By what subtle process it was made known to Mr. Randolph that the feelings and intentions of Miss Burns regarding him had undergone a change, can as little be explained as can the instinct that tells us in mid-winter, through the medium of some breath or gleam no sooner known than vanished, that spring will come again; or the sense that informs us when we wake in utter darkness whether it is the first or latter watches of the night. Assuredly no word or look or outward sign from Honor conveyed to him the impression, and yet before she had been ten minutes in the room with him he was aware that she was prepared to receive favorably his attentions and devotions to any extent to which he chose to pay them. Entirely ignorant of any cause outside the narrow circle of his own influ-

ence, and searching mentally for some explanation of a change that perplexed even while it gratified him, he fastened on the motive which, had he in the least degree appreciated her character, he would have known to be the last likely to weigh with Honor. He imagined her to be jealous of Mrs. Burns.

The ball was at his foot at last. The story, so often told in the world's history, was once more repeated—the triumph of craft over power, of baseness over worth. In this man was no quality, no attribute, to render him deserving of the love of one of these women, and the sacrifice of the other, and yet he held them both bowed to his will. She whose calm coldness had baffled and annoyed while her beauty charmed him was his to take or leave as his choice dictated; she whose heart he had wholly won, into whose life love for him had crept, an unbidden, unwelcome, and most unrighteous guest, kept her conscience and her peace of mind, as he believed, but at his pleasure. He had no doubt as to his choice—indeed, there was no room for hesitation. He was quite alive to his own interests, and that which he dignified with the name of passion he believed to be well under control. The forbidden fruit which might now be so sweet in the gathering must, he knew, prove hereafter bitter as the prophet's roll; and it would be folly indeed to reject the golden apple that hung so temptingly close to his hand.

But, though thought and motive might be thus complicated, the course of action was plain and straightforward enough. The world's stream runs smooth on the surface, undisturbed in general by the counter-currents of feeling that cross and thwart each other below; and to float thereon is easy so long as we go with it. It is only when we try to stem the flood that we find any difficulty in the navigation.

It had required all Honor's self-possession to enable her to face Mr. Weir after what had passed between them on the beach. Tingling with the remembrance of his knowledge, and nothing doubting that so keen-sighted a man must penetrate her mind and guess the spring of her conduct, she feared that some look or word, or perhaps absence of notice, must betray to her his recollection, even though others might remain for ever ignorant. She need have been under no anxiety; Mr. Weir was far too astute not to know how to play his part to perfection even while he watched her play hers.

The parlors were full, even more so than was usually the case on public evenings; and curiosity soon grew rife, and speculation was excited, as to whether to-night would see the last act of the drama and the solving of the vexed question. A few bets were offered and taken

on the event of Mr. Randolph's proposing, and the probability of Miss Burns's acceptance or rejection, if he did so; and one of those gentlemen who had been indulging in that mild form of gambling at length sauntered up to Mr. Weir as he leaned, an (apparently) uninterested spectator, against the door.

"I thought Miss Burns had rather discouraged Randolph of late," he remarked. "To-night, if she were any one else, you would say she threw herself at his head."

"Miss Burns need never fear such an accusation as that," said Weir, smiling rather grimly; and, thinking of the clew he possessed, that was held by no other, he said to himself: "She's playing a dangerous game—a very dangerous game; there's some machinery much less easily stopped than set in motion."

Honor was, indeed, sufficiently unlike herself to render it no matter for surprise that she excited observation and remark. The composure which in general justified Mr. Weir's comparison had given place to a brilliancy that was almost feverish. To say that she regretted the departure of Morris without her having seen him again would not be precisely true; she knew too well now the reasons which had led him to consider departure the wiser course, and, so knowing, was conscious that for herself also things were best as they were. Nevertheless, the pain was very sharp, and in the endeavor to control, or at least conceal it, she went, as is almost inevitable, somewhat too far. She seldom danced, having no love for the exercise, though she excelled in its performance; but now she accepted Mr. Randolph's invitation again and again. She never descended to what is vulgarly called *flirtation*, but to-night she manifested no objection to leaving the room on Randolph's arm—the night was brilliant and breathless, and the long windows opening on the piazza were all set wide—and strolling up and down with him in the moonlight, or lingering in low, close converse with him, leaning over the balustrade under the late wistaria-blossoms that drooped their heavy purple clusters against her hair. A dread which had begun to creep over her, that the road on which she had taken the first steps might lead elsewhere than she had intended—an unconfessed belief that she had begun that of which she could not foresee the end—added a hue to her cheek, a thrill to her voice, and a tremor to her manner, which went far toward realizing the end she feared, for they made her more attractive than even she had ever been; while the remorse that consumed her as she sometimes glanced at Emmeline, who watched her pale and wondering, found vent in a sharp sigh, a sudden fit of abstraction, or an impatient word that gave

her the one charm of feminine inconsistency that she had lacked before.

She sorely doubted her own identity with the Honor Burns who had expected no romance in her life—who had denied that any passion could ever have empire over her; and perhaps no maiden ever waited a declaration of love under stranger circumstances or with more mixed feelings of anxiety and dread. Fearing, while she invited it, and, while shrinking from it, only the more determined to pursue the course she had marked out for herself, she waited for what she knew was to come.

Mr. Randolph was in no hurry. Music and the hum of voices echoed in the room within, and made a silence round them; the drooping branches of the vine gave friendly shelter from observant eyes; but he did not speak. The game was won—he need be in no haste to lift the stakes. To his as yet unasked question he knew beforehand what would be the answer: marriage with the beautiful woman before him had come, for reasons of his own, to be almost a necessity for him; she, for reasons probably known to herself, evidently considered it equally desirable for her, but there was no passion on either side to make the ratification of their bargain a very rapturous affair. But she made a lovely picture as she stood with the moonlight falling on her glistening apparel, and the purple blossoms against her shining hair, and Mr. Randolph was according it his cordial admiration even while he delayed speaking the decisive words that should make it his own.

Those words were never spoken. Honor was not destined, in the days that were to come, to recall among the bitter memories of that time the giving of a promise the keeping or the breaking of which would have been alike degradation. That element of chance which must be taken into account for the adjustment of all human affairs, and which so few ever do take into account, overpowered all else, here and now. Honor was to learn how the lifting of a finger, a sign, a breath, may overturn the gravest calculations and the deepest stratagems that human wisdom ever planned; she was to learn how vain sometimes is human effort, how erring human will; she was to learn how powerless is intellect, how feeble all the strength of passion; and to find that there are mysteries from which all knowledge—griefs from which all consolation—fall back, as from a rock-bound coast the waves fall back for ever.

It was this lesson—this lesson which she had said she would never be called upon to learn—and not the task and sacrifice self-imposed, which was coming to her while she waited Randolph's words. But, as his voice sank lower,

and her eyes fell before his while her fingers wrenched the blooms asunder and flung the fragments on the floor, the protecting music suddenly died away. There was a moment's silence, and then a voice began to sing.

## CHAPTER XI.

ONLY by having recourse again to the theory of human inconsistencies and contradictions (which indeed are generally as easy to calculate correctly as the return of comets or other regular eccentricities) can we account for Mrs. Burns's consent to sing at this place and time. According to all systems of probability, she should have been wanting in both ability and inclination. She had persistently declined all invitations to dance, though passionately fond of the amusement, under the plea of fatigue and indisposition, a plea to which her paleness and languor gave ample confirmation. She was physically exhausted—mentally tossed and torn by conflicting emotions which were as bewildering to her as they were new. The feeling uppermost would have been in one of a less gentle nature fierce and raging jealousy—that jealousy which the wisest of men has pronounced to be "cruel as the grave"; and, though tempered by the softness of Aimée's disposition and disguised as self-reproach, it was jealousy still. And under this lay a bitter sense of awakened inquiry never to be satisfied, of a vacancy never to be filled; a longing for the impossible, and a certainty that, could the impossible come to pass, then "the last error would be worse than the first."

Yet, when asked to sing, she grasped eagerly at the chance of proving if *her* talisman had still any power. She thought she could be content if one moment's attention could be won; if the charm of her voice would, if only for one instant, overweigh—

I do not at all pretend that this is a story of things as they ought to be; it is simply a relation of things as they happened, and we all know—what a celebrated writer has put on record—that "Nature is not always just what she should be; indeed, she is sometimes highly improper."

Emmeline's voice, though not of the greatest power, was sweet, well trained, and of matchless pathos, and she sang to-night as she had never sung before; never had her tones been richer or fuller than now as they alternately swelled to rapture or sank and trembled in a sudden fall. She chose that song from the "Favorita" in which the hapless Leonora pours out her last complaint, than which, when rendered as it *may* be rendered, there is perhaps no more touching

expression of human sorrow; the feelings that had stirred her to the core found an outlet in her singing, and as her voice, after its passion of pleading, dropped as with a folding of wings on the last low notes, and uttered with the softness of tears the last sad words, the melody seemed to fade and die with a sweetness not of this earth.

At the first note Mr. Randolph's speech had ceased; at the third he moved, the better to hear the singer; at the fifth he was leaning against the window on the outer side, so that he could watch her, himself unseen.

Honor was little hurt by his disaffection; she was proud of Aimée's singing, and to listen to a song at a distance, a pleasure shared by five-and-twenty others, was innocent enough. For herself, she felt rather relieved; the interrupted conversation could be at any time renewed. Foolish Honor! there are some spells which, once broken, never know renewal.

When, the song ended amid a silence that was truest applause, Emmeline would have risen and withdrawn she was entreated for a repetition of the favor. She glanced round; she saw no new face among her audience—even Honor had not yet joined her; and, very weary, she would willingly have escaped further ordeal, until, finding that denial would be more troublesome than compliance, she at last complied.

She sang an old-fashioned song called "Waste," probably now forgotten; the words were of little merit, but wedded to a soft and pathetic air, and sung with tender feeling, they possessed to-night a charm not their own:

"When the trodden path is trodden day by day,  
When daily food of soul and sense is tasted,  
While we light with lavish lamp our onward way,  
Nor think the brimming oil can e'er be wasted—  
Who plucks the wayside flower the wind blows over?  
Who craves sweet bread of love or faith's pure wine?  
Or dreams the darkness shall come down and cover  
The bridegroom's chamber and its glow divine?  
Till frost of death leaves ashes for our roses,  
And hunger chains our souls in moveless bands:  
And, praying for the light no prayer discloses,  
We face the dark shut door with lifted hands."

What was there in the commonplace song to set the pulses of one hearer bounding? What was it, the words, the tone, or the pale face of the singer, that roused the wild impulse which carried away all thoughts and feelings save one—the impulse before which remembrance of the past and intentions for the future went down like straws before the power of a tidal wave, leaving only the sense of the present moment,

and the determination to seize and use it ere it fled? We need not ask the question. It is sufficient to know that before the song ceased Randolph had, in every sense, forgotten Honor; that prudence, interest, resolution, lost all hold on his shallow, vacillating nature, and that one thought and one intention alone remained.

He saw that Honor left him, but he made no movement either to detain or to accompany her, allowing her to go alone. She went round by the door at the farther end of the room to rejoin Mrs. Burns; and, while he debated for an instant whether he should push aside those who crowded the window and, entering that way, forestall her, fortune favored him. Emmeline rose from the piano and came toward him, or rather toward the place where she supposed Honor to be; way was made for her, but, coming out on the veranda, she found Mr. Randolph alone.

"Where is Honor? I thought she was here with you."

"Miss Burns has left me, as you see. She is probably dancing again." He knew it was *not* probable, but he wanted to gain time.

"It is late. I thought—it is time to say good night."

There was a flutter in her voice that he did not fail to notice.

"Do not hurry Miss Burns; there is the music again. You have not danced to-night—will you come and have one turn with me?"

"I can not. I have refused every one this evening."

"Do not refuse me; it may be my last chance for some time. I shall probably leave Cape Ransom to-morrow."

The shot told. He saw her start, and give a quick, inquiring look. What did he mean? Had Honor refused him? Or—but what was it to her? Why should she feel guiltily glad that he was free to go?

"Do not refuse my last request," he said again; "just a few minutes, and then you may go to Miss Burns—if you will."

Their eyes met as he spoke the last words. Heaven knows what either read there in the mute, untranslatable tongue; but Aimée did not say no again. He put her hand on his arm; and in another moment they were floating down the long room together to the soft, mournful melody of the "Immortellen" waltzes.

How is it that in all waltz-music there dwells a strain of sadness? Why in even the brightest and gayest are there tones that tell of unspeakable longing, and that sound like a wail over the past? To Emmeline's excited fancy, as she yielded to the spell of the music, to which her pulse beat and her form swayed in time, the ris-



ing swell and the dying fall alternately murmured a lament for the lost, and shrieked a wild word of warning. It seemed to mourn over the peace which that day had taken from her never to be restored, and to admonish her to clasp close this present moment of a blind joy which, once departed, could never return. She resolutely closed her eyes to the immediate future; life could give no other moment like this.

She never paused, she felt no fatigue, she was conscious of nothing but the sense of the light, the soft melody, and the dreamy motion; in the sweet delirium, remembrance of all save itself was lost. She felt only the firm, strong support and pressure of the arm that guided her at its owner's will, till the music ceased with a final crash, and, leaning heavily on that arm for one dizzy instant, she knew that, with the music, her dream of delight had come to an end.

But they had stopped close to the open window, through which some of the other dancers were escaping from the heated room to the piazza, and thence down the broad steps into the cool white moonlight that lay so invitingly below. Without asking Emmeline's permission, Mr. Randolph followed these, retaining her arm and drawing her forward in a silence as unbroken as her own. Why should he not? What was there either remarkable or reprehensible in his doing like the rest? What was this but one of the unsuspected tragedies enacted daily before eyes that see and minds that heed them not because faintly shrouded under the gauzy covering of our every-day life? Sometimes a corner of the veil is lifted, and we catch a passing glimpse of what lies behind it, and then—what then? Are we pitiful and compassionate, lenient in judgment and self-distrustful, honest to confess, brave to inquire the cause and seek for cure? By no means. Drop the curtain quickly, lest we see too much. "It must needs be that offenses come," but sufficient is it for us to be thankful, as we pass by on the other side, that *our* skirts are clean.

Silence is the interpreter of many emotions: it is the "perfectest herald of joy"; it is the fittest expression of the "grief that can not speak"; it is the truest exponent of embarrassment; but, surer than all, is it the speech of embarrassment and love conjoined.

And in this mute language these two held converse as they paced together, alone yet not alone, the moonlit sands. Every step they took in silence made words more difficult to the one, more needless to the other, and riveted more closely the chain so lightly forged, so heavy in the wearing. The balance was unequal between power and resistance; he knew so well the game was won, she was so little conscious it was lost

—he was so keen to discover, she so weak to conceal—he was so wary in attack, she so little aware that she needed defense, that the sequel can be almost guessed without relation.

One by one their companions had dropped away from them and turned back unperceived till only a few remained, and they some distance behind them. They had almost reached the black rocks that marked the entrance to the cave when there came to their ears a hoarse murmur, and Emmeline turned hastily at the sound, and the recollection it brought with it, to retrace her steps.

Then Randolph spoke: "It is the tide."

She looked up terrified. "O Heaven! what shall we do?" she exclaimed, and would have started to run wildly, but he laid his hand on her arm.

"Do not run; there is not the slightest danger, but you can not go that way. The others will barely reach the house in time, and we could not hope to do so without being wet through. We will go through the cave, and up the path on the cliff."

Mrs. Burns stood like stone. "And how long will that take?"

"Not ten minutes; it is much shorter than the other way, and we shall be home before the rest. Come. Indeed, there is no choice."

There was no choice; the sound of the advancing water was plain enough now, and before they had rounded the black rocks the first splashes were about their feet. Not a word was spoken, as they ran swiftly up the yellow sand before the pursuing waves, making no pause until beyond their reach, when they stopped at the foot of the cliff to gather breath before they began to climb.

"I told you the cave was beautiful by moonlight; was it not worth coming here to see?"

Mrs. Burns glanced back, but there was no admiration in her eyes. The scene, truly, was fair—the perfect hush of tree and breeze contrasting with the roar of the water whose foam leaped and flashed in the moonbeams that lay in a long track of silver toward the east—but in Aimée's mind, now thoroughly roused to a sense of her own position, there was room for but one thought, a craving for home and safety.

"It is beautiful," she said; "but I am very tired, and it is late; I am ready—let us begin to climb and make haste home."

"Wait—one moment more."

There was a tone in his voice that thrilled through her heart even while it sickened her with apprehension.

"You have not asked me why I leave tomorrow."

"You have your reasons, I suppose. Perhaps you have changed—" She stopped.

"My mind?" he said. "No, that can not be changed which never existed. Were you, too, under that mistake? I think not. I think you know that I go because it is better for me that I should leave *you*."

There was at any rate no possibility of mistake now; words, tone, and look alike told the tale that no woman's ears or heart can refuse to understand. If for one moment the sweetness of the poison concealed the death that lay within it, if there were one instant's exultation that her love, though guilty, was not unsought or unreturned, let it be forgiven to her in presence of the expiation that the second thought must bring. He watched her face, but moonlight tells no tales as to color, and the wild commotion within her found no outward sign. As she made neither sound nor movement, he ventured to speak again.

"You know all now," he said, humbly. "I have no excuse to make, no defense to bring. I know what you must think of me—but, as you are the occasion of my fault, will you not pardon it too?"

Still she did not speak. She was trying to silence the passionate response of her heart to his words—endeavoring to realize her shame as well as her delight; but he could not know that, nor understand just what interpretation to place upon her silence.

"I have been mad," he continued; "perhaps most mad of all in dreaming that you would ever waste a thought on me. And if I could be sure that my dream is mine only—that my madness could injure myself alone—"

He had won an answer at last. She put out her hand with an imploring gesture. "Stop," she said, almost inaudibly; and she covered her face with her hands.

He was in no degree daunted by her agitation. Very gently and quietly he uttered the next words.

"I can not wonder if you hate me," he said, "though surely you can find no cause for anger in devotion such as mine. Could I have hoped that you would ever spend one feeling—if I dared—tell me, for you know what I must think if you are silent," he added, with a sudden change of tone; "am I altogether mistaken in thinking that if you obeyed your heart's dictates I should not speak thus and win no reply?"

Aimée made no answer, except such as the silence gave him, an expressive one enough; but she turned, without looking at him, as if to begin the ascent of the hill.

"Answer me," said Randolph. "Perhaps I am too vain a fool to deserve compassion or consideration; if so, tell me. Laugh at me, and tell me I may remain with little danger to any peace but my own; I will abide by your decision. But

if—I should not altogether have dreamed—then look at me and say, 'Go.' I shall understand and obey."

Had he counted on her inability to murder her first-born feelings, and believed that she would, under the guise of indifference, cloak reality and pursue the road traveled by so many? It would seem as though he had so framed his words. Denying his imputation that she loved him, she must keep him near her; in seeking protection from herself and him, she confessed her need of shield.

But, though weak, she was brave, though guilty in her own eyes, she was honest, and she saw the only path and trod it. Disguise was useless now: she had heard his words, and on the man who had dared to speak them she would never look again; it could make but little difference if she uttered what he could not choose but know. She looked up, and, though she trembled in every nerve, her voice was steady as she said, "You must go."

There was a moment of perfect silence. Both knew all that had been said in the utterance of those little words.

"Wait," he said, detaining her as she moved again. "Do you think I can let you go now? Do you know what you have told me? Do you know that in those words—so cruel, yet so sweet—you have said that you love me?" He felt triumphant over the admission he had won, but there had been in the admission none of the tenderness of love; and, not quite sure of her, or of what she might say next, he threw a world of soft passion into his words and tone.

"What then?" she asked, drawing back a step as he advanced, and speaking with unnatural composure. "What if you have forced me to confess to my own shame and misery, and your dishonor?"

"Aimée! my dearest! What words are these?"

"You are a brave man," she said, slowly, and with a bitterness in her tone strangely new to her; "you have acted a noble and a manly part in bringing me here to extort from me a confession which, had you one gleam of generosity, you would have died rather than strive to gain. If you had in thought done me this grievous wrong—if you guessed, as I suppose you did, that I—could you not at least be silent?"

"Because I love you, Aimée; and because at all risk or cost I resolved you should know that *one* heart gives you true and fervent devotion; and because—can I dare say the rest?—when you sang that song to-night, do you think I did not hear the wail in your voice? Do you think I was blind to your eyes and the language written there? Did you deem me senseless as a stone,

to be unconscious of the emotion of a woman who loved me? And when you sang, if I had before resisted temptation, it was you who made it resistless. I resolved that I at least would not waste the opportunity that lay at my hands—that I would inhale the fragrance before the snow covered the roses, and seek for entrance before the door was shut."

"Have you more to say? Or may I go now?"

"Aimée! have you nothing to say to me?"

"I have one question to ask. In saying all this, what did you think would be gained by either of us? How was it to profit either you or me?"

How, indeed? Perhaps he had never even asked himself the question that so startled him coming from her. Had he ever looked forward to any end? had his thoughts ever gone beyond a few days' trifling, a stolen kiss, a lingering pressure of the hand, a soft mutual whisper, a half-feigned regret? had he not thought that this love of his and hers would be "like most other loves, a little glow, a little shiver," as sweet and as fleeting?—till, standing face to face with this rigid woman, from whose eyes all softness and from whose voice all tenderness had departed, he realized that it had another aspect than that under which he viewed it; that there are natures to which love can be no plaything, and souls to which one breath of stain, though only self-detected, is like a drop of vitriol eating to the core.

"If I could only hope to win—" he began.

"I will tell you what you have won," she interrupted. "You have made me tell you that you have won my love, but I tell you also that such a love is worth nothing; that it degrades me and dishonors you."

She paused, but he dared not speak.

"And I will tell you what you have lost; all that honor and reverence which form the better part of love, and were yours while you respected me; and for myself—" She suddenly broke down; all the artificial strength, all the guarded firmness, gave way, and she burst into uncontrolled weeping.

He was not slow to seize the advantage her woman's weakness gave him. He said very softly: "But you love me, Aimée, and love medicines its own pain. I give you leave to hate and scorn me while you love me still." Alas for weak humanity! he spoke but truth. Love is often dearly bought; but, whatever the price, it is a bargain, and the only bargain that we would never undo; and it may be doubted whether in spite of and in the midst of her misery, whether with all her scorn of Randolph, and her self-accusation and self-contempt, she would have

given up his love for her, or foregone her own for him.

She made, however, no reply to his last words, and, after a few moments' indulgence of her tears, repressed them by an effort. "If you have any feeling of generosity or of honor, let us go now," she said. "At least spare me the discovery and the contempt of others, if you have not spared me your own."

"*Mine!* Aimée, unless you can speak otherwise to me, we must part here and now; are we to part thus—in anger?"

"I have said all I mean to say," she answered, almost sullenly. Did he guess that she could scarcely speak for the throbbing of her heart?

"Are we to part this way?" he asked again. This time she made no reply.

"*'Strangers and foes do sunder,'*" he said, very low, but not so low but that she heard him. He did not finish the quotation, but it is not likely that her memory could not supply the rest—"do sunder, and not kiss."

We look forward, or say we do, to a period when the soul, "disencumbered of flesh and of sense," shall know no lawless longings; when freed from all trammels, and possessed of pure and glorious liberty, she shall be given all that satisfies and be satisfied with all she knows. It may be so in the far-off future; but now "stones of faith are hard," and bending beneath the heavy yoke of earth, and struggling in the weary bondage of ceaseless temptation, we find but little present comfort in the hope that such a time may be.

An Eastern ruler once besieged a fortress which held out long and gallantly against his efforts. Promises of mercy from one known to be merciless, and threats of destruction from one whose mission it was to destroy, were alike unavailing to reduce the little stronghold, till treachery accomplished that which guile and intimidation had been unable to effect. By means of bribe and pardon the besieger induced a traitor within the walls to poison the well, and, this done, informed the garrison of the choice that lay before them, surrender at discretion, or death by the slow torment of thirst. But the besieged discovered a third alternative, which the tyrant appears to have overlooked. "Better," they said, "swift anguish than slow torture—better either than to live in scorn: shall we perish thus by inches while the silver water mocks us? rather let us quench our thirst at once, and die." And they drank, and died.

This allegory is not altogether a digression. "The bearing lays in the application of it." And, if he who runs may read, surely he who reads may understand. Whether Mr. Randolph and Mrs. Burns had ever heard the story I can not

say, but the idea that it embodied was in the mind of at least one of them as they climbed the steep ascent of the cliff in silence, and with such speed as the failing strength of Mrs. Burns permitted. At the top the latter paused.

"We are strangers henceforth for ever," she said. "For a few minutes more I must ask to remain with me and screen me from observation; but then, if you have any mercy, any honor, you will leave this place at once."

"I have promised to obey you," he answered, looking at her closely; "and I will. But think—are you quite sure of what you command?"

For reply she turned away, and recommenced her walk with feverish haste; and it was his self-possession, not hers, which slackened their pace to that calm and careless one which would appear to be the natural conclusion to such a walk as theirs might be supposed to have been.

Scarcely an hour had elapsed from the time of their descending the steps until they reappeared on the piazza, whence the company had not yet all dispersed, and where their appearance together excited no surprise. At the foot of the stairs they parted, in presence of none, as they believed, except the drowsy clerk, who paid no attention to them whatever. Ever afterward Randolph recalled as his one recollection of Emmeline Burns the slender figure standing two steps above him, in the dead-black dress, whose paleness was succeeded by a vivid flush, whose eyes, though again as bright as ever, did not meet his as their owner turned away, as he uttered his last good night. What were his thoughts as he watched her disappear? Something like these: "Poor little thing, she's very fond of me; I didn't think it was in her to be so much in earnest, and it's as well to go for a time. What's the hour? quarter-past eleven—all right; there's a train at half-past three."

One other person was not without his observations and deductions drawn therefrom. Flushed cheeks, bright drooping eyes, and broken words, were quite as legible to Mr. Weir as to any one else, and from a quiet post of vantage he had seen and read them. What were his conclusions? "You've lost the trick, Miss Honor; it's a pity, for you held strong cards and played well, but hearts were trumps, after all, and she had the ace. A queer game—a very queer game—if it's over yet, of which I'm not sure even now."

## CHAPTER XII.

WHEN Honor Burns, sorely wondering and perplexed at finding vacancy where she had expected Aimée to be awaiting her, asked herself the question what further she could do, she was

forced to return the answer *nothing*, and to sit down to wait, doubly distressed partly with apprehension and partly with anger at herself for allowing that there was anything to fear. She was bitterly annoyed that she had accepted as true the information that Mrs. Burns had retired before and without her, but to descend again to the ballroom and institute a search was not to be thought of for a moment. She had no idea that Aimée and Mr. Randolph could have met; but even if they had done so, what then? Nothing could be more certain or assured than his devotion to herself; and, though she slightly shuddered at the thought, she was no whit moved from the resolution she had taken, no matter how thorny the path she had marked out for herself might prove in the treading.

In the mean time she found it weary waiting. She left the middle chamber, and, entering her own room, opened the window, the view from which was impeded by no flowers. It did not look toward the sea; but in the deep hush of the night she could hear the rush of the incoming tide, and the more distant roar of a heavy ground-swell that told of some contention of the elements soon to come. There were voices below, but she could not distinguish Aimée's. Should she go down stairs again? But she dismissed the idea; Mrs. Burns was probably looking for her below, and would come to the right conclusion, and before long join her here. There was nothing for her to do but wait.

She partially undressed, and, returning into the outer room, sat down to watch; but she was very tired, both in mind and body, and who can wonder if in the utter stillness and repose the tension of her nerves relaxed, and she yielded to a drowsiness that was neither sleep nor waking? If, even in the awful shades of dread Gethsemane, eyes were heavy and watchers slept for sorrow, we need little marvel that those of lesser strength and later ages faint and fail.

She leaned against the window whence she had heard the words that had conveyed to her such dreary knowledge; her hands hanging listless, and her eyes closed; so firmly closed that they never saw the sudden, noiseless entrance of the figure nor the strange alteration of the face which paused one moment to look at her, as Aimée, with a step as rapid and as soft as though she fled an enemy, passed her and entered the refuge of her own room.

When she roused herself her watch pointed to half-past eleven; the door of Aimée's room was shut, and Honor could hear her moving about, and knew that she was safe within.

At any other time she would have knocked for and obtained admittance, but now the same undefined feeling that had influenced her in the



afternoon stayed her, and kept her and Emmeline apart; besides, the latter must wish it, else why had she so carefully and so strangely avoided waking her, and left her without a parting word? Honor, with an aching heart, accepted the only explanation she could imagine; Aimée knew or guessed most of the truth, and the inevitable estrangement had begun. Afterward it was to be her bitterest memory that she had so thought. If she had but insisted on an interview with Aimée then—if she had but lifted voice or hand—

The morning was far advanced when she awoke; the sun was struggling to pierce a thick white mist which enveloped, apparently, everything in earth and heavens, and the drops which had gathered on the leaves of a tree that shaded the window sparkled and glittered as the morning breeze threw them off. Looking out, Honor could still hear the heavy murmur of the swell upon the beach; a bird in the branches uttered suddenly a sweet short song; a passing gleam of sunshine cast a brilliant streak upon the floor.

If, as they tell us, there are mirrored in the eyes of the dead the last objects beheld by living vision, so surely is there fixed upon our mental sight the last impression thrown there before there passed upon our lives some mortal change. Honor will never forget that streak of sunshine, that gay note of bird-song, which she accepted as new omens of hope and love as she went forth to give Emmeline her morning greeting—and found herself alone.

Aimée's door stood open; the dress she had worn the night before lay across the bed; but Aimée was not to be seen. Much surprised, but not yet alarmed, Honor rang for the maid.

"Where is Mrs. Burns? Why did you not awaken me?"

But the Frenchwoman looked aghast. "*Ma foi!* I know not. I was here one half hour ago, and both doors were shut, and I believed madame and mademoiselle to be sleeping."

A horrible fear clutched at Honor's heart with the power of a sinewy hand. She scarcely knew as yet what she dreaded, but she *felt* that there was cause for terror.

"Did you undress madame?" she asked the maid again.

No. Did not mademoiselle remember she had herself said that no services would be required?

"Perhaps she is gone to walk," suggested Léontine, after a pause. "Are madame's hat and cloak in their place? Ah, no! behold what has occurred!"

The fear in Honor's mind had now assumed a ghastly shape and name. She glanced invol-

untarily at the table for letter or sign—there was none. She opened, as if mechanically, the jewel-box, in the lock of which the key was hanging, but all the ornaments usually worn by Aimée were there untouched; there was no sign of confusion, of disturbance, or of hasty flight about the room, and yet Honor was barely restrained by the presence of the servant from giving vent to the hateful suspicion which, while abhorring herself for entertaining, she could not help but entertain.

Why had she left them? Why had she, even for a moment, relaxed her watch? Why, having gone so far, had she been so unguarded as to risk the undoing of her work, the countermining of her own plot? She had loathed and despised herself for acting the part even while it had seemed forced upon her; now she wondered that she could have found it hard. Any deception, any wretchedness, that involved herself alone would have been preferable to that open shame and misery that seemed close upon them now. Honor had never known a moment so bitter as that in which she revolved these thoughts, and, writhing at her own powerlessness, waited for the discovery that she believed must come.

The servant at last solved the mystery. Searching about the room oppressed by no darker feeling than curiosity, she opened the wardrobe. "Ah, my Heaven!" she ejaculated then; "how imprudent is madame! She is gone to bathe, and alone; her sea-dress is not here!"

But Honor snatched at the discovery as at a Heaven-sent message. After the awful dread of the last few minutes, imprudence, even danger, seemed a light thing to face. She accepted the explanation at once; and in a sudden revulsion of feeling, in relief from her terror and shame at having experienced it, her nerves relaxed and she gave way to a burst of tears, which she was thankful to find the servant took for expression of alarm.

"Miss Burns need not fear," she said; "the sea is at rest, and madame has experience. Would mademoiselle that I go to seek her?"

But Honor would nothing of the kind. Conduct so unusual in Aimée must betoken a state of feeling for which she would desire no servant's observation; and controlling herself she endeavored to appear unconcerned, and dismissed Léontine again to her own affairs.

Her looks and manner were, however, very far from being unconcerned, as with hands that trembled with haste and agitation she dressed herself and put on her hat and a large shawl. She was so lividly pale that she tied on a veil to conceal her face; and then, taking her own bathing-dress as excuse for her early walk, she went down stairs.

She was passing through the hall, endeavoring to escape all notice, when these words fell on her ear, addressed by a female servant to the clerk. "Here's the key of No. 37. When did he go?"

"Is that Mr. Randolph's room? Oh, he left by the 3.30 train."

Her heart stood still. What did it mean? If he were gone—and gone thus suddenly—could it be—all the doubts and fears rushed back again; and she felt redoubled anxiety and sickness of heart as she took the way to the shore.

Inquiry at the bathing-house confirmed her fears: Mrs. Burns had not been there that morning; no one had yet entered the water on account of the thick white vapor that enshrouded land and sea. It required almost more firmness than Honor could command to imply that she had expected her, to say that she would return presently, and to continue her walk with anything like composure along the sand.

Of that walk Honor never afterward retained any clear recollection. She had a perception of the suffocating white mist through which the golden shafts of sunshine were struggling to force their bright way; of the lapping of the receding tide, and the tiny shining pools it left upon the sand; of an aching heart which never seemed to have known other feelings than those that racked it now; of a trembling search that dreaded alike to find or not to find its object; and through all of a sense of double identity, half as though she were another than herself, half as though in some previous state of existence she had known and suffered all this before.

She stopped. She had reached and rounded the black rocks. Her search was ended.

Was it Aimée, or was it only what *had been* Aimée that she saw? Just beyond the reach of the water which crept up and retired again with a caressing sound; face downward, with her long brown hair streaming over one of the little glistening pools, "she lay with the wave on the warm white sand."

It is altogether a mistake to suppose that, at such moments, physical power or the capacity for action deserts any but the weakest natures; though over them in retrospect may fall sometimes a merciful oblivion blending past and present, what was actual and what was only feared, the suspense and the dread certainty, into a whole whose confusion, though terrible, can be better borne than the remembrance where every pang stands out alone distinct and clear. To Honor it seemed now as if this awful and supreme moment were the natural crisis of her life—as if all the time past had but led up to and been preparation for the ghastly present;

she felt as if, whatever the horror, there was no surprise for her in what she saw. She did not faint, she did not scream; and, where the impulse of some women would have been to shriek and fly, hers was to come rapidly and in perfect silence and kneel on the sand at Aimée's side.

She had no idea as yet that it was death she looked on, though the hand she lifted fell pulseless, and there came no answer to her attempt at speech. With an effort she raised the heavy head and turned the face to hers; and then—O God!—she saw the truth. There was no ray of sense in the scarce half-closed eyes, and the parted lips, over which had bubbled the life-stream from the struggling heart before that heart had ceased to beat, spoke with an eloquence which living they had never known.

How long she knelt there she never knew. It might have been moments, it might have been hours, but it was all one to her. She retained possession of her senses, and chafed the cold hands, and wiped and breathed upon the pallid mouth, and composed the distorted figure; but she did all as if in a dream that she knew she would awake to find a dream only. When at last a new horror overcame her, and she began to think that she was wasting time, while other help might be of more avail than hers; when fearing alike to go and to refrain from going, she would make a few steps and return in a frenzy of helpless indecision; when she realized that she *must* seek for help to perform that which she could not do alone, and, without staying to look back, began to run wildly homeward through the blinding mist, it seemed only part of the same dream that the first person she should meet was Mr. Weir.

It never struck her as singular that he should be there; nor did he express any surprise on seeing her—while following her he had been prepared for more than surprise. Her breath was gone, and she could only by signs and touch beseech him to accompany her, and no word was exchanged until they stooped together over Aimée's prostrate form.

"Is she dead?" Mr. Weir would not have known the voice that spoke the words. He did not answer as he looked with grave scrutiny at the white face.

"She is dead," repeated Honor, substituting affirmation for inquiry, and speaking with the same unnatural composure. "She is dead, and I have killed her; she has destroyed herself, and I am the cause."

"Do not talk like a child," said Weir, hoping by his roughness to rouse her from the stupor into which she seemed to have fallen; "and, for God's sake, let no one else hear what you have just said to me!"

She looked at him, but no perception of his meaning showed itself visible in her face.

"If you value your own future peace or her memory, never repeat again what you said just now," he said again. "Do you understand?"

She did, this time. He saw the light break in upon her mind.

"She has lost her way in the mist," he continued; "do not those clinched fingers and that broken blood-vessel tell how she has struggled and fought for her life? I dare not say that she has won, though she is not dead; but in any case this is the only supposition that, either for her sake or your own, you must allow."

But Honor heard only part of his words.

"Though she is not dead?"

"She is not dead, though I will not venture to say that she may not be so in another hour. Can I trust you to be calm if we waste no more time? If not, far better death here for her than ruin both for her and you."

Honor understood well enough now, and over the pallor of her face there crept a scarlet glow of shame. She spoke no word, but Weir was satisfied of her obedience; he knew by the set of her lip and her firm and rapid gesture that her moment of weakness had gone by.

"That is right; give me your shawl. Now, when I have wrapped her in it, help me to lift her—so. I have carried heavier than she is. Will you come with me, or would you rather return alone?"

"You surely would not send me away?"

"You are sure you can command yourself?"

"Quite sure—now."

Not when the heart is fullest do words flow freest; not in the first shock does the outpouring of the spirit come. These few commonplace sentences were all that were exchanged through that season of terrible discovery and still more terrible dread; and no more was uttered till Mr. Weir had borne his ghastly burden to its destination and laid it down.

### CHAPTER XIII.

It was over. The seed so lightly sown had borne its black and bitter fruit, and the harvest was gathered in. The fever of hope, the anguish of suspense, the frenzied striving for victory with the foe who will never admit defeat, were ended, and in their stead reigned the cold, calm peace that knows no dread nor expectation which we call despair. The faint and feeble life had refused to be called back to bear a further share of this world's toil and trouble; the fluttering pulses had ceased to flutter, and Aimée was at rest.

The truth, however eagerly sought among the wild conjectures of those who would willingly have solved the mystery of the tragedy, could never be known. To the craving questioning of Honor's tortured heart, to her passionate prayers and self-accusing pleading, there could come no answer. Of the struggles and the sufferings of the past night, how far yielded to and how far triumphed over, there could be no revelation. The only lips that could have made it were sealed in what has been fitly named "the sole silence upon earth."

If those who offered aid and well-meant sympathy wondered at Honor's shuddering rejection—if they marveled alike at her calmness where they would have looked for frenzy, and her austerity where they would have expected soft and shrinking sorrow—they placed a merciful if a false interpretation on it, and did her the only kindness possible in allowing her to mourn in her own way.

If but a tithe of those who prate about remorse had ever known it—if of the many so ready to dissect and analyze only those revealed who had felt its pangs—the world would hear but little of its agonies and anguish. The heart which has never known can never fathom, the heart which feels can never utter, its unavailing tortures, its everlasting despair.

O mild and holy Repentance! whose tears fall like refreshing dew upon the suffering soul—whose sharp but tender touch is healing, and whose end is peace. O dark and fierce Remorse! dry-eyed and scorching, whose stabs are all the keener in that, while we mourn the sin and loathe ourself the sinner, we would neither confess nor undo—the one the guiding star that points the path to heaven; the other the lurid torch that reveals all we know of hell!

In those first hours of lonely watching Honor probed the depth of human pain. Grief, shame, and desolation, by turns possessed her, and each in turn gave place to the flood of passionate remorse in which all other feeling was swept away. Denying by its very existence the relief of confession; refusing in its very essence all hope of consolation; distorting every past motive with malignant ingenuity; blackening every fair intention to its own hideous hue—remorse consumed and tore her till she bowed her head and longed to die. But, if Death came in answer to the first vehement prayer of stricken youth, his harvest would be little worth the gathering. He waits until the golden grain is ripe—until humanity, purified by suffering, strengthened by endurance, and inured to toil, is fit for the perfect performance of the duties and the perfect enjoyment of the bliss of earthly life: then he says, "So far and no farther," and puts in his

sickle; and, binding in one sheaf together frustrated hopes, blighted joys, and uncompleted labors, he celebrates his harvest-home.

To Honor Burns life and life's work seemed ended that summer afternoon. The future seemed to her, as it has seemed to so many other young and ardent spirits, to stretch a blank, interminable waste of desolation, which no action could ever redeem from stagnant misery and no happiness ever illuminate again. The years to come must be one dead level of remorse and regret, where there could be neither vales of deeper sorrow nor heights of hope. Once the dreaded, awful meeting with her father over—

Her father! That remembrance brought another, a new idea. Some of her faculty of thought returned to her, some of her capacity for action resumed its sway; she could not yet sit down to indulge in idle grief, for something yet remained to do.

She came into the outer room and stood by the open window, looking out, though with eyes that saw nothing of what they gazed on. It was the same geranium-shaded window from which she had overheard the conversation the day before. Did she think that, if she had never heard it, never been influenced by it, and never acted on the impulse it had given her, things might have been different now? Did she admit too late that she had undertaken a task beyond her power, and that the rock she had striven to withstand had fallen and crushed her, and not her alone? Who knows? Thoughts are often as bitter as the death that Agag tasted beforehand, but we are seldom inclined to confess their bitterness. Whatever Honor's may have been, she kept them in her heart.

But of what she *did* we can take cognizance. Upon the sands below the window, almost out of sight, there paced a figure to and fro, and Honor, seeing this, was recalled to recollection. She seemed to come to some definite resolve as she turned away from the window and searched the table for something which apparently she could not find—until her eyes fell on the book she had been reading the previous afternoon. With a strong shudder she took it up, and, as if afraid to delay, tore out the blank leaf and wrote hastily on it with a pencil a few words; she folded and addressed it, and then for another moment paused as if in doubt or hesitation. "I suppose it is a strange thing to do," she said to herself; "I wonder if it is wrong? I can not help it—it is all I can do, and I must make sure." Then she left the room, rang the corridor-bell, and to the servant who answered, and who looked at her in surprise, she gave the note. "Let that be given at once," she said. "Is the gentleman still here?" The woman replied in the affirma-

tive, as she glanced at the address and departed; while Honor, drawing a deep breath, returned to resume her lonely and interrupted watch.

The note was addressed to Alison Weir.

Here and there exists a favored mortal who has reached maturity unscathed by that fire of affliction which few entirely escape—from which, indeed, only that especial "love of the gods," whose proof is the early death of the beloved, can be protection—to whom the words "loss" and "separation" are words only; for whom the doors of the household temple, consecrated to the awful presence and eternal silence, have never been set wide. Such a one was Alison Weir. Partly from the circumstances of a lonely life, partly from a natural, if perhaps selfish, shrinking from all scenes of pain and suffering, he had lived nearly half a lifetime without acquiring that bitter knowledge so soon gained by so many; and when he received Honor's letter he had never stood beside a death-bed, never looked on the face of the dead.

He obeyed the girl's summons with much wonder and some fear, but refusal was impossible. He felt strangely interested in her, and would willingly have afforded assistance and consolation where both were alike hopeless and vain. Beyond a request and a promise to bring her father to her by the quickest means available, no communication had passed between them since he had left the still breathing body of Aimée in her care; and now, pondering over the few words her letter contained, it struck him that it might be something of the same nature that she needed now, and that the departure the night before of Morris, the only one in the place on whom she had any claim of former friendship, had thrown her back upon himself for material help. Devoutly hoping that it was so, but fearing from his knowledge of her that he might have a far harder task before him, he complied with her directions, ascended the stair, paced the corridor, and paused at the door.

He paused: the inner door stood open, and he knew what lay beyond it, and, strong man as he was, he felt a sudden spasm and contraction of the heart as he nerved himself to meet a scene never looked upon before. It was all new to him, and the change in the aspect of the apartment since he had last seen it (arranged as it had been to suit the conventional ideas of those who had performed the last offices before Honor took possession) astonished and appalled him. The cold and awful purity of the white drapery, the veiled mirror, the pictures turned to the wall, the clock whose hands had been stopped at the moment the last breath had left the clay; all the common but ghastly accessories of death were there, and all combined to strike a chill to



the very soul of the man to whom all were strange, and who stood now for the first time in the solemn presence and before the dread majesty of the one undisputed sovereign.

He knew, as well as you or I know, that careless words and yet more careless thoughts had been the groundwork of the tragedy whose end he looked on; he knew that heedless steps along a rosy, flowery path had led to the abyss from whose brink there was no retreating; he knew what a false and golden light had illumined the way that closed in eternal darkness. If for the first time he realized the truth, and recognized the danger of words so lightly spoken, and ways so lightly trodden; and if, in the great fear with which that knowledge came upon him, he made a covenant to abstain himself and to warn others from aught that could so end, let us trust that he has kept the vow.

The windows looked westward, and, in spite of closed blinds and jealousies, the low beams of the evening sun came slanting in, and touched with a pathetic glory both the living and the dead. The face of Aimée was uncovered, and showed the rounded outlines and calm peace of sudden death, where no protracted sickness has wasted and no pain left its distorted traces. Some tender hand had laid beside her a loving tribute of late roses and white jasmine-flowers whose heavy perfume filled the room; and no sound or breath broke the stillness where the kneeling figure was as silent as the one by which she knelt. Weir saw that his presence was unnoticed, but to knock was desecration; he stood irresolute till some slight motion betrayed him, and Honor, looking up, saw him, rose, and received him standing. As she did so she drew the veil again over the dead face, as though too sacred for other eyes than her own.

Weir was shocked at the change a few hours had made in her. Her paleness had turned to a dark pallor, and blue circles marked the eyes where no tears had yet gathered to relieve their burning; and there was a contraction of both brow and lip, which showed not only the suffering but the effort made to repress its outward exhibition. Weir took the hand she extended to him, but said nothing; in truth, he could find nothing to say; his heart bled for her, but it was neither time nor place for words.

"You are not angry with me for sending for you?" she whispered at last. "I thought you would understand, and come."

He was as far as ever from understanding, but waited explanation.

"You might be very sure I would come," he answered, in the same low tone.

"And you *must* speak the truth, and keep a promise made, *here*."

He bent his head, but did not speak. There began to fall on him a great dread of what she might be about to say.

"I hardly know—" she began, and faltered. "Were you in earnest—" She hesitated again, then fixed her eyes on his face. "Do you believe yourself—what you tried to make *me* believe this morning?"

It was well for Weir that he was not quite unprepared for the question, but he himself never knew how he kept his self-command under her searching eyes. But he saw that she would place implicit confidence in whatever he spoke now; he knew that her present peace and future happiness depended on her release from the horror that weighed upon her; and he felt, though he knew it was no place for the feeling, a sentiment that was more than either pity or sympathy for the lonely girl, whose courage and self-control rose with her need and her desolation; and these united forces enabled him, for the first and last time in his life, to speak that which he could not be sure to be the truth.

For, he doubted. Plausible and probable as he knew the explanation to be that he had given Honor, there was yet enough in him of the leaven of the world to render possible the suspicion that, though plausible and probable, it might not be true. On the one hand the knowledge he believed himself to possess, both of the integrity and gentleness of Emmeline Burns's character, forbade him to suppose that anything could have occurred the previous evening to render needful so utter an expiation or so desperate a refuge as self-destruction; but, on the other, he knew and guessed enough to form a sufficient foundation for any superstructure that passion, favored by circumstance, might have raised. As quickly as thought permitted, he strove to balance the chances for and against; and, being a man perhaps better fitted by nature to estimate the force of temptation than the strength of resistance, he felt, even while endeavoring to persuade himself that there could be no doubt, that on his mind, at least, a doubt must always remain.

But he answered, without hesitation, "Yes." Surely, if any approach to falsehood can ever be pardonable, that of Alison Weir, no less than the oath of Uncle Toby, deserves to be blotted out by an angel's tear.

He reaped his reward in the instant relief that appeared in Honor's face, and the falling of the head that had been defiantly raised to know the worst. If his conscience smote him that she took his word so readily, he found comfort in it, too; what her clear, pure mind accepted so easily and undoubtingly as truth could surely be no less than true.

"Thanks," she said, after a pause, lifting a

face, at last wet with tears; "I can not say much, but I think you have saved me from going mad. I—I want to know one thing more—I must ask you—you will tell me—*how much do you know?*" She covered her face; she could not look him in the eyes this time.

"*Nothing*," he replied, in a low, emphatic tone.

She looked up. "Tell me the truth—you must know or suspect something, or you would not have followed me this morning; and after yesterday—" She stopped again, and all his soul went out in pity for her.

"I know nothing," he repeated—"nothing, from this moment, that you would not wish me to know."

She understood him, and looked her gratitude. "I will trust you," she said; "and when my father comes—" She faltered now, and broke down altogether in a gush of tears.

Weir was glad to see them flow, though they distressed him, as a woman's tears will always distress a manly man. He would have given much for the right to remove them and soothe her; but endeavored, not having it, to answer her as she would like best.

"Trust me; no one shall think anything but what I have told you I believe to be the truth. It is little to say—my life is not of much value to myself or any one else; but if it could restore her, or serve you, I would freely lay it down."

She did not answer, but she gently took his hand and kissed it. The action meant nothing on her part; it was only an impulse of gratitude, which she knew no better method of expressing, for the only friend near her in her hour of need; but there came to him with the touch of her lips and fingers a sudden revelation of what it might be to win her love, and a sense that it might be better for himself in the future that he, on whom she had so nearly bestowed it, had been careless of the gift.

That she might detect nothing of his thoughts, he drew away his hand, and made as if to go.

"Wait," whispered Honor. "Shall you ever see—him again?"

"*Never*, if I can help it!" Weir replied, with a clinched hand and a black frown. "May God's curse pursue him, and rest on him for ever!" And then, remembering that Honor was probably entirely ignorant of what *he* had seen and suspected, he checked himself and was silent.

"Hush!" said Honor. "*This* is no place for curses, even were they deserved. For, whatever wrong he did, there will be retribution—if God is just; but you will never let him know—or think—"

"He shall never know more than he knows now, so help me Heaven!"

If, to satisfy his own conscience, he gave a double sense to his words, she did not see it, and they satisfied her, too.

"Forgive me all the trouble I have given you," she said, wearily, and with a pleading tone very unlike Honor Burns. "I will not give you any more. You have given me much comfort, and been a kind friend. Good-by—and, if we should ever meet again—"

"We shall surely meet again," said Weir, low but firmly. "If we live, we shall surely meet again; I make that promise *here*, with the rest. Think of me but as a true friend till then; and, if you ever need help or counsel, remember that there is one arm and brain that will be at your service while their pulses beat."

His voice faltered; he hesitated a moment as he took her hand, but, if any other words were on his lips, he did not speak them; and, merely bowing low over the hand he held, as he might have done over that of an empress, he quitted the room, leaving Honor alone with her dead.

ANNIE ROTHWELL.

## THE INFLUENCE OF ART IN DAILY LIFE.

### III.—FURNISHING THE HOUSE.

AN elegant, well-furnished house, in good taste, comfortable to live in and inviting to guests, is a style of thing many persons might desire to realize did they but know how. At the outset a difficulty lies in the way, inasmuch as furniture has long been the chosen sphere for bad taste. Certain preliminary measures which may safely be taken have been indicated in the

preceding papers. What is to be desired is that the form and physiognomy of the house, its anatomies and clothings, shall conduce to physical ease and mental gratification, and for this end the furniture and dressings must be agreeable to gentle manners and gentle folks, the final product being repose, a harmony without discord, a beauty without ugliness.

The modern world differs from the old world, and even so does modern furniture depart from

the olden models. The conditions under which household furniture is now manufactured are changed; the increase of wealth, the growth in population, and the introduction of machinery have turned out of the market the village carpenter, and in place of a small calling has sprung up a large trade. Three classes or factors are commonly concerned: the designer, who is or should be an artist; the manufacturer, who is a tradesman; and lastly the purchaser, who, belonging, it may be, to the new and vulgar rich, is often endowed with more money than taste. The tradesman has seldom any other motive than to supply what will sell, and the adorning of our houses has become too much of a shop transaction. The making of furniture grows as mechanical as the manufacture of pins or nails, and what happens under the infinite subdivision of labor is that the designer and artisan serve as little else than the tools. In olden times, on the contrary, the personality of the artist was felt; he was identified with his workmanship, and was brought into contact and sympathetic relationship with the citizen or the squire. And, though the social changes have been great, yet signs are not wanting of an approach to former reciprocities; and assuredly, if the artist who creates and the public that consumes could in fellowship join hands, we might expect to find within our English homes, in place of furniture supplied from a store and suited equally to the whole parish or county, articles bespeaking the taste and character of the inmates. Certainly the personal position of the artist was never better assured: he has become a recognized force in the social machinery, he mingles freely by privilege of his calling among all classes, and animates by finer spirit the dense masses of the community. And though the shrewd remark is true that the artist, while fit for the best society, should keep out of it, yet if the society be chosen for sympathy and not for show, if the birds of a feather that flock together be not of gay plumage but of accordant note, then the artist may have something to gain as well as benefits to dispense. I have known close friendships spring up between artists and well-to-do people of the world, with the best possible results. It is not to be expected that a man immersed in business should have more than smatterings and aspirations; but the artist, the friend of the family, supplies the lacking knowledge; he is versed in historic styles and schools, and, having at his 'fingers' ends divers decorative systems, he will readily with pencil and paper in hand sketch out ideas which a clever carpenter can at little cost cast into shape. Thus, a man of modest means and unsophisticated instincts would be saved from the rapacity of trade and the emptiness of fashion,

and might find the way to gather around him household belongings possibly a little out of the common, because born of a love and animated by a motive.

If the furnishing of a house were altogether easy, the failures were less egregious. The faults committed arise from a complication of causes, such as superfluity of money coupled with lack of taste, the desire for ostentation, with the consequent impatience of mere honest comfort and quietude. Sometimes errors are run into simply from thoughtlessness or haste, from furor for a favorite fad, or from misplaced faith in an infatuated friend or an infallible clique. As a possible safeguard against such mishaps it may be well to give a little consideration to elementary principles such as the following: Furniture must be useful before it aspires to be ornamental; utility must underlie beauty, construction must sustain and justify ornament. A chair, however attractive to the eye, becomes a snare if it break down under the weight of the sitter; and a bed, however regal in its adornings, is a delusion if it mar a night's rest. In other words, furniture must be framed for strength, capacity, mobility; the design must be adapted to the use, to the proportions of the human figure and to the material employed, whether wood, metal, or textile fabric; it ought, moreover, to be appropriate to its intended position, and should be in keeping with the decorative surroundings. A table or couch should not appear in a room as an unbidden guest or as an intruder. Furniture in its proportions, and in the relation of the component parts to the whole, must be in balance and symmetry, and preserve, in the midst of detail, breadth and simplicity. As in architecture, the composition will usually prove best in harmony when the constituent parts hold some geometric ratio with each other. Furthermore, furniture as to its construction must be honest and confessed, solid, not sham; in other words, the material and workmanship must appear what they really are without disguise or make-believe. As to the ornament, it must not overcharge or falsify the construction, but repose quietly on the surface, and enrichments, such as carved foliage or flowers, when projecting, must be so arranged as to guard against inconvenience or injury from the dresses of ladies or the dusters of domestics. In fine, in ornamenting the construction, care should be taken to preserve the general design, and to keep the decoration duly subservient by low relief or otherwise. And the ornament should be so arranged as to assist the constructive strength and enhance by its lines the symmetry and beauty of the sustaining form.

Furniture has sometimes been termed "a sort of toy architecture"; indeed, the readiest

way to understand the art aspects of household furniture is to use architecture as an explanatory key. Designs first constructed and carved in stone were afterward simulated in wood. The wooden bench took the place of the stone seat; indeed, columns, capitals, canopies, cornices, and friezes are often all but identical in either material, while in the nature of things panelings, chests, and seats correspond with the lines and moldings of doors and windows. The old woodwork in cathedrals, colleges, municipal buildings, and private dwellings illustrates this close relationship. And, when furniture is attached bodily to the freehold and ranks among the fixtures, the reason is self-evident why wainscots, mantel-pieces, and even sideboards and bookcases, accord with the structure of the house and the decoration of the walls. Hence furniture by virtue of its origin assumes definite historic styles, such as the Classic, the Italian, the French Renaissance, the Gothic, and the domestic English. Accordingly, Thomas Chippendale, in "The Cabinet-Maker's Director," published in 1754, insists that "architecture ought to be carefully studied by every one who would excel in design, since it is the very soul and basis of the cabinet-maker's art." In like sense Sir Samuel Meyrick, in his introduction to Shaw's "Specimens of Ancient Furniture," shows "that domestic fittings and decorations have invariably consorted with the contemporary architecture—that tables, chairs, and chests have in style been in closest correspondence with the edifices they help to furnish—that, moreover, the character of the furniture serves always as a criterion to the date, the purity, or decadence of the architecture." Hence a revival in the one and a resuscitation in the other have usually gone hand in hand, as seen in the rage for Gothic furniture in our time. But at the present moment the marked phenomenon in every art, that of furniture included, is the breaking down of old boundary-lines and strict historic precedents, and the setting up of an accommodating eclecticism which seeks to unite under one growth what is vital and enduring in all styles.

The old forms of furniture, in fact, need a new birth, so as to meet modern requirements. It will not do to copy ancient designs rigidly. Archaic models are austere, and of Spartan simplicity; archæological furniture is harsh and angular, and must be modified and mollified so as to work smoothly in the midst of our highly polished civilization. The late Sir Gilbert Scott testifies that "he had long thought the vernacular styles of the present day worn out, and that it is needful to strike out something a little novel. He had," he said, "for some time been endeavoring to do so on the foundation of the Gothic,

and should be very glad to see attempts to originate new styles on other bases." In fact, growth is in art, as in nature, the condition of life; without growth death comes. Change and transformation, when not for the sake of mere novelty, bring new development and onward progression. Art has of late years widened its circuit and intensified its activity. She finds the means of meeting our subtle and varied wants; she calls to her aid manifold appliances and processes; she takes as her handmaids Sculpture and Painting; she is by turns constructive and decorative, and she works with equal zest and impartiality in stone, wood, metal, silk, or cotton. Our modern artist deems it part of his duty to supervise the minutest detail; he looks to the design of the scraper at the door, of the weathercock on the chimney, of the mantel-piece, fender, or scuttle at the fire. And furniture, sharing in the common movement, forms part of the comprehensive whole. Something may be lost, but much has been gained. The old work of the joiner was rude; the modern cabinet-maker is required to turn to good account his superior advantages; he has at command—often at small cost—fine woods, rich fabrics, efficient tools, so that it is scarcely too much to expect that our every-day furniture shall be, both in material and manipulation, a delectable art-product. Thus domestic goods and chattels fall agreeably into the concerted æsthetic system which satisfies the wants of a highly wrought civilization. Furniture, indeed, has a wide significance, and passes, like certain words in the language, into metaphorical meanings. We speak not only of a house well furnished with couches, curtains, and mirrors, but of a room or a table well furnished with guests, and no less do we commend the mind that is richly furnished with ideas. It may be added that, while an unfurnished house is a solitude, a well-furnished house serves as society.

The good is often recognized more clearly by contrast with the bad, and no art yields such egregious examples of false taste as furniture. Instances are quoted of cabinets in mock miniature of Roman temples, and sideboards have been constructed in semblance of sarcophagi or Grecian stone altars. Also deservedly held up to ridicule is a certain notorious buffet, whereon are assembled apostles, philosophers, and doctors, the central position being reserved for Voltaire, with winged genii among clouds above! Censure with equal justice falls on a "jardinière treated as a ruined château, the flowers displayed as growing out of its dilapidated roof"; a chiffonier is also fitly condemned for like misplaced naturalism—the composition comprises rustic scenes with an overgrowth of vines and clustering grapes, birds sheltering among the leaves



and building their nests in the branches! The voice of warning is the more called for, because such mistaken efforts have a peculiar fascination for half-educated minds; besides, much labor is worse than thrown away, and at half the outlay better results can be got. Monstrosities in art are also censurable as the illicit offspring of debased states of mind; grotesque forms and outrages on the beautiful, like plague-spots, fester within the fancy, as do low jokes and false wit. Addison, in the "Spectator," turns into ridicule certain literary conceits, such as the rebus, the acrostic, the anagram, the enigma, the quibble, the pun, and other verbal tricks and plays upon words. True wit, like correct art, lies in the resemblance and congruity of ideas; while false wit, which may be termed the false furniture of the mind, and is comparable to tasteless ornament in art, Addison satirizes in allegory as follows: "Methought," he writes, "I was transported into a country that was filled with prodigies governed by the goddess Falsehood, and entitled the Region of False Wit. There was nothing in the fields, the woods, and the rivers that appeared natural. Several of the trees blossomed in leaf-gold, some of them produced bone-lace, and some of them precious stones. The fountains bubbled in an opera-tune; the birds had many of them golden beaks and human voices; the flowers perfumed the air with smells of incense, and grew up in pieces of embroidery. And I discovered in the center of a very dark grove a monstrous fabric built after the Gothic manner, and covered with innumerable devices in that barbarous kind of sculpture. I immediately went up to it, and found it to be a kind of heathen temple consecrated to the god of Dullness." Bad art is worse than dull or stupid, it is offensive and evil.

In mediæval days the allowance of domestic furniture was scant, and old woodwork is now so scarce that in some outlying districts the most ancient relic is the village stocks. And, indeed, certain Gothic revivals in furniture might have been almost suggested by such instruments of durance vile; the form is so austere archaic, the construction so rude, the angles are so harshly abrupt, that the human frame, in vain seeking rest, is stretched as on a rack. Certain ultra-revivalists have, in fact, invested Gothic furniture in unplanned planks, gaping at the joints, knocked together with savage nails, and bound with ragged clasps and rough hinges—the whole construction being worthy to stand among the rushes in "the marsh" of the olden hall, rather than upon a Brussels carpet in a modern drawing-room. The gable-end of a house may be made as severe and acute as the most infatuated Gothickist can desire, but like angularities in couches and elbow-chairs

subject weary mortals to torture. Gothic times were straitened, frugal, self-immolating; Renaissance epochs, on the contrary, became exuberant, luxurious, and pleasure-seeking. And it is the unfortunate fatality of fashion to run always into extremes, and so furniture, instead of abiding by the happy mean of moderation, and taking each style in its inherent truth and beauty, has by turns exaggerated the excesses and eccentricities of Gothic, Italian, and French originals. Gothic art, like the checkered life of man upon earth, is beset with contradictions and imperfections, and, as if beauty were not an all-sufficing end, ugliness, the visible semblance of sin, is courted and made much of. The dread may be that placid beauty lacks spirit and vigor, but the observation has been shrewdly made in cookery that one grain of garlic suffices to save a dish from insipidity; and so in the arts a little deformity and queeriness go a great way. Grotesqueness or character pushed to caricature has been the bane of certain Gothickists; and art, when thus deformed, instead of being, as among the Greeks, a goddess, is transmuted into a gargoye. Such art, not giving speech to sermons in stones, presents the ungainly image of "Laughter holding both her sides."

But Gothic furniture, when treated with taste and judgment, becomes verily a welcome inmate within our homes. The Englishman who has built himself a cottage in the country, under the shadow of trees or near to the parish church, may come upon rustic couches or garden-seats, which perchance the local carpenter makes out of woods grown on the spot. I have sometimes been interested to see in the houses of a cathedral close the Gothic style in full possession; the means at disposal are usually moderate, but the good man of the house gathers round him treasures that money can not buy, and all his little belongings are encompassed by local associations and overgrown with personal habits. Pugin's revivals of domestic Gothic, exquisite in design and detail, the chairs, bookcases, cabinets, and sideboards sometimes decorated with geometric tracery, foliated piercings, or floral carvings, are rare achievements within the reach of the rich only. To my mind such masterpieces are surpassingly beautiful, yet expense need be no object. But frugality has ever been the cry of Gothic pioneers, and accordingly furniture made of deal or other wood, uncostly and easily worked, has been kindly provided for those who desire that their scanty worldly goods shall be impressed by strict mediæval aspiration. The designs, studiously simple, are often piquant in character, and attract attention by a personality and motive which mere shop-goods seldom can show. Young men making a start in life, their

intellects more richly stocked than their purses, accustomed to readings in English history and studies among the early British poets, have of late addicted themselves to furnishing after an original fashion. They may not be wholly exempt from whims and conceits, but at least they have ideas of their own, which they truthfully seek to carry out free from conventional trammels. And often in Bohemian quarters may be found an honest, outspoken, and inventive art which vainly we shall search for throughout Belgravia. Sometimes I have known a brotherhood spring up among artists and amateurs, a kind of mutual-aid society for decorating and furnishing each other's dwellings. Drawing-rooms and studios have been thus painted by friendly hands, and cabinets constructed cunningly, one artist painting a panel, another designing a frieze, a third contriving the hinges, lock, and other metal fastenings. Pianos have been particularly favored. I remember an instrument carved almost as a cameo and colored by inlays of natural woods as a picture; the panels were painted with figures of Miriam, King David, and St. Cecilia. And Mr. Marks, R. A., indulging in a serio-comic strain, has impressed the Muses into the same melodious service. I also recollect cherubs' heads designed by Mr. Burne Jones for a like destination; and, while these lines are passing through the press, a leading piano-forte manufactory has issued invitations for the private view of an instrument decorated inside and out by the same artist, with designs of Orpheus and Eurydice, of Beatrice inspiring Dante, and, conspicuously, of an undraped female figure personating fruitful Nature, surrounded by Cupid-like genii. It may be permitted to add that the value of this unique creation is estimated at a thousand guineas. There seems an essential fitness in such decorations, a proverbial semblance subsisting among the harmonies of sound, form, and color. And Gothic growths when grafted on the old stocks of truth and beauty prove ever rhythmical, and accord with the gentle cadence of sweet sounds.

Furniture in its modern forms presents distinctive nationalities. French furniture is fantastic, often florid. The designs are usually borrowed from the Gallic Renaissance, a style proverbial for corruption, yet bringing into bewitching play the blandishments of the sister arts of architecture, sculpture, and painting. I have sometimes been struck with amazement before modern French cabinets, perfect in architectonic proportion, in symmetry, and beauty; the modeling and carving truly sculpturesque, and showing command of the human figure used decoratively, the coloring, light, and shade dependent on rare woods and rich materials tenderly balanced, yet tersely accentuated and studiously pictorial. Such

compositions challenge criticism as consummate works of art; the masses are preserved in simple breadth, the details are evenly distributed, so that no part of the surface is bald, none overcrowded; as for the workmanship, it is of unsurpassed excellence. In short, French furniture-makers of the nineteenth century are perhaps the only worthy descendants of the great masters of the Italian cinque-cento.

But our English cabinet-makers have for long been striving to vie with their brilliant rivals across the Channel, and their painstaking revivals are commendable for art-design, economy of manufacture, and domestic utility. French furniture is in keeping with the ostentation of the grand palaces of Louis Quatorze, while English furniture in its comparative simplicity possesses a fitness for our British homes. In family life we still love concords and seek to preserve proprieties; less daring in design and less florid in ornament than our neighbors, we are content to be more consistent and sober, and prefer solid truth to surface-show. But after all, in art, as in the science of engineering, everything can be done if money be no object. English artisans have economy thrust upon them, but when lavish expenditure is permitted simplicity can easily give place to costly elaboration and enrichment; and I think, all things considered, from a feeling of patriotism, for the sake of our industrial people, and in the cause of our struggling and aspiring native art, it behooves the English householder to show some preference for our home-made produce. It is well to feel how much may lie in the power of each one of us to help on the good cause.

English furniture, good in design, sound in construction, utilitarian, yet in ornament tasteful, is now made to meet the requirements of all places, peoples, and pockets. Furniture for the dining-room, as distinguished from that for the drawing-room, should be substantial, massive, and handsome, and in color somewhat somber rather than gay. Drawing-room furniture courts companionship with ladies, and will do well to be elegant, cheerful, and even festive. In this brilliant sphere the French are supposed to shine, yet the English of late have gained a phantasy and delicacy responsive to the lightsome dance, the gleeful song, and sparkling prattle. I have looked with delight on cabinets rich in the resources of the best Renaissance, symmetric compositions forced up to a climax in the cornice, the panels ornate with cameo Wedgwood-ware, and the whole façade rich with inlays of rose- and satin-wood, ivory, lapis lazuli, and precious stones, forced up by a system of polychromy to the semblance of a picture. This high-wrought furniture is commendable while kept by quiet

restraint in chastened beauty, and when worked out in true materials honestly constructed. Such elaborate compositions, if too costly, can be pared down and simplified. Elaboration always represents labor, and labor means money. A complex piece of furniture can, like any other product, be reduced to its constituent elements, which are usually few, obvious, and economic. Balance in proportion, symmetric relation of parts to the whole, artistic moldings, with some few decorative enrichments, well chosen and rightly placed, will always insure a pleasing effect at slight outlay.

Draperies are to a house what clothes are to the human body; indeed, it were scarcely going too far to compare an undraped house to the nude figure. And drapery, whether applied to walls, to furniture, or to the human frame, has for its end clothing, warmth, and adornment. The appropriateness of all draperies is contingent greatly on climate, locality, and conditions of life, and such fitness usually brings about effects correct in taste. The simplest arrangements, if only harmonious, insure more or less satisfactory results. Draperies, such as curtains, portières, coverlets, may rely for artistic effect merely on pleasing concord of colors. But rather to be preferred, I think, are compositions of a little more complexity, wherein a pattern beautiful in form adds charm to agreeable color. A surface destitute of design is as a blank sheet of paper—a *tabula rasa*, which seems to need some idea or design from the artist's hand. The works of Nature are never left blank or void; Nature is so generously prodigal that she decorates even the surfaces which are hid away from sight, and so art does well to be equally profuse in adorning the under-garment of a figure or the inner lining of a tapestry or coverlet. The general principles already propounded for the decoration of walls and floors will, with allowance for change of material, hold good as to draperies. And the advice to be given for furnishing generally is, eschew fashion, which generally allures but for a moment, and then, when it fleets, leaves the stigma of being "out of fashion," and choose in preference forms of art which, founded on immutable truth and beauty, can never grow old, obsolete, or unpleasing. Above all, shun show and extravagant outlay, remembering that as Providence clothes the lily, and bestows the life-giving elements of air, light, and heat freely, so Art, having regard for the lowly, filleth the hungry with good things, while the rich she sends empty away.

The arrangement of rooms needs to be carefully considered. The fact that articles of furniture are for the most part unfixed, that they are what the French call "*meubles*," or movables, allows all the greater freedom in disposition or

location. Tables and chairs, sofas and footstools, are indeed nearly as itinerant as the persons who use them, and may, in the general artistic composition, be treated almost as figures. And to carry the analogy one step further, some movables may be accounted "occasional," and stand in relation to the more permanent and fixed furniture as casual visitors. And while, perhaps, it may be expected of the members of the family—the abiding tenants—that they shall in dress and general get-up more or less accord with the wall-hangings and carpets, the utmost that can be looked for from the visitors is that they shall comport themselves as well-dressed ladies and gentlemen. And so occasional furniture, like the person of "the walking gentleman" on the stage, has little more to do than to fill the allotted part agreeably. And while in the furnishing of a room the guiding rule is "unity," yet at the same time it is well to remember that "variety is charming," and that "unity in variety," when attained throughout the house, leaves nothing to be desired. "Unity in variety" makes a picture pleasing, and a room can scarcely be wrong if arranged as a picture. As to diversity, there can be but little doubt that the Romans introduced Egyptian furniture into their dwellings, and in our days a Gothic chair, provided it be graceful, need never feel awkward in the presence of an Italian cabinet. Yet, not for one moment must be tolerated within a dwelling confusion or uproar; nothing can be worse than the indiscriminate crowding together of heterogeneous objects, as in a curiosity-shop; the home, a quiet shelter from the turmoil of the outer world, must not be turned into a museum, menagerie, or Babel. Rather let the furniture associate in cozy coterie as forming a happy home. "A nice and subtle happiness I see thou to thyself proposest" were the approving words addressed to Adam when he craved a companion in his solitude. "A nice and subtle happiness" makes a home. A well-appointed house may perchance bear some comparison to a thoughtful literary composition—one motive presides from preface to finis, and episodes, when thrown in for diversity, conform to the common scheme and blend in the collective whole. And the divers kinds of furniture admissible within a room may be further indicated by the variety of authors allowed a place on the bookshelves. Some volumes may be practical and utilitarian, others poetical and ornamental; yet all should propose, as a common end, to improve the mind and add to the enjoyment of life. And, as, in a well-stored library, varied volumes ranged in order due satisfy the mental cravings, so, in a well-provided household, furniture disposed methodically should minister to the sensuous and supersensuous wants of body and of mind. But,

above all these things, it is imperative that every work admitted within the house shall be beautiful; and then seldom will be found intruding serious discord, for all creations in nature and in art possessed of beauty agree well together. And men and women, when thus brought into

living fellowship with beauty, are known to grow into like fashion of mind and even of body, while the penalty hangs over those who dwell with ugliness, that day by day they themselves become more ugly.

J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON (*Good Words*).

### STERNE. (*HOURS IN A LIBRARY*.)

"**L**OVE me, love my book" is a version of a familiar proverb which one might be slow to accept. There are, as one need hardly say, many admirable persons for whose sake one would gladly make any sacrifice of personal comfort short of that implied in a study of their works. But the converse of the statement is more nearly true. I confess that I at any rate love a book pretty much in proportion as it makes me love the author. I do not, of course, speak of histories or metaphysical treatises which one reads for the sake of the information or of the logical teaching; but of the imaginative books which appeal in the last resort to the sympathy between the writer and the reader. It matters not whether you are brought into contact with a man by seeing or hearing, by the printed or spoken word—the ultimate source of pleasure is the personal affinity. To read a book in the true sense—to read it, that is, not as a critic but in the spirit of enjoyment—is to lay aside for the moment one's own personality, and to become a part of the author. It is to enter the world in which he habitually lives—for each of us lives in a separate world of his own—to breathe his air, and therefore to receive pleasure and pain according as the atmosphere is or is not congenial. I may by an intellectual effort perceive the greatness of a writer whose character is essentially antagonistic to my own; but I can not feel it as it must be felt for genuine enjoyment. The qualification must, of course, be understood that a great book really expresses the most refined essence of the writer's character. It gives the author transfigured, and does not represent all the stains and distortions which he may have received in his progress through the world. In real life we might have been repelled by Milton's stern Puritanism, or by some outbreak of rather testy self-assertion. In reading "*Paradise Lost*," we feel only the loftiness of character, and are raised and inspirited by sentiments, without pausing to consider the particular application.

If this be true in some degree of all imaginative writers, it is especially true of humorists. For humor is essentially the expression of a personal idiosyncrasy, and a man is a humorist just because the tragic and the comic elements of life present themselves to his mind in new and unexpected combinations. The objects of other men's reverence strike him from the ludicrous point of view, and he sees something attractive in the things which they affect to despise. It is his function to strip off the commonplaces by which we have tacitly agreed to cover over our doubts and misgivings, and to explode empty pretenses by the touch of a vigorous originality; and therefore it is that the great mass of mankind are apt to look upon humor of the stronger flavor with suspicion. They suspect the humorist—not without reason—of laughing at their beards. There is no saying where he may not explode next. They can enjoy the mere buffoonery which comes from high spirits combined with thoughtlessness. And they can fairly appreciate the gentle humor of Addison or Goldsmith, or Charles Lamb, where the kindliness of the intention is so obvious that the irony is felt to be harmless. It represents only the tinge of melancholy which every good man must feel at the sight of human folly, and is used rather to light up by its gentle irradiation the amiable aspects of weakness than to unmask solemn affectation and successful hypocrisy. As soon as the humorist begins to be more pungent, and the laughter to be edged with scorn and indignation, good, quiet people who do not like to be shocked begin to draw back. They are half ashamed when a Cervantes or a Montaigne, a Rabelais or a Swift, takes them into his confidence, and proposes in the true humorist's spirit to but show them the ugly realities of the world or of his own mind. They shrink from the exposure which follows of the absurdity of heroes, the follies of the wise, the cruelty and injustice of the virtuous. In their hearts they take this daring frankness for sheer cynicism, and reject his



proffered intimacy. They would rather overlook the hollowness of established conventions, than have them ruthlessly exposed by the sudden audacity of these daring rebels. To the man, on the contrary, who is predisposed to sympathy by some affinity of character, the sudden flash of genuine feeling is infinitely refreshing. He rejoices to see theories confronted with facts, solemn conventions turned inside out, and to have the air cleared by a sudden burst of laughter, though it may occasionally have something rather savage in it. He welcomes the discovery that another man has dared to laugh at the idols before which we are all supposed to bow in solemn reverence. We love the humor, in short, so far as we shall the character from which it flows. Everybody can love the spirit which shows itself in the "Essays of Elia"; but you can hardly love the "Tale of a Tub" or "Gulliver" unless you have a sympathy with the genuine Swift which overpowers your occasional disgust at his misanthropy. But to this general rule there is one marked exception in our literature. It is impossible for any one with the remotest taste for literary excellence to read "Tristram Shandy" or "The Sentimental Journey" without a sense of wondering admiration. One can hardly read the familiar passages without admitting that Sterne was perhaps the greatest artist in the language. No one at least shows more inimitable felicity in producing a pungent effect by a few touches of exquisite precision. He gives the impression that the thing has been done once for all; he has hit the bull's-eye round which inspiring marksmen go on blundering indefinitely without any satisfying success. Two or three of the scenes in which Uncle Toby expresses his sentiments are as perfect in their way as the half-dozen lines in which Mrs. Quickly describes the end of Falstaff, and convince us that three strokes from a man of genius may be worth more than the life's labor of the cleverest of skilled literary workmen. And it may further be said that Uncle Toby, like his kinsmen in the world of humor, is an incarnation of most lovable qualities. In going over the list, a short list in any case, of the immortal characters in fiction, there is hardly any one in our literature who would be entitled to take precedence of him. To find a distinctly superior type, we must go back to Cervantes, whom Sterne idolized and professed to take for his model. But to speak of a character as in some sort comparable to Don Quixote, though without any thought of placing him on the same level, is to admire that he is a triumph of art. Indeed, if we take the other creator of types, of whom it is only permitted to speak with bated breath, we must agree that it would be difficult to find a figure

even in the Shakespearean gallery more admirable in its way. Of course, the creation of a Hamlet, an Iago, or a Falstaff implies an intellectual intensity and reach of imaginative sympathy altogether different from anything which his warmest admirers would attribute to Sterne. I only say that there is no single character in Shakespeare whom we see more vividly and love more heartily than Mr. Shandy's uncle.

It should follow, according to the doctrine just set forth, that we ought to love Uncle Toby's creator. But here I fancy that everybody will be sensible of a considerable difficulty. The judgment pronounced upon Sterne by Thackeray seems to me to be substantially unimpeachable. The more I know of the man, for my part, the less I like him. It is impossible to write his biography (from the admiring point of view) without making it a continuous apology. His faults may be extenuated by the customary devices; but there is a terrible lack of any positive merits to set against them. He seems to have been fond of his daughter, and tolerant of his wife. The nearest approach to a good action recorded of him is that, when they preferred remaining in France to following him to England, he took care that they should have the income which he had promised. The liberality was nothing very wonderful. He knew that his wife was severely economical, as she had good reason to be; inasmuch as his own health was most precarious, and he was spending his income with a generous freedom which left her in destitution at his death. Still we are glad to give him all credit for not being a grudging paymaster. Some better men have been less good-natured. The rest of his panegyric consists of excuses for his shortcomings. We know the regular formulæ. He had bad companions, it is said, in his youth. Men who show a want of principle in later life have a knack of picking up bad companions at their outset. We are reminded as usual that the morals of the time were corrupt. It is a very difficult question how far this is true. We can only make a rough guess as to the morals of our own time; some people can see steady improvement, where others see nothing but signs of growing corruption; but, when we come to speak of the morals of an age more or less removed, there are so many causes of illusion that our estimates have very small title to respect. It is no doubt true that the clergy of the Church of England, in Sterne's day, took a less exalted view than they now do of their own position and duties; that they were frequently pluralists and absentees; that patrons had small sense of responsibility; and that, as a general rule, the spiritual teachers of the country took life easily, and left an ample field for the

activity of Wesley and his followers. But, making every allowance for this, it would be grossly unfair to deny, what is plainly visible in all the memoirs of the time, that there were plenty of honest squires and persons in every part of the country leading wholesome domestic lives.

But, in any case, such apologies rather explain how a man came to be bad, than prove that he was not bad. They would show at most that we were making an erroneous inference if we inferred badness of heart from conduct which was not condemned by the standard of his own day. This argument, however, is really inapplicable. Sterne's faults were of a kind for which if anything there was less excuse than now. The faults of his best-known contemporaries, of men like Fielding, Smollett, or Churchill, were the faults of robust temperament with an excess of animal passions. Their coarseness has left a stain upon their pages as it injured their lives. But, however much we may lament or condemn, we do not feel that such men were corrupt at heart. And that, unfortunately, is just what we are tempted to feel about Sterne. When the huge, brawny parson, Churchill, felt his unfitness for clerical life, he pitched his cassock to the dogs and blossomed out in purple and gold. He set the respectabilities at defiance, took up with Wilkes and the reprobates, and roared out full-mouthed abuse against bishops and ministers. He could still be faithful to his friends, observe his own code of honor, and do his best to make some atonement to the victims of his misconduct. Sterne, one feels, differs from Churchill not really as being more virtuous, but in not having the courage to be so openly vicious. Unlike Churchill, he could be a consummate sneak. He was quite as ready to flatter Wilkes or to be on intimate terms with atheists and libertines, with Holbach and Cr  billon, when his bishop and his parishioners could not see him. His most intimate friend from early days was John Hall Stevenson—the country squire whose pride it was to ape in the provinces the orgies of the monks of Medmenham Abbey, and once notorious as the author of a grossly indecent book. The dog-Latin letter in which Sterne informs this chosen companion that he is weary of his life contains other remarks sufficiently significant of the nature of their intimacy. The age was not very nice; but it was quite acute enough to see the objections to a close alliance between a married ecclesiastic of forty-five\* and the rustic Don Juan of the district. But his cynicism becomes doubly disgusting when we remember that

Sterne was all the time as eager as any patronage-hunter to ingratiate himself into the good graces of bishops. Churchill, we remember, lampooned Warburton with savage ferocity. Sterne tried his best to conciliate the most conspicuous prelate of the day. He never put together a more elaborately skillful bit of writing than the letter which he wrote to Garrick, with the obvious intention that it should be shown to Warburton. He humbly says that he has no claim to an introduction, except "what arises from the honor and respect which, in the progress of my work, will be shown the world I owe so great a man." The statement was probably meant to encounter a suspicion which Warburton entertained that he was to be introduced in a ridiculous character in "Tristram Shandy." The bishop was sufficiently soothed to administer not only good advice but a certain purse of gold, which had an unpleasant resemblance to hush-money. It became evident, however, that the author of "Tristram Shandy" was not a possible object of episcopal patronage; and, indeed, he was presently described by the bishop as an "irrevocable scoundrel." Sterne's "honor and respect" never found expression in his writings; but he ingeniously managed to couple the "Divine Legation"—the work which had justified Warburton's elevation to the bench—with "The Tale of a Tub," the audacious satire upon orthodox opinions, which had been an insuperable bar to Swift's preferment. The insinuation had its sting, for there were plenty of critics in those days who maintained that Warburton's apology was really more damaging to the cause of orthodoxy than Swift's burlesque. We can not resist the conviction that, if Warburton had been more judicious in his distribution of patronage, he would have received a very different notice in return. The blow from Churchill's bludgeon was, on any right, given by an open enemy. This little stab came from one who had been a servile flatterer.

No doubt Sterne is to be pitied for his uncongenial position. The relations who kindly took him off the hands of his impecunious father could provide for him most easily in the Church; and he is not the only man who has been injured by being forced by such considerations into a career for which he was unfitted. In the same way we may pity him for having become tired of his wife when he seems to have married under a generous impulse—she was no doubt a very tiresome woman—and try to forgive him for some of his flirtations. But it is not so easy to forgive the spirit in which he conducted them. One story, as related by an admiring biographer, will be an amply sufficient specimen. He fell in love with a Miss Fourmantelle, who was living at York when he was finishing the first volumes of

\* Sterne says in the letter that Hall was over forty; and he was five years older than Hall.

"Tristram Shandy" at the ripe age of forty-six. He introduced her into that work as "dear, dear Jenny." He writes to her in his usual style of love-making. He swears that he loves her "to distraction," and will love her "to eternity." He declares that there is "only one obstacle to their happiness"—obviously Mrs. Sterne—and solemnly prays to God that she may so live and love him as one day to share in his great good fortune. Precisely similar aspirations, we note in passing, were to be soon afterward addressed to Mrs. Draper, on the hypothesis that two obstacles to their happiness might be removed, namely, Mr. Draper and Mrs. Sterne. Few readers are likely to be edified by the sacred language used by a clergyman on such an occasion; though biographical zeal has been equal even to this emergency. But the sequel to the Fourmantelle story is the really significant part. Mr. Sterne goes to London to reap the social fruits of his amazing success with "Tristram Shandy." The whole London world falls at his feet; he is overwhelmed with invitations, and deafened with flattery; and poor literary drudges like Goldsmith are scandalized by so overpowering a triumph. Nobody had thought it worth while to make a fuss about the author of "The Vicar of Wakefield." Sterne writes the accounts of his unprecedented success to Miss Fourmantelle: he snatches moments in the midst of his crowded levees to tell her that he is hers for ever and ever, that he would "give a guinea for a squeeze of her hand"; and promises to use his influence in some affair in which she is interested. Hereupon Miss Fourmantelle follows him to London. She finds him so deeply engaged that he can not see her from Sunday till Friday; though he is still good enough to say that he would wish to be with her always, were it not for "fate." And, hereupon, Miss Fourmantelle vanishes out of history, and Mr. Sterne ceases to trouble his head about her. It needs only to be added that this is but one episode in Sterne's career out of several of which the records have been accidentally preserved. Mrs. Draper seems to have been the most famous case; but, according to his own statement, he had regularly on hand some affair of the sort, and is proud of the sensibility which they indicate.

Upon such an occurrence only one comment is possible from the moralist's point of view, namely, that a brother of Miss Fourmantelle, had she possessed a brother, would have been justified in administering a horsewhipping. I do not, however, wish to preach a sermon upon Sterne's iniquities, or to draw any edifying conclusions upon the present occasion. We have only to deal with the failings of the man so far as they are reflected in the author. Time ena-

bles us to abstract and distinguish. A man's hateful qualities may not be of the essence of his character, or they may be only hateful in certain specific relations which do not now affect us. Moreover, there is some kind of immorality—spite and uncharitableness, for example—which is not without its charm. Pope was in many ways a far worse man than Sterne; he was an incomparably more elaborate liar, and the amount of gall with which his constitution was saturated would have been enough to furnish a whole generation of Sternes. But we can admire the brilliance of Pope's epigrams, without bothering ourselves with the reflection that he told a whole series of falsehoods as to the date of their composition. We can enjoy the pungency of his indignant satire without asking whether it was directed against deserving objects. Atticus was perhaps a very cruel caricature of Addison; but the lines upon Atticus remain as an incomparably keen dissection of a type which need not have been embodied in this particular representative. Some people, indeed, may be too virtuous or tender-hearted to enjoy any exposure of human weakness. I make no pretensions to such amiability, and I can admire the keenness of the wasp's sting when it is no longer capable of touching me and my friends. Indeed, almost any genuine ebullition of human passion is interesting in its way, and it would be pedantic to be scandalized whenever it is rather more vehement than a moralist would approve, or happens to break out on the wrong occasion. The reader can apply the correction for himself; he can read satire in his moments of virtuous indignation, and twist it in his own mind against some of those people—they are generally to be found—who really deserve it. But the case is different when the sentiment itself is offensive, and offensive by reason of insincerity. When the very thing by which we are supposed to be attracted is the goodness of a man's heart, a suspicion that he was a mere Tartuffe can not enter our minds without injuring our enjoyment. We may continue to admire the writer's technical skill, but he can not fascinate us unless he persuades us of his sincerity. One might, to take a parallel case, admire Reynolds for his skill of hand and fine perception of form and color, if he had used them only to represent objects as repulsive as the most hideous scenes in Hogarth. One loves him, because of the exquisite tenderness of nature implied in the representations of infantile beauty. And, if it were possible to feel that this tenderness was a mere sham, that his work was that of a dexterous artist skillfully flattering the fondness of parents, the charm would vanish. The children would breathe affectation instead of simplicity, and provoke only a sardonic sneer,

which is suggested by most of the infantile portraits collected in modern exhibitions.

It is with something of this feeling that we read Sterne. Of the literary skill there can not be a moment's question; but, if we for a moment yield to the enchantment, we feel ashamed, at the next moment, of our weakness. We have been moved on false pretenses; and we seem to see the sham Yorick with that unpleasant leer upon his too expressive face, chuckling quietly at his successful imposition. It is no wonder if many of his readers have revolted, and even been provoked to an excessive reaction of feeling. The criticism was too obvious to be missed. Horace Walpole indulged in a characteristic sneer at the genius who neglected a mother and sniveled over a dead donkey. (The neglect of a mother, we may note in passing, is certainly not proved.) Walpole was too much of a cynic, it may be said, to distinguish between sentimentalism and genuine sentiment, or rather so much of a cynic that one is surprised at his not liking the sentimentalism more. But Goldsmith at least was a man of real feeling, and as an artist in some respects superior even to Sterne. He was moved to his bitterest outburst of satire by "Tristram Shandy." He despised the charlatan who eked out his defects of humor by the paltry mechanical devices of blank pages, disordered chapters, and a profuse indulgence in dashes. He pointed out with undeniable truth the many grievous stains by which Sterne's pages are defaced. He spoke with disgust of the ladies who worshiped the author of a book which they should have been ashamed to read, and found the whole secret of Sterne's success in his pertness and indecency. Goldsmith may have been yielding unconsciously to a not unnatural jealousy, and his criticism certainly omits to take into account Sterne's legitimate claims to admiration. It is happily needless to insist at the present day upon the palpable errors by which the delicate and pure-minded Goldsmith was offended. It is enough to indulge in a passing word of regret that a man of Sterne's genius should have descended so often to mere buffoonery or to the most degrading methods of meeting his reader's interest. "The Sentimental Journey" is a book of simply marvelous cleverness, to which one can find no nearer parallel than Heine's "Reisebilder." But one often closes it with a mixture of disgust and regret. The disgust needs no explanation; the regret is caused by our feeling that something has been missed which ought to have been in the writer's power. He has so keen an eye for picturesque effects, he is so sensitive to a thousand little incidents which your ordinary traveler passes with eyes riveted to his guide-book or which "Smelfun-

gus" Smollett disregarded in his surly British pomposity, he is so quick at appreciating some delicate courtesy in humble life or some pathetic touch of commonplace suffering, that one grows angry when he spoils a graceful scene by some prurient double meaning, and wastes whole pages in telling a story fit only for John Hall Stevenson. One feels that one has been rambling with a discreditable parson, who is so glad to be free from the restraints of his parish or of Mrs. Sterne's company that he is always peeping into forbidden corners, and anxious to prove to you that he is as knowing in the ways of a wicked world as a raffish undergraduate enjoying a stolen visit to London. Goldsmith's idyllic pictures of country life may be a little too rose-colored, but at least they are harmonious. Sterne's sudden excursions into the nauseous are like the brutal practical jokes of a dirty boy who should put filth into a scent-bottle. One feels that if he had entered the rustic paradise, of which Dr. and Mrs. Primrose were the Adam and Eve, half his sympathies would have been with the wicked Squire Thornhill; he would have been quite as able to suit that gentleman's tastes as to wheedle the excellent Vicar; and his homage to Miss Olivia would have partaken of the nature of an insult. A man of Sterne's admirable delicacy of genius, writing always with an eye to the canons of taste approved in Crazy Castle, must necessarily produce painful discords, and throw away admirable workmanship upon contemptible ribaldry. But the very feeling proves that there was really a finer element in him. Had he been thoroughly steeped in the noxious element, there would have been no discord. We might simply have set him down as a very clever reprobate. But, with some exceptions, we can generally recognize something so amiable and attractive as to excite our regret for the waste of genius even in his more questionable passages. Coleridge points out, with his usual critical acuteness, that much of "Tristram Shandy" would produce simple disgust were it not for the presence of that wonderful group of characters who are antagonistic to the spurious wit based upon simple shocks to a sense of decency. That group redeems the book, and we may say that it is the book. We must therefore admit that the writer of Uncle Toby and his families must not be unreservedly condemned. To admit that one thoroughly dislikes Sterne is not to assert that he was a thorough hypocrite of the downright Tartuffe variety. His good feelings must be something more than a mere sham or empty formula: they are not a flimsy veil thrown over degrading selfishness or sensuality. When he is attacked upon this ground, his apologists may have an easy triumph. The true statement is rather that Sterne was a



man who understood to perfection the art of enjoying his own good feelings as a luxury without humbling himself to translate them into practice. This is the definition of sentimentalism when the word is used in a bad sense. Many admirable teachers of mankind have held the doctrine that all artistic indulgence is universally immoral, because it is all more or less obnoxious to this objection. So far as a man saves up his good feelings merely to use them as the raw material of poems, he is wasting a force which ought to be applied to the improvement of the world. What have we to do with singing and painting when there are so many of our fellow creatures whose sufferings might be relieved and whose characters might be purified if we turned our songs into sermons, and, instead of staining canvas, they tried to purify the dwellings of the poor? There is a good deal to be said for the thesis that all fiction is really a kind of lying, and that art in general is a luxurious indulgence, to which we have no right while crime and disease are rampant in the outer world.

I think, indeed, that I could detect some flaws in the logic by which this conclusion is supported, but I confess that it often seems to possess a considerable plausibility. The peculiar sentimentalism of which Sterne was one of the first mouth-pieces, would supply many effective illustrations of the argument; for it is a continuous manifestation of extraordinary skill in providing "sweet poison for the ages' tooth." He was exactly the man for his time, though, indeed, so clever a man would probably have been equally able to flatter the prevailing impulse of any time in which his lot had been cast. M. Taine has lately described with great skill the sort of fashion of philanthropy which became popular among the upper classes in France in the prerevolutionary generation. The fine ladies and gentlemen who were so soon to be crushed as tyrannical oppressors of the people, had really a strong impression that benevolence was a branch of social elegance which ought to be assiduously cultivated by persons of taste and refinement. A similar tendency, though less strongly marked, is observable among the corresponding class in English society. From causes which may be analyzed by historians, the upper social stratum was becoming penetrated with a vague discontent with the existing order and a desire to find new outlets for emotional activity. Between the reign of comfortable common sense, represented by Pope and his school, and the fierce outbreak of passion which accompanied the crash of the revolution, there was an interregnum marked by a semi-conscious fore-feeling of some approaching catastrophe; a longing for fresh excitement, and tentative excursions into various regions of thought, which have

since been explored in a more systematic fashion. Sentimentalism was the word which represented one phase of this inarticulate longing, and which expresses pretty accurately the need of having some keen sensations without very well knowing in what particular channels they were to be directed. The growth of the feminine influence in literature had no doubt some share in this development. Women were no longer content to be simply the pretty fools of the "Spectator," unworthy to learn the Latin grammar or to be admitted to the circle of wit; though they seldom presumed to be independent authors, they were of sufficient importance to have a literature composed for their benefit. The sentimentalism of the worthy Richardson implied a discovery of one means of turning this tendency to account, and in his little circle of feminine adorers we find one of the earliest discussions of the word.

"What," asks Lady Bradshaigh (writing to him about 1749), "is the meaning of the word sentimental, so much in vogue among the polite, both in town and country? In letters and common conversations I have asked several who made use of it, and have generally received for answer, it is—it is—*sentimental*. Everything clever and agreeable is comprehended in that word; but I am convinced a wrong interpretation is given, because it is impossible everything clever or agreeable can be so common as this word. I am frequently astonished to hear such a one is a *sentimental* man; we were a *sentimental* party; I have been taking a *sentimental* walk." Some time earlier Sterne was writing a love-letter to his future wife, lamenting his "quiet and sentimental repasts" which they had had together, and weeping "like a child" (so he writes) at the sight of his single knife and fork and plate. The growth of such phrases is often an interesting symptom of new currents of social development. Richardson might have replied by pointing to the history of *Clarissa*, which represents a respectable, moral, and domestic sentimentalism; and Rousseau expressed it a little later in a more dangerous and revolutionary embodiment. We have known the same spirit in many incarnations in later days. We have been bored by Wertherism; by the Byronic misanthropy; by the *Weltschmerz* of our German cousins; and by the æsthetic raptures or the pessimist lamentations of our modern poets. But Sterne, who made the word popular in literature, represents what may be considered as sentimentalism in its purest form; that which corresponds most closely to its definition as sentiment running to waste; for in Sterne there is no thought of any moral, or political, or philosophical application. He is as entirely free as a man can be from any suspicion of "purpose." He tells us as frankly as possible that he is sim-

ply putting on the cap and bells for our amusement. He must weep and laugh just as the fancy takes him; his pen, he declares, is the master of him, not he the master of his pen. This, being interpreted, means of course something rather different from its obvious sense. Nobody, it is abundantly clear, could be a more careful and deliberate artist, though he aims at giving a whimsical and arbitrary appearance to his most skillfully devised effects. The author Sterne has a thorough command of his pen; he only means that the parson Sterne is not allowed to interfere in the management. He has no doctrine which he is in the least ambitious of expounding. He does not even wish to tell us, like some of his successors, that the world is out of joint; that happiness is a delusion, and misery the only reality; nor, what often comes to just the same thing, is he anxious to be optimistic, and to declare, in the vein of some later humorists, that the world should be regarded through a rose-colored mask, and that a little effusion of benevolence will summarily remove all its rough places. Undoubtedly it would be easy to argue—were it worth the trouble—that Sterne's peculiarities of temperament would have rendered certain political and religious teachings more congenial to him than others. But he did not live in stirring times, when every man is forced to translate his temperament by a definite creed. He could be as thoroughgoing and consistent an Epicurean as he pleased. Nothing matters very much (that seems to be his main doctrine), so long as you possess a good temper, a soft heart, and have a flirtation or two with pretty women. Though both men may be called sentimentalists, Sterne must have regarded Rousseau's vehement social enthusiasm as so much insanity. The poor man took life in desperate circumstances, and, instead of keeping his sensibility to warm his own hearth, wanted to set the world on fire. When rambling through France, Sterne had an eye for every pretty vignette by the roadside, for peasants' dances, for begging monks, or smart Parisian *grisettes*; he received and repaid the flattery of the drawing-rooms, and was, one may suppose, as absolutely indifferent to omens of coming difficulties as any of the free-thinking or free-living *abbés* who were his most congenial company. Horace Walpole was no philosopher, but he shook his head in amazement over the audacious skepticism of French society. Sterne, so far as one can judge from his letters, saw and heard nothing in this direction; and one would as soon expect to find a reflection upon such matters in "The Sentimental Journey" as to come upon a serious discussion of theological controversy in "Tristram Shandy." Now and then some such question just shows itself for an instant in the background. A negro

wanted him to write against slavery; and the letter came just as Trim was telling a pathetic story to Uncle Toby, and suggesting doubtfully that a black might have a soul. "I am not much versed, Corporal," quoth my Uncle Toby, "in things of that kind; but I suppose God would not have made him without one any more than thee or me." Sterne was quite ready to aid the cause of emancipation by adding as many picturesque touches as he could devise to Uncle Toby or sentimentalizing over jackdaws and prisoners in "The Sentimental Journey"; but more direct agitation would have been as little in his line as traveling through France in the spirit of Arthur Young to collect statistics about rent and wages. Sterne's sermons, to which one might possibly turn with a view to discovering some serious opinions, are not without an interest of their own. They show touches of the Shandy style and efforts to escape from the dead level. But Sterne could not be really at home in the pulpit, and all that can be called original is an occasional infusion of a more pungent criticism of life into the moral commonplaces of which sermons were then chiefly composed. The sermon on Tristram Shandy supplies a happy background to Uncle Toby's comments; but even Sterne could not manage to interweave them into the text.

The very essence of the Shandy character implies this absolute disengagement from all actual contact with sublunary affairs. Neither Fielding nor Goldsmith can be accused of preaching in the objectionable sense; they do not attempt to supply us with pamphlets in the shape of novels, but in so far as they draw from real life they inevitably suggest some practical conclusions. Reformers, for example, might point to the prison experiences of Dr. Primrose or of Captain Booth, as well as to the actual facts which they represent; and Smollett's account of the British navy is a more valuable historical document than any quantity of official reports. But in Uncle Toby's bowling-green we have fairly shut the door upon the real world. We are in a region as far removed from the prosaic fact as in Aladdin's wondrous subterranean garden. We mount the magical hobby-horse, and straightway are in an enchanted land, "as though of hemlock we had drunk," and if the region is not altogether so full of delicious perfume as that haunted by Keats's nightingale, and even admits occasional puffs of rather unsavory odors, it has a singular and characteristic influence of its own. Uncle Toby, so far as his intellect is concerned, is a full-grown child; he plays with his toys, and rejoices over the manufacture of cannon from a pair of jack-boots, precisely as if he were still in petticoats; he lives in a continuous day-dream framed from the materials of adult experience, but as unsub-

stantial as any childish fancies; and when he speaks of realities it is with the voice of one half awake, and in whose mind the melting vision still blends with the tangible realities. Mr. Shandy has a more direct and and conscious antipathy to reality. The actual world is commonplace; the events there have a trick of happening in obedience to the laws of nature; and people not unfrequently feel what one might have expected beforehand that they would feel. One can express them in cut-and-dried formulæ. Mr. Shandy detests this monotony. He differs from the ordinary pedant in so far as he values theories, not in proportion to their dusty antiquity, but in proportion to their unreality, the pure whimsicality and irrationality of the heads which contained them. He is a sort of inverted philosopher, who loves the antithesis of the reasonable as passionately as your commonplace philosopher professes to love the reasonable. He is ready to welcome a *reductio ad absurdum* for a demonstration; yet he values the society of men of the ordinary turn of mind precisely because his love of oddities makes him relish a contradiction. He is enabled to enjoy the full flavor of his preposterous notions by the reaction of other men's astonished common sense. The sensation of standing upon his head is intensified by the presence of others in the normal position. He delights in the society of the pragmatic and contradictory Dr. Slop, because Slop is like a fish always ready to rise to the bait of a palpable paradox, and quite unable to see with the prosaic humorist that paradoxes are the salt of philosophy. Poor Mrs. Shandy drives him to distraction by the detestable acquiescence with which she receives his most extravagant theories, and the consequent impossibility of ever (in the vulgar phrase) getting a rise out of her.

A man would be priggish indeed who could not enjoy this queer region, where all the sober proprieties of ordinary logic are as much inverted as in Alice's Wonderland; where the only serious occupation of a good man's life is in playing an infantile game; where the passion of love is only introduced as a passing distraction when the hobby-horse has accidentally fallen out of gear; where the death of a son merely supplies an affectionate father with a favorable opportunity for airing his queer scraps of outworn moralities, and the misnaming of an infant casts him into a fit of profound melancholy; where everything, in short, is topsy-turvy, and we are invited to sit down, consuming a perpetual pipe in an old-fashioned arbor, dreamily amusing ourselves with the grotesque shapes that seem to be projected, in obedience to no perceptible law, upon the shifting wreaths of smoke. It would

be as absurd to lecture the excellent brothers upon the absurdity of their mode of life as to preach morality to the manager of a Punch show, or to demand sentiment in the writer of a mathematical treatise. "I believe in my soul," says Sterne, rather audaciously, "that the hand of the Supreme Maker and Designer of all things never made or put a family together, where the characters of it were cast and contrasted with so dramatic a felicity as ours was, for this end; or in which the capacities of affording such exquisite scenes, and the powers of shifting them perpetually from morning to night, were lodged and intrusted with so unlimited a confidence as in the Shandy family." The grammar of the sentence is rather queer, but we can hardly find fault with the substance. The remark is made apropos of Mr. Shandy's attempt to indoctrinate his brother with the true theory of noses, which is prefaced by the profoundly humorous sentence which expresses the leading article of Mr. Shandy's creed: "Learned men, brother Toby, don't write dialogues upon long noses for nothing." And, in fact, one sees how admirably the simplicity of each brother plays into the eccentricity of the other. The elder Shandy could not have found in the universe a listener more admirably calculated to act as whetstone for his strangely constructed wit, to dissent in precisely the right tone, not with a brutal intrusion of common sense, but with the gentle horror of innocent astonishment at the paradoxes, mixed with veneration for the portentous learning of his senior. By looking at each brother alternately through the eyes of his relative, we are insensibly infected with the intense relish which each feels for the cognate excellence of the other. When the characters are once familiar to us, each new episode in the book is a delightful experiment upon the fresh contrasts which can be struck out by skillfully shifting their positions and exchanging the parts of clown and chief actor. The light is made to flash from a new point, as the gem is turned round by skilled hands. Sterne's wonderful dexterity appears in the admirable setting which is thus obtained for his most telling remarks. Many of the most famous sayings, such as Uncle Toby's remark about the fly, or the recording angel, are more or less adapted from other authors, but they come out so brilliantly that we feel that he has shown a full right to property which he can turn to such excellent account. Sayings quite as witty, or still wittier, may be found elsewhere. Some of Voltaire's incomparable epigrams, for example, are keener than Sterne's, but they owe nothing to the Zadig or Candide who supplies the occasion for the remark. They are thrown out in passing, and shine by their intrinsic brilliancy. But, when Sterne has a telling remark, he carefully prepares

the dramatic situation in which it will have the whole force due to the concentrated effect of all the attendant circumstances. "Our armies swore terribly in Flanders," cried my uncle Toby, "but nothing to this." Voltaire could not have made a happier hit at the excess of the *odium theologicum*, but the saying comes to us armed with the authority of the whole Shandy conclave. We have a vision of the whole party sitting round, each charged with his own peculiar humor. There is Mr. Shandy, whose fancy has been amazingly tickled by the portentous oath of Ernulfus, as regards antiquarian curiosity, and has at once framed a quaint theory of the advantages of profane swearing in order to justify his delight in the tremendous formula. He regards his last odd discovery with the satisfaction of a connoisseur: "I defy a man to swear out of it!" It includes all oaths from that of William the Conqueror to that of the humblest scavenger, and is a perfect institute of swearing collected from all the most learned authorities. And there is the unlucky Dr. Slop, cleverly enticed into the pitfall by Mr. Shandy's simple cunning, and induced to exhibit himself as a monster of ecclesiastical ferocity by thundering forth the sounding anathema at the ludicrously disproportioned case of Obadiah's clumsy knot-tying; and, to bring out the full flavor of the grotesque scene, we see it as represented to the childlike intelligence of Uncle Toby, taking it all in sublime seriousness, whistling lillabullero to soothe his nerves under this amazing performance, in sheer wonder at the sudden revelation of the potentialities of human malediction, and compressing his whole character in that admirable cry of wonder, so phrased as to exhibit his innocent conviction that the habits of the armies in Flanders supplied a sort of standard by which the results of all human experience might be appropriately measured, and to even justify it in some degree by the queer felicity of the particular application. A formal lecturer upon the evils of intolerance might argue in a set of treatises upon the light in which such an employment of sacred language would strike the unsophisticated common sense of a benevolent mind. The imaginative humorist sets before us a delicious picture of two or three concrete human beings, and is then able at one stroke to deliver a blow more telling than the keenest flashes of the dry light of the logical understanding. The more one looks into the scene and tries to analyze the numerous elements or dramatic effect to which his total impression is owing, the more one admires the astonishing skill which has put so much significance into a few simple words. The coloring is so brilliant and the touch so firm that one is afraid to put any other work beside it. Nobody before or since has had so clear an in-

sight into the meaning which can be got out of a simple scene by a judicious selection and skillful arrangement of the appropriate surroundings. Sterne's comment upon the mode in which Trim dropped his hat at the peroration of his speech upon Master Bobby's death, affecting even the "fat, foolish scullion," is significant. "Had he flung it, or thrown it, or skimmed it, or squirted it, or let it slip or fall in any possible direction under heaven—or in the best direction that could have been given to it—had he dropped it like a goose, like a puppy, like an ass, or in doing it, or even after he had done it, had he looked like a fool, like a ninny, like a nincompoop, it had failed, and the effect upon the heart had been lost." Those who would play upon human passions and those who are played upon, or, in Sterne's phrase, those who drive, and those who are driven, like turkeys to market, with a stick and a red clout, are invited to meditate upon Trim's hat; and so may all who may wish to understand the secret of Sterne's art.

It is true, unfortunately, that this singular skill—the felicity with which Trim's cap, or his Montero cap, or Uncle Toby's pipe, is made to radiate eloquence—sometimes leads to a decided bathos. The climax so elaborately prepared too often turns out to be a faded bit of sentimentalism. We rather resent the art which is thrown away to prepare us for the assertion that, "when a few weeks will rescue misery out of her distress, I hate the man who can be a churl of them." So we hate the man who can lift his hand upon a woman save in the way of kindness, but we do not want a great writer to adorn that unimpeachable sentiment with all the jewels of rhetoric. It is just in these very critical passages that Sterne's taste is defective, because his feeling is not sound. We are never sure that we can distinguish between the true gems and the counterfeit. When the moment comes at which he suddenly drops the tear of sensibility, he is almost as likely to provoke sneers as sympathy. There is, for example, the famous donkey, and it is curious to compare the donkey fed with macaroons in the "Tristram Shandy" with the dead donkey of "The Sentimental Journey," whose weeping master lays a crust of bread on the now vacant bit of his bridle. It is obviously the same donkey, and Sterne has reflected that he can squeeze a little more pathos out of the animal by actually killing him, and providing a sentimental master. It seems to me that, in trying to heighten the effect, he has just crossed the dangerous limit which divides sympathetic from derisive laughter; and whereas the macaroon-fed animal is a possible, straightforward beast, he becomes (as higher beings have done) a humbug in his palpably hypocritical epitaph. Sterne tries his hand



in the same way at improving Maria, who is certainly an effective embodiment of the mad young woman who has tried to move us in many forms since the days of Ophelia. In her second appearance, she comes in to utter the famous sentiment about the wind and the shorn lamb. It has become proverbial, and been even credited in the popular mind with a scriptural origin; and, considering such a success, one has hardly the right to say that it has gathered a certain sort of banality. Yet it is surely on the extreme verge at which the pathetic melts into the ludicrous. The reflection, however, occurs more irresistibly in regard to that other famous passage about the recording angel. Sterne's admirers held it to be sublime at the time, and he obviously shared the opinion. And it is undeniable that the story of *Le Fevre*, in which it is the most conspicuous gem, is a masterpiece in its way. No one can read it, or, better still, hear it from the lips of a skillful reader, without admitting the marvelous felicity with which the whole scene is presented. Uncle Toby's oath is a triumph fully worthy of Shakespeare. But the recording angel, though he certainly comes in effectively, is a little suspicious to me. It would have been a sacrifice to which few writers could have been equal, to suppress or soften that brilliant climax; and yet, if the angel had been omitted, the passage would, I fancy, have been really stronger. We might have been left to make the implied comment for ourselves. For the angel seems to introduce an unpleasant air as of eighteenth-century politeness; we fancy that he would have welcomed a Lord Chesterfield to the celestial mansions with a faultless bow and a dexterous compliment; and somehow he appears, to my imagination at least, appareled in theatrical gauze and spangles rather than in the genuine angelic costume. Some change passes over every famous passage; the bloom of its first freshness is rubbed off as it is handed from one quoter to another; but, where the sentiment has no false ring at the beginning, the colors may grow faint without losing their harmony. In this angel, and some other of Sterne's best-known touches, we seem to feel that the baser metal is beginning to show itself through the superficial enamel.

And this suggests the criticism which must still be made in regard even to the admirable Uncle Toby. Sterne has been called the English Rabelais, and was apparently more ambitious himself of being considered as an English Cervantes. To a modern English reader he is certainly far more amusing than Rabelais, and he can be appreciated with less effort than Cervantes. But, it is impossible to mention these great names without seeing the direction in which Sterne falls short of the highest excellence. We

know that, on clearing away the vast masses of buffoonery and ribaldry under which Rabelais was forced, or chose, to hide himself, we come to the profound thinker and powerful satirist. Sterne represents a comparatively shallow vein of thought. He is the mouth-piece of a sentiment which had certainly its importance in so far as it was significant of a vague discontent with things in general, and a desire for more exciting intellectual food. He was so far ready to fool the age to the top of its bent; and in the course of his ramblings he strikes some hard blows at various types of hide-bound pedantry. But he is too systematic a trifler to be reckoned with any plausibility among the spiritual leaders of any intellectual movement. In that sense, "*Tristram Shandy*" is a curious symptom of the existing currents of emotion, but can not, like the "*Émile*" or the "*Nouvelle Héloïse*," be reckoned as one of the efficient causes. This complete and characteristic want of purpose may indeed be reckoned as a literary merit, so far as it prevented "*Tristram Shandy*" from degenerating into a mere tract. But the want of intellectual seriousness has another aspect, which comes out when we compare *Tristram Shandy*, for example, with *Don Quixote*. The resemblance, which has been often pointed out (as indeed Sterne is fond of hinting at it himself), consists in this, that in both cases we see lovable characters through a veil of the ludicrous. As *Don Quixote* is a true hero, though he is under a constant hallucination, so Uncle Toby is full of the milk of human kindness, though his simplicity makes him ridiculous to the piercing eyes of common sense. In both cases, it is inferred, the humorist is discharging his true function of showing the lovable qualities which may be associated with a ludicrous outside.

The Don and the Captain both have their hobbies, which they ride with equal zeal, and there is a close analogy between them. Uncle Toby makes his own apology in the famous oration upon war. "What is war," he asks, "but the getting together of quiet and harmless people with swords in their hands, to keep the turbulent and ambitious within bounds? And Heaven is my witness, brother Shandy, that the pleasure I have taken in these things, and that infinite delight in particular which has attended my sieges in the bowling-green has arisen within me, and I hope in the corporal too, from the consciousness that in carrying them on we were answering the great ends of our creation." Uncle Toby's military ardor undoubtedly makes a most piquant addition to his simple-minded benevolence. The fusion of the gentle Christian with the chivalrous devotee of honor is perfect; and the kindest of human beings, who would

not hurt a hair of the fly's head, most delicately blended with the gallant soldier who, as Trim avers, would march up to the mouth of a cannon though he saw the match at the very touch-hole. Should any one doubt the merits of the performance, he might reassure himself by comparing the scene in which Uncle Toby makes the speech, just quoted, with a parallel passage in "The Caxtons," and realize the difference between extreme imitative dexterity and the point of real genius.

It is only when we compare this exquisite picture with the highest art that we are sensible of its comparative deficiency. The imaginative force of Cervantes is proved by the fact that Don Quixote and his followers have become the accepted symbols of the most profoundly tragic element in human life—of the contrast between the lofty idealism of the mere enthusiast and the sturdy common sense of ordinary human beings—between the utilitarian and the romantic types of character; and, as neither aspect of the truth can be said to be exhaustive, we are rightly left with our sympathies equally balanced. The book may be a sad one to those who prefer to be blind; but, in proportion as we can appreciate a penetrative insight into the genuine facts of life, we are impressed by this most powerful presentation of the never-ending problem. It is impossible to find in "Tristram Shandy" any central conception of this breadth and depth. If Trim had been as shrewd as Sancho, Uncle Toby would appear like a mere simpleton. Like a child, he requires a thoroughly sympathetic audience, who will not bring his playthings to the brutal test of actual facts. The high and earnest enthusiasm of the Don can stand the contrast of common sense, though at the price of passing into insanity. But Trim is forced to be Uncle Toby's accomplice, or his commander would never be able to play at soldiers. If Don Quixote had simply amused himself at a mock tournament, and had never been in danger of mistaking a puppet-show for a reality, he would certainly have been more credible, but in the same proportion he would have been commonplace. The whole tragic element, which makes the humor impressive, would have disappeared. Sterne seldom ventures to the limit of the tragic. The bowling-green of Mr. Shandy's parlance is too exclusively a sleepy hollow. The air is never cleared by a strain of lofty sentiment. When Yorick and Eugenius form part of the company, we feel that they are rather too much at home with offensive suggestions. When Uncle Toby's innocence fails to perceive their coarse insinuations, we are credited with clearer perception, and expected to sympathize with the spurious wit which derives its chief zest from the presence

of the pure-minded victim. And so Uncle Toby comes to represent that stingless virtue which never gets beyond the ken or hurts the feelings of the easy-going Epicurean. His perceptions are too slow and his temper too mild to resent an indecency as his relative, Colonel Newcome, would have done. He would have been too complacent, even to the outrageous Costigan. He is admirably kind when a comrade falls ill at his door; but his benevolence can exhale itself sufficiently in the intervals of hobby-riding, and his chivalrous temper in fighting over old battles with the Corporal. We feel that he must be growing fat; that his pulse is flabby and his vegetative functions predominant. When he falls in love with the repulsive (for she is repulsive) Widow Wadman, we pity him as we pity a poor soft zoöphyte in the clutches of a rapacious crab; but we have no sense of a wasted life. Even his military ardor seems to present itself to our minds as due to the simple affection which makes his regiment part of his family rather than to any capacity for heroic sentiment. His brain might turn soft; it would never spontaneously generate the noble madness of a Quixote, though he might have followed that hero with a more canine fidelity than Sancho.

Mr. Matthew Arnold says of Heine, as we all remember, that—

"The spirit of the world,  
Beholding the absurdity of men—  
Their vanities, their feats—let a sardonic smile  
For one short moment wander o'er his lips—  
That smile was Heine."

There is a considerable analogy, as one may note in passing, between the two men; and, if Sterne was not a poet, his prose could perhaps be even more vivid and picturesque than Heine's. But his humor is generally wanting in the quality suggested by Mr. Arnold's phrase. We can not represent it by a sardonic smile, or indeed by any other expression which we can very well associate with the world-spirit. The imaginative humorist must in all cases be keenly alive to the "absurdity of man"; he must have a sense of the irony of fate, of the strange interlacing of good and evil in the world, and of the baser and nobler elements in human nature. He will be affected differently according to his temperament and his intellectual grasp. He may be most impressed by the affinity between madness and heroism; by the waste of noble qualities on trifling purposes; and, if he be more amiable, by the goodness which may lurk under ugly forms. He may be bitter and melancholy, or simply serious in contemplating the fantastic tricks played by mortals before high Heaven. But, in any case, some real undercurrent of deeper feeling is essen-

tial to the humorist who impresses us powerfully, and who is equally far from mere buffoonery and sentimental foppery. His smile must be at least edged with melancholy, and his pathos too deep for mere "sniveling."

Sterne is often close to this loftier region of the humorous; sometimes he fairly crosses it; but his step is uncertain as of one not feeling at home. The absurdity of man does not make him "sardonic." He takes things too easily. He shows us the farce of life, and feels that there is a tragical background to it all; but somehow he is not usually much disposed to cry over it, and he is obviously proud of the tears which he manages to produce. The thought of human folly and suffering does not usually torment and perplex him. The highest humorist should be the laughing and weeping philosopher in one; and in Sterne the weeping philosopher is always a bit of a humbug. The pedantry of the elder Shandy is a simple whim, not a misguided aspiration; and Sterne is so amused with his oddities that he even allows him to be obtrusively heartless. Uncle Toby undoubtedly comes much nearer to complete success; but he wants just that touch of genuine pathos which he would have received from the hands of the present writer. But the performance is so admirable in the last passages, where Sterne can drop his buffoonery and his indecency, that even a criticism which sets him below the highest place seems almost unfair.

And this may bring us back for a moment to the man himself. Sterne avowedly drew his own portrait in Yorick. That clerical jester, he says, was a mere child, full of whim and gayety, but without an ounce of ballast. He had no more knowledge of the world at twenty-six than a "romping, unsuspicious girl of thirteen." His high spirits and frankness were always getting him into trouble. When he heard of a spiteful or ungenerous action he would blurt out that the man was a dirty fellow. He would not stoop to set himself right, but let people think of him what they would. Thus his faults were all due to his extreme candor and impulsiveness. It wants little experience of the world to recognize the familiar portrait of an impulsive and generous fellow. It represents the judicious device by which a man reconciles himself to some very ugly actions. It provides by anticipation a complete excuse for thoughtlessness and meanness. If he is accused of being inconstant, he points out the extreme goodness of his impulses; and if the impulses were bad he argues that at least they did not last very long. He prides himself on his disregard to consequences, even when the consequences may be injurious to his friends. His feelings are so genuine for the moment that his

conscience is satisfied without his will translating them into action. He is perfectly candid in expressing the passing phase of sentiment, and therefore does not trouble himself to ask whether what is true to-day will be true to-morrow. He can call an adversary a dirty fellow, and is very proud of his generous indiscretion. But he is also capable of gratifying the dirty fellow's vanity by high-flown compliments if he happens to be in the enthusiastic vein; and somehow the providence which watches over the thoughtless is very apt to make his impulses fall in with the dictates of calculated selfishness. He can not be an accomplished courtier because he is apt to be found out; but he can crawl and creep for the nonce with any one. In real life such a man is often as delightful for a short time as he becomes contemptible on a longer acquaintance. When we think of Sterne as a man, and try to frame a coherent picture of his character, we must give a due weight to the baser elements of his composition. We can not forget his shallowness of feeling and the utter want of self-respect which prompted him to condescend to be a mere mountebank, and to dabble in filth for the amusement of graceless patrons. Nor is it really possible entirely to throw aside this judgment even in reading his works; for, even after abstracting our attention from the rubbish and the indecency, we are haunted in the really admirable parts by our misgivings as to their sincerity. But the problem is often one to tax critical acumen. It is one aspect of a difficulty which meets us sometimes in real life. Every man flatters himself that he can detect the mere hypocrite. We seem to have a sufficient instinct to warn us against the downright pitfalls, where an absolute void is covered by an artificial stratum of mere verbiage. Perhaps even this is not so easy as we sometimes fancy; but there is a more refined sort of hypocrisy which requires keener dissection. How are men to draw the narrow and yet all-important line which separates, not the genuine from the feigned emotion, but the emotion which is due to some real cause, and that which is a cause in itself? Some people we know fall in love with a woman, and others are really in love with the passion. Grief may be the sign of lacerated affection, or it may be a mere luxury indulged in for its own sake. The sentimentalism which Sterne represented corresponded in the main to this last variety. People had discovered the art of extracting direct enjoyment from their own "sensibility," and Sterne expressly gives thanks for his own as the great consolation of his life. He has the heartiest possible relish for his tears and lamentations, and it is precisely his skill in marking this vein of interest which gives him his extraordinary popularity. So soon as we discover

that a man is enjoying his sorrow our sympathy is killed within us, and for that reason Sterne is apt to be repulsive to humorists whose sense of the human tragi-comedy is deeper than his own. They agree with him that the vanity of human dreams may suggest a mingling of tears and laughter; but they grieve because they must, not because they find it a pleasant amusement. Yet it is perhaps unwise to poison our pleasure by reflections of this kind. They come with critical reflection, and may at least be temporarily suppressed when we are reading for enjoyment. We need not sin ourselves by looking a gift-horse in the mouth. The sentiment is genuine at the time. Do not inquire how far it has been deliberately concocted and stimulated. The man is not only a wonderful artist, but he is right in asserting that his impulses are clear and genuine. Why should not that satisfy us? Are we to set up for so rigid a nature that we are never to con-

sent to sit down with Uncle Toby and take him as he is made? We may wish, if we please, that Sterne had always been in his best, and that his tears flowed from a deeper source. But so long as he really speaks from his heart—and he does so in all the finer parts of the Toby drama—why should we remember that the heart was rather flighty, and regarded with too much conscious complacency by its proprietor? The Shandyism upon which he prided himself was not a very exalted form of mind, nor one which offered a very deep or lasting satisfaction. Happily, we can dismiss an author when we please; give him a cold shoulder in our more virtuous moods, and have a quiet chat with him when we are graciously pleased to relax. In those times we may admit Sterne as the best of jesters, though it may remain an open question whether the jester is on the whole an estimable institution.

LESLIE STEPHEN (*Cornhill Magazine*).

### MR. STODDARD'S POEMS.\*

THIRTY years' poetic work, and more, is gathered into Mr. Stoddard's new collection—the work of a poet's lifetime. It is timely to ask, and with a little more urgency, perhaps, than his critics have commonly asked it, What manner of poetic intention, what manner of achievement, is this? Upon their successive appearances these poems have been discussed, one would say, in the unfurnished offices of journalistic criticism—halls in which individual opinion is not very clearly audible, but which ring loudly enough with the multitudinous, confused echoes of English critics and poets. Mr. Stoddard's gift calls for more careful judgment than this, and in attempting an estimate of it let me first give an account, in some detail, of the work itself, as more serviceable than much comment upon it in the indolent categories of "good" and "bad." A brief characterization of its leading traits may be attempted afterward.

1. Mr. Stoddard's "Early Poems" form the first of those periods into which his work is conveniently divisible. As here collected they comprise a considerable part, but not all, of his poems published by his twenty-sixth year (1851). In these, as in nearly all early poems, one will find frequent imitations, more or less conscious, of the masters—reflections of the altar-flames toward

which the young poet has oftenest turned his face. But, from the first, Mr. Stoddard shows a constructive gift of his own. "The Castle in the Air," the opening poem, presents a succession of effects beginning with the beauty of the exterior world, and leading to the nearer and higher beauty that a young man and a poet would most long for, a beloved woman, whom he also wishes to be a lady. The description, though glowing, is characterized by tenderness rather than warmth. One can see the restraining influence, in the stanzas describing "my lady's chamber," of the Puritan timidity which sometimes chills our poets to their detriment; but also, the chastening constructive gift, the sense of proportion, which warns the young writer that passionate warmth would be out of place in a poem which aims at harmonious picturesque effect. For the rest, "The Castle in the Air" expresses the longing of a poor young poet for material splendor. I have not space to study in this paper the corrections which Mr. Stoddard has made in this and previous editions of his poems; but one may gather from the fourth stanza of this poem as it stands the reason why the library, for instance, of the Castle is no longer described at length. Greek in guise, but essentially modern in spirit, are "The Hymn to Flora" and "The Arcadian Idyll"; they are specimens of the Gothic Greek which (Landon's always excepted) finds favor, both with the poet and his reader, at an earlier

\* The Poems of Richard Henry Stoddard. Complete edition. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.



rather than a later period of critical growth. The "Ode" immediately following, and "The Hymn to the Beautiful," p. 31, express the poetic desire which, save for one in a thousand, alas, proves nothing—the young man's yearning to be a poet. But in "Leonatus" one may see that in Mr. Stoddard's case this desire was not necessarily to be a vain one. "Leonatus" has something of Tennyson's manner of phrase; but it announces the rare faculty of telling a story effectively. The poem is constructed with a light but sure touch, each stanza adding a new trait to the picture; not a word is wasted or wanting. Note—for Mr. Stoddard's constructive art deserves study from this point onward—the fitness of the varying epithets in the refrain, piquing attention, and preparing the reader for each successive impulse of the story; note too the perfect close of the last stanza with its unexpected refrain. Some poems stop: this one is finished. "The Witch's Whelp" is taken from another text of Shakespeare's—the same which Browning used, in 1864, in that elaborate study of his upon "The Tempest," "Caliban on Setebos." It has fine strokes of fancy; this, for example, of the pine in which Ariel was pent:

"One day I thrust my spear within a cleft  
No wider than its point, and something shrieked,  
And falling cones pelted me sharp as hail."

In the constructive imagination of real things, of deep passions, this poetry is naturally still deficient; thus the victim of grief, in "The Household Dirge," reminds us not so much of real experience as that "in youth sad fancies we affect." But the lines have interest in comparison with the moving poems to be mentioned later ("In Memoriam" and others), in which a profound bereavement is described.

These early poems have then for their fault the inevitable one that they are more or less imitative, poems sympathetic with the wonderful music heard across the waters. The pupil has not as yet freed himself from the accents of his masters—in particular from Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats. For their merit, these poems have direct and clear expression: the English is good, and the vocabulary, though not large, is pure. Both theme and diction are poetical, not prosaic. A negative trait is noticeable: in these verses the poet scarcely touches the subjects that lie nearest him, "the common growth of mother Earth" which the young man Wordsworth, fifty years before, had so positively chosen and announced. His own experience and observation Mr. Stoddard does not begin as yet to record; he has no love for the unsatisfactory outward life to which he appears to have been born; he seeks neither to record it nor to idealize it, but to escape it, to

console himself with fairer things than it, to hold himself above it (as in the poem "Triumphphant Music"), "like a spirit on a throne of air." It was a true feeling; but presently we shall see him coming to the earth to sing.

2. The second period of Mr. Stoddard's published work begins with the "Songs of Summer" (1856) and includes "The King's Bell" (1863) and the Oriental poems which form about a half of "The Book of the East" (1871), and which are here placed in their proper order according to their date of composition—first, that is to say, instead of last in the "Book" as in the original edition. According to their essential character, the poems of this period may be divided into narrative and lyric. Let me note that by lyric poetry, the lyric character in a poem, is here intended what is meant by the increasing *consensus* of modern criticism; namely, the direct expression, in whatever metrical form, of the poet's own feelings; and not what the Greeks meant—poetry that was intended to be accompanied by the lyre. True lyric poetry, in a word, is essentially the poetry of subjective emotion: its full development is a trait of modern times, and this extension of meaning is needed for the ancient word. Among the lyrics in the "Songs of Summer" are several that are already famous. "There are Gains for all our Losses" (p. 53), "Through the Night" (p. 56), and "Dead Leaves" (p. 74), are in the anthologies. Of others, not less excellent, but less known, this is one:

"Birds are singing round my window  
Tunes the sweetest ever heard;  
And I hang my cage there daily,  
But I never catch a bird.

"So with thoughts my brain is peopled,  
And they sing there all day long;  
But they will not fold their pinions  
In the little cage of song!"

This, again, is a lyric in the antique sense:

"The sky is a drinking-cup  
That was overturned of old,  
And it pours in the eyes of men  
Its wine of airy gold.

"We drink that wine all day  
Till the last drop is drained up,  
And are lighted off to bed  
By the jewels in the cup."

Other exquisite minor pieces are "The Night Before the Bridal" (p. 69), "At Rest" ("With folded hands the lady lies," p. 76), "The Flamingo" (p. 138), the "Sicilian Pastoral" (p. 143), and the lines "On a Child's Picture," which forms the unforeseen prelude to the touching poems

of bereavement to which I have referred. Great variety will be found among these minor poems. "Thy Father is a King" is a Chaucerian study, and "Imogen" is a companion-piece to the Shakespearian study already mentioned, "Leontus." Students of poetry will take interest in comparing the "Song of the Sirens" (p. 55) with William Browne's song from the "Inner Temple Masque" (*circa* 1616). Here are lines that read like a mediæval legend:

"The young child Jesus had a garden  
Full of roses rare and red,  
And thrice a day he watered them  
To make a garland for his head.

"When they were full-blown in the garden  
He called the Jewish children there,  
And each did pluck himself a rose,  
Until they stripped the garden bare.

"And now how will you make your garland?  
For not a rose your path adorns.'  
'But you forget,' he answered them,  
'That you have left me still the thorns.'

"They took the thorns, and made a garland,  
And placed it on his shining head;  
And where the roses should have shown  
Were little drops of blood instead."

What "clearness and nearness" in this! What austere yet touching beauty, as if of a credible tradition! Yet it is not tradition: the story will be found in no collection; it is Mr. Stoddard's own. And it has what one does not always find in ancient legends, namely, "a power of moral and spiritual emotion"; the trait that Mr. Arnold finds in Goethe's stanzas, "Zueignung." In spite of Mr. Stoddard's stringent sense of form, that power of emotion may always be felt through it; and that power, sustained by a gift of direct and clear expression, produces the best of his work. These gifts are now coming into play in the remarkable narrative poems, of which a number belong to this second period. I will mention but one of these as yet, "The Abdication of Noman"; for this and the "Serenade of Ma-Han-Shan" form an unconscious prelude to the charming Orientalisms which the poet was to give us a few years later in the "Book of the East." Here are two stanzas from the blank verse song in the former poem:

"The dew fell all night long and drenched my robe,  
The nightingale complained to me in vain:  
I waited for the dawn to meet my love.

"She stands before me in the garden walk;  
Her blue robe bordered with a fringe of pearls,  
She offers me a rose . . . I kneel to her!"

These lines are drenched with beauty, not so much with the beauty of expression, but with the poignant beauty of the object, the picture represented.

Before leaving the "Songs of Summer" it may be noted that the elegiac poem, "Miserimus," was occasioned by the death of Poe, and written a few days after that event. As a residual element in the volume it is interesting to note Mr. Stoddard's experimental worship of nature, as essayed in the "Carmen Naturæ Triumphale" (p. 80). This is an ode of some three hundred lines, and it contains fine passages. But Mr. Stoddard is too clear a thinker to follow very far the track of this blind *cultus*; and by this time he is too much in sympathy with man to lack subjects outside of the woods. Nor could he, like the first poet you shall jostle against in New England or New York, consider that nature was worshiped by applying personal pronouns to trees and attributing human passions to a thunder-shower.

Of the "Songs," in fine, one would say that the artist was running his hand over the key-board, striking fresh melodies from time to time, and acquiring a firmer touch. There is a great variety of theme and of rhythms in these poems: in treatment there is no longer any ostentatious picturesqueness, and there are a surer knowledge of language and better art than heretofore. Original notes are heard both in the shorter and in the longer pieces, and the stories become a chief feature. Deferring a little longer, in order to speak of the stories together, our study of them and of the next work in order, "The King's Bell," itself the longest of all the narrative poems, we come to the poems which I have classified as completing the second period of our poet's career—the songs from Persian, Tartar, Arab, and Chinese sources. Readers familiar with the edition of 1871 will remember that these exquisite things were there put last in the volume, as if the author feared that they would fret the "outer barbarians," who, alas! must be found in every poet's audience. What are the sources of these songs of the East? They are versifications made from translators in many kinds, and not themselves translations at first hand; while they keep strictly to the matter of the Oriental authors as the various translations have rendered them. But Mr. Stoddard's share in the poems that he gives us is far more, of course, than that of mere versification; he has added his own individuality as an artist. I say that he keeps to the matter of the translations; but, suppose an inadequate master of manner had had the same task; suppose, for instance, that a prig or a transcendentalist had tried his hand upon the Arabian verses; could he have given us such spirited lines as these?—

"Girl, I love thee!" Her reply  
 Was the saucy one, "You lie!  
 If you loved me, as you say,  
 Why are you alive to-day?  
 I will tell you what to do:  
 There will be no love in you  
 Till your blood is weak and thin,  
 And your bones prick through your skin:  
 Till you wither, heart and mind,  
 And are nearly deaf and blind;  
 Scarcely hear them when they call,  
 And not answer them at all;  
 Till you never prate again  
 Of your love, and my disdain,  
 No, nor breathe it in your sighs;  
 Or, at least, until your eyes,  
 Blind with tears that rain for me,  
 Shall your only vouchers be."

And who, again, but Mr. Stoddard would have been likely to give us this stanza?—

"And if she's from Arabia,  
 This little love of mine,  
 Her mouth shall be my wineglass,  
 Her kiss shall be my wine!"

No, Mr. Stoddard has brought a rare poetic spirit and poetic art to this task; and not only the form is his, but so much of the spirit as is inseparable from exquisite form.

Another merit is to be awarded to him in this matter: that of substantial priority in the field. Important English poems have been written *about* the East, poems descriptive of Eastern themes and character, from Byron's "Giaour" and "Corsair," Moore's "Lalla Rookh," and Leigh Hunt's "Abou Ben Adhem," to that charming, though not too accurately studied poem, which we have all been reading lately, Mr. Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia." But, though Trench had done fairly well in his "Poems from Eastern Sources" (*circa* 1842), I think no serious attempt that has been successful (so far as a non-Orientalist may judge) had been made before Mr. Stoddard's, to give the actual poetry of the East in adequate form, and in amount and variety quite sufficient for us to seize its charm. Mr. Longfellow, in his "Three Books of Song" (1872), has since then ventured upon some Tartar poems; and we now have the wise "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam in a version of exquisite charm, Mr. Fitzgerald's; to this version lines like these of Mr. Stoddard's might well have pointed the way:

"In the market-place one day  
 I saw a potter stamping clay;  
 And the clay beneath his tread  
 Lifted up its voice, and said:  
 'Potter, gentle be with me,  
 I was once a man like thee.'"

Or these:

"Day and night my thoughts incline  
 To the blandishments of wine;  
 Jars were made to drain, I think,  
 Wine, I know, was made to drink.

"When I die (the day be far!),  
 Should the potters make a jar  
 Out of this poor clay of mine,  
 Let the jar be filled with wine!"

All of the Persian songs are charming, particularly so the lines, "Not wholly, poet, from the eyes," "I fell in love with a Turkish maid," and "What sweetness is there in the honeycomb!" The few Tartar songs have a novel interest. Here is one full of a tenderness that we are apt to think un-Asiatic:

"Forgive me, mother dear,  
 For the days of unrest  
 And the sleepless nights you passed  
 When I sucked from your breast!

"Dig my grave on a hill,  
 On the summit let it stand,  
 That the wind may blow the dust  
 To my own Tartar land!"

Of these Eastern Songs those from Chinese sources are the most numerous and varied, and on the whole the most interesting; nor is their interest lessened by the surprise with which readers not of the Flowery Kingdom may find out what strokes of imagination and fancy they contain. We scarcely associate their land with poetry, unless it be in recalling the

"... plains  
 Of Sericana, where Chineses drive  
 With sails and wind their cany wagons light."

Here is poetry of a kind that one might meet, not unexpectedly, in the literature of a land reputed to be more practical than imaginative:

"The farmer cuts the So-leaves,  
 And weaves his rainy cloak;  
 His cot is on the hillside,  
 You see it by the smoke.

"His rustic wife soon hails him,  
 'The nice boiled pears are done.'  
 The children from the pea-field  
 To meet their daddy run.

"In the shaded lake the fishes  
 Are swimming to and fro:  
 The little birds brbsh each other  
 As back to the hills they go.

"Crowds will be coming and going,  
 In the happy season of flowers:  
 But could I find the philosopher's stone  
 I'd fish in the brook for hours."

But what a distance from the kindly, homely naturalism of these lines, with their Confucian-Wordsworthian combination of feeling, to the color, sound, "natural magic" of this:

"Millions of flowers are blowing in the fields.  
On the blue river's brink the peony  
Burns red, and where doves coo the lute is heard,  
And hoarse black crows caw to the eastern wind—"

or to the flower-like tenderness of this:

"The whiteness of the blossoms,  
The young moon's virgin light,  
They make me think of marriage,  
The happy bridal night.

"I see a troop of damsels,  
My own dear love I see;  
They are willow-branches,  
A peach-blossom is she—"

or, again, to the solemn harmony of the lines describing the flight of the young girl Moulan, the faithful daughter:

"She buys a swift horse at the Eastern market.  
When morning comes she smiles and says 'Farewell,

Father and mother.' She will pass the night  
Beside the Yellow River. She hears no more  
Father or mother calling for their child:  
The hollow murmur of the Yellow River  
Is all she hears. Another morning comes.  
She starts again, and bids the stream farewell.  
She journeys on, and when the evening comes  
She reaches the Black River. She hears no more  
Father or mother sighing for their child:  
She hears the savage horsemen of Yen Shen."

How these lines carry the reader into the savage wilderness! The girl's first parting is from her parents: the last is from the familiar stream and its voices; then Moulan enters the strange land of the Black River, and "hears no more father or mother." This phrase, repeated, brings before us the filial piety of China; the poem could scarcely have come from a Western source. At last the maiden

"... hears no more  
Father or mother sighing for their child:  
She hears the savage horsemen of Yen Shen."

This is poetry of noble simplicity, of grand movement and passion, of true, not transcendental love of nature, of unsurpassable music. It is one of the noble stories which Mr. Stoddard tells nobly.

With these shorter poems from Oriental sources the second period of Mr. Stoddard's work, as I have ventured to divide it, closes; and the poet turns to the West and to the present time for an increasing proportion of his themes.

Let me pass to the third period with the narrative poems which first appear in the second, connecting the two, and forming the most important part of his achievement.

"The Stork and the Ruby" is the earliest of these, and the first of several story-poems in the heroic couplet. The "Hero and Leander" of Marlowe, the earliest English master since Chaucer in this manner; Leigh Hunt's "Story of Rimini," and Keats's "Lamia" were Mr. Stoddard's guides in choosing this measure; Mr. Longfellow has since employed it in four of the "Tales of a Wayside Inn," and also Mr. William Morris in his "Jason." Besides "The Stork and the Ruby," the group of poems just mentioned comprises "The Children's Prayer" (p. 106), "The Wine-Cup" (p. 260), and "The King's Sentinel" (p. 262); all of these being poems of the second period; in the order named the first and third are Greek stories, the other two Eastern. All are excellent: "The King's Sentinel" is work of the highest strain in its sort. The story is taken from the Persian *Toot'i Nameh*, or "Tales of a Parrot"; the great action in it is that of the faithful sentinel, the "lion-hunter and swordsman," who gives the life of his son in order to save that of the king. One trait of the story has the true Eastern magic; the king's spirit, taking another body to require the sacrifice, appears not in masculine form, but in the shape of a woman.

"The King's Bell" (1863), the longest of the narrative poems, is a good story, well told; and yet, judged by a strict standard, and Mr. Stoddard's work calls for none less than the strictest, it has a serious fault of construction. The poem has insufficient action; it would have been more effective in half the compass. It was translated into German some years ago by Mr. Adolph Strodtmann, with what success I have not learned. Mr. Strodtmann translated also some of Mr. Stoddard's shorter poems of this period, finding in them, very justly, something of Heine's fervent ring and passion. "Saint and Sinner" (p. 382) is one of the few narrative poems in which Mr. Stoddard deduces a direct moral; but it is none the less touching for the moral. Last of all poets should we call Mr. Stoddard a preacher, and he would smile if we called him a moralist; but his narrative poems are saturated with elevated moral sentiment, derive indeed their power from it; though it is the *beauty* of virtue with which he, as poet, is primarily concerned. In "The Pearl of the Philippines," one of the most admirable poems of our time, parental love is the theme; the unity of character, of sentiment, the sureness of execution, the affecting pathos, are perfect.

The story of "Wratislaw," another of the



great narrative poems, may be found, in the rough, in a volume of translations, not too well done, entitled "Bohemian Poems, Ancient and Modern," by A. H. Wratislaw (London, 1849). This particular story is referred to an ancient Slavonic source. Mr. Stoddard has reworked the material, putting the catastrophe of the narrative at the close, and turning the original Khan of Kazan (at the expense of a slight anachronism) into the green old Genghis Khan. He has made a poem, turning upon the theme of paternal devotion, of supreme charm and power.

3. Turning from the Eastern to the Western part of this volume of 1871, we come upon the third period of Mr. Stoddard's work. It is closely connected, indeed, with the second by the continuance of the Eastern element in the later work and by the stories last mentioned ("The Wine-Cup" to "Wratislaw"); but there are new notes of unmistakable strength and pathos. The range and variety in this his most productive period (it includes about two fifths of the present volume) are remarkable. The Eastern poetry—odes, songs, ballads, catches; allegories, poetry of nature and of religion, poems on the sorrows and disappointment of life, and personal poems of friendship and of lamentation, true lyric or human cries—these are the chief elements we shall find in Mr. Stoddard's production during the last nine years. The beautiful "Hymns of the Mystics" bring together a larger body of the stoic and mystical utterances than one will find, I think, in any other English-writing poet. They come from a variety of sources, mostly Eastern; one will best read them, of course, neither as a pagan nor a Christian, but in the fellowship of interest in winning ethical utterances tinged by the colors that ancient truths take on when seen through the medium of a foreign consciousness. The two-line stanzas, on page 396, commencing—

"Why should man struggle early, late,  
When all he is is fixed by Fate?

"For everything that comes and goes,  
Goes, comes at its appointed date.

"The wind is measured as it blows,  
The grains of sand have each their weight"—

are a fine statement of the fatalistic doctrine. Students of poetry will remark that these stanzas come as near as English measure will permit to the form of the Oriental *gazelle*. Trench gives one or two gazelles in the Eastern collection of which I have spoken.

Among the songs is a spirited "Greek Song," in substance a modern Romaic lyric; and that exquisite and perfect thing, the "Rose Song":

"Why are red roses red?  
For roses once were white,

Because the loving nightingales  
Sung on their thorns all night,  
Sung till the blood they shed  
Had dyed the roses red.

"Why are white roses white?  
For roses once were red,  
Because the sorrowing nightingales  
Wept when the night was fled,  
Wept till their tears of light  
Had washed the roses white.

"Why are the roses sweet?  
For once they had no scent.  
Because one day the Queen of Love,  
Who to Adonis went,  
Brushed them with heavenly feet—  
That made the roses sweet!"

"The Ballad of Crecy" may be mentioned as particularly direct and effective. Its measure is one that is not used every day—the measure of Drayton's "Ballad of Agincourt" and of Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armor." Marvell's "Horatian Ode" on Cromwell supplies the measure (since Marvell's time quite disused, I believe, except in another poem by Longfellow, "Endymion") for Mr. Stoddard's noble "Ode on Lincoln," the first of the elegiac poems. "Salve Regina" (p. 404) is a second study in the same measure; it was written of Charlotte Cushman; and a third ("The dreary winter days are past") may be found among the verses "In Memoriam" (pp. 324-334). These threnodies, which describe the poet's bereavement of a son, form a very touching group. For the completed story the reader should read the lines "On a Child's Picture" (p. 159) before the "In Memoriam," and end with the "Old Song Reversed," in which the author returns upon his well-known poem in "Songs of Summer":

"There are gains for all our losses"?  
—Grave beside the wintry sea,  
Where my child is, and my heart,  
For they would not live apart,  
What has been your gain to me?"

There is an intimate pathos, a *cri de l'âme*, which shows us where Mr. Stoddard gained the power of depicting sorrow in the great poems "The King's Sentinel" and "Wratislaw."

Equally deep and scarcely less poignant in feeling are the poems and passages, frequent in this latter work, which lament the passing away of youth and love, the dread approach of age and sorrow. This theme is more strongly urged in recent American and English poetry than in that of Continental Europe; such a note as this of Mr. Stoddard's we shall hardly find in Hugo, or Heine, or Goethe; but it is powerfully struck in Mr. Browning's "Prospice" and in Mr. Morris's lines:

"I can not ease the burden of your fears,  
Or make swift-coming death a little thing,  
Nor for my words shall you forget your tears."

In Mr. Longfellow's poetry, too, this somber note has been noticeable for now twenty years, though, born in 1807, he has not long had the right to call himself an old man; much less has Mr. Stoddard, who is eighteen years younger. For these poems we must send our reader to the book itself, and also for that charming group of personal poems addressed to his brother poets Stedman and Bayard Taylor, to Mr. McEntee, the painter, and to other friends. Upon Bryant ("Vates Patriæ" and "The Dead Master"), Dickens ("At Gadshill"), Thackeray ("Adsum"), Thomas Moore, and Shakespeare, there are poems of greater length. Some of the best work in the volume will be found in this group. There is also a group of poems, more or less mystical in their meaning, of which "The Children of Isis" (p. 283) is the chief. This poem, which has passed quite without notice by Mr. Stoddard's critics hitherto, is an allegory of our civil war; it is written in a measure new to English verse. To those readers of the book who may not have passed by their "days of ardor and emotion" for poetic art, let me commend this poem as deserving especial study. "The Necklace" (p. 359), "The Flower of Love" (p. 361), "The Two Kings" (p. 428), and "Siste Viator" address themselves, also, to the rare and happy reader who does not always "run" in his reading. The latter poem is especially powerful.

Still a new element is struck in "The Two Anchors" and the poems that follow it, "Too old for Kisses," "The Lady's Gift," "The Marriage Knot," and "Phyllis" (pp. 351-359); in feeling, their characteristic trait is tenderness; in form, the skillful use of a refrain at the end of each stanza. Allied in sentiment to "The Two Anchors" is "The Follower." "Love's Will," "The Fillet," and "Love," antedate the self-conscious moods of modern poetic feeling by about two centuries; they are "poetry for its own sake." "Sorrow and Joy" is bettered from the translation of a lyric of Petöfy's; "The Flown Bird" is based on a Japanese poem. Its last line is a new thought in poetry. "Brahma's Answer" is, I believe, a new combination of rhyme in English. Note, too, the three Christmas poems: "The Masque of the Three Kings," with its intended suggestion of the old miracle plays; and the fine poems near the close, "History" and "Guests of the State," and we shall have completed a rapid survey of the main features of Mr. Stoddard's work. Of this third period it is to be especially remarked that it contains many of his finest things. His latest is not less than his best.

4. And now, looking at this poetry as a whole, what may we designate as its leading traits? First, in his narratives Mr. Stoddard has chosen his subjects with the true poetic instinct; he has chosen noble or pathetic actions, interesting characters, intense and moving situations. By what instinct or circumstances, or both, was he preserved, on the one hand, from binding himself up in self-contemplation, or, on the other, from wasting himself in the conventional "worship" of nature? That is a question rather for his biographer than for his critic; the fact of his fortunate escapes is what mainly concerns us at present. Mr. Stoddard has clearly seen that the great thing is "the poetical character of the action in itself, and the conduct of it." He is a true artist in that he sees what is his own, and takes it wherever he finds it; how he treats it we are now beginning to recognize.

What distinguishes the artist from the amateur, says Goethe, in Mr. Matthew Arnold's translation or rather expansion of a sentence in the "Essay on Dilettantism," is that power of execution which creates, forms, and constitutes; not the profoundness of single thoughts, not the richness of imagery, not the abundance of illustration. To the strictly decorative features of his work, Mr. Stoddard has given less attention than immediate popularity would have required; he has not "wreaked himself upon expression" with the dilettant, striving before all things to strike out quotable lines and phrases. The felicitous touch is by no means infrequent, as we have seen, in Mr. Stoddard's diction,—from the first poem in this volume, with its felled cedar-trunks,—

"Veined with the rings of vanished centuries,"

to the last poem, "The Sea," and its

"... waters

Which welter shoreward, roughened by the wind."

But Mr. Stoddard does not strive or cry for expression with such writers as "Festus" Bailey, Alexander Smith, and other poets of the recent "spasmodic school," poets who were quoted for two seasons and then forgotten. Strong in his subjects, he does not require the aid of mannerisms. His style is simple, direct, powerful, with more in it than meets the eye; it is full of profound feeling.

With such treatment of such subjects, what must one say of poems like "Saint and Sinner," "The King's Sentinel," "The Pearl of the Philippines," "Wratislaw"? It seems to me that they can not perish or lose their value; that their value and beauty are as enduring as that of pure diamonds perfectly set; that they are, in short, noble narrative poetry of the first order. The

shorter poems from Eastern sources are a charming and substantially a novel contribution to English poetry. They, too, may be called poetry for its own sake, poetry untouched, for us readers of the West, by the struggles, the rivalries, the sorrows of the modern lyric consciousness. We read it for beauty's sake, as we would stroll in a field of summer flowers; it is as objective as the waving corn.

The meditative poetry, and the poems of subjective feeling, are without affectation in their thought, without mannerisms of style; they are charged with profound emotion. Among them sadness predominates—the sadness inseparable from the self-conscious mind of the West. Yet to Mr. Stoddard, more than to other poets, poetry has been a delight—a reward:

"There is delight in singing, though none hears  
Besides the singer."

And it grows every year more clear that he is to keep the best company in this pleasure—that of true poets and of true lovers of poetry, and his rank among the singers, not as regards popularity, but as regards the beauty and permanence of his work, is not to be a low one; he can not, I think, be placed among the poets of the third or of the second rank in our generation. Is the name of such poets worth the struggle, the broken life, the poverty that it costs them? Mr. Stoddard's achievement was worth waiting for, and suffering. He will not attain (nor does he need it) the easy popularity which must suffice for an ordinary success in his art. But he has already won, and will not lose, a secure place of the kind best worth winning—in the hearts of true poets and true lovers of poetry.

TITUS MUNSON COAN.

## AËRIAL EXPLORATION OF THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

ON our own hemisphere, and separated from our own coasts by only a few days' journey on our own element, there remains a blank circle of unexplored country above eight hundred miles in diameter. We have tried to cross it, and have not succeeded. Nothing further need be said in reply to those who ask, "Why should we start another Arctic Expedition?"

The records of previous attempts to penetrate this area of geographical mystery prove the existence of a formidable barrier of mountainous land, fringed by fjords or inlets, like those of Norway, some of which may be open, though much contracted northward, like the Vestfjord that lies between the Lofoden Islands and the mainland of Scandinavia. The majority evidently run inland like the ordinary Norwegian fjords or the Scotch firths, and terminate in land-valleys that continue upward to fjeld-regions, or elevated humpy land which acts as a condenser to the vapor-laden air continually streaming toward the pole from the warmer regions of the earth, and returning in lower streams when cooled. The vast quantities of water thus condensed fall upon these hills and table-lands as snow-crystals. What becomes of this everlasting deposit?

Unlike the water that rains on temperate hillsides, it can not all flow down to the sea as torrents and liquid rivers, but it does come down nevertheless, or long ere this it would reach the highest clouds. It descends mainly as glaciers, which creep down slowly, but steadily and irre-

sistibly, filling up the valleys on their way; and stretching outward into the fjords and channels, which they block up with their cleft and chasmed crystalline angular masses that still creep outward to the sea until they float, and break off or "calve" as mountainous icebergs and smaller masses of ice.

These accumulations of ice thus formed on land constitute the chief obstructions that bar the channels and inlets fringing the unknown polar area. The glacier fragments above described are cemented together in the winter-time by the freezing of the water between them. An open frozen sea, pure and simple, instead of forming a barrier to Arctic exploration, would supply a most desirable highway. It must not be supposed that, because the liquid ocean is ruffled by ripples, waves, and billows, a frozen sea would have a similar surface. The freezing of such a surface could only start at the calmest intervals, and the ice would shield the water from the action of the wave-making wind, and such a sea would become a charming skating-rink, like the Gulf of Bothnia, the Swedish and Norwegian lakes, and certain fjords, which, in the winter-time, become natural ice-paved highways offering incomparable facilities for rapid locomotion. In spite of the darkness and the cold, winter is the traveling season in Sweden and Lapland. The distance that can be made in a given time in summer with a wheeled vehicle on well-made post-roads can be covered in half the time in a

*pulk* or reindeer-sledge drawn over the frozen lakes. From Spitzbergen to the pole would be an easy run of five or six days if nothing but a simply frozen sea stood between them.

This primary physical fact, that Arctic navigators have not been stopped by a merely frozen sea, but by a combination of glacier-fragments with the frozen water of bays, and creeks, and fjords, should be better understood than it is at present, for, when it is understood, the popular and fallacious notion that the difficulties of Arctic progress are merely dependent on latitude, and must therefore increase with latitude, explodes.

*It is the physical configuration of the fringing zone of the Arctic regions, not its mere latitude, that bars the way to the pole.*

I put this in italics because so much depends upon it—I may say that all depends upon it—for if this barrier can be scaled at any part we may come upon a region as easily traversed as that part of the Arctic Ocean lying between the North Cape and Spitzbergen, which is regularly navigated every summer by hardy Norsemen in little sailing sloops of thirty to forty tons burden, and only six or eight pairs of hands on board; or by overland traveling as easily as the Arctic winter journey between Tornea and Alten. This trip over the snow-covered mountains is done in five or six days, at the latter end of every November, by streams of visitors to the fair at Alten, in latitude  $70^{\circ}$ ,  $31'$  north of the Arctic Circle; and the distance, four hundred and thirty miles, is just about equal to that which stands between the north pole and the northernmost reach of our previous Arctic expeditions. One or the other of these conditions, or an inclosed frozen polar ocean, is what probably exists beyond the broken fjord barrier hitherto explored; a continuation of such a barrier is, in fact, almost a physical impossibility; and therefore the Pole will be ultimately reached, not by a repetition of such weary struggles as those which ended in the very hasty retreat of our last expedition, but by a bound across about four hundred miles of open or frozen polar ocean, or a rapid sledge-run over snow-paved fjelds like those so merrily traversed in Arctic Norway by festive *bonders* and their families on their way to Yule-time dancing-parties.

Reference to a map of the circumpolar regions, or better, to a globe, will show that the continents of Europe, Asia, and America surround the pole and hang, as it were, downward or southward from a latitude of  $70^{\circ}$  and upward. There is but one wide outlet for the accumulations of polar ice, and that is between Norway and Greenland, with Iceland standing nearly midway. Davis's and Behring's Straits are the other openings; the first may be only a fjord, rather than an outlet. The ice-block, or crowding together

and heaping up of the glacier-fragments and bay ice, is thus explained.

Attempts of two kinds have been made to scale this icy barrier. Ships have sailed northward, threading a dangerous course between the floating icebergs in the summer, and becoming fast bound in winter, when the narrow spaces of brackish water lying between these masses of land-ice become frozen, and the "ice-foot" clinging to the shore stretches out seaward to meet that on the opposite side of the fjord or channel. The second method, usually adopted as supplementary to the first, is that of dragging sledges over these glacial accumulations. The pitiful rate of progress thus attainable is shown by the record of the last attempt, when Commander Markham achieved about one mile per day, and the labor of doing this was nearly fatal to his men. Any tourist, who has crossed or ascended an Alpine glacier with only a knapsack to carry, can understand the difficulty of dragging a cart-load of provisions, etc., over such accumulations of iceberg fragments and of sea-ice squeezed and crumpled up between them. It is evident that we must either find a natural breach in this Arctic barrier or devise some other means of scaling it.

The first of these efforts has been largely discussed by the advocates of rival routes. I will not go into this question at present, but only consider the alternative to all land routes, and all water routes, viz., that by the other available element—an aerial route—as proposed to be attempted in the new Arctic Expedition projected by Commander Cheyne, and which he is determined to practically carry out, provided his own countrymen, or, failing them, others more worthy, will assist him with the necessary means of doing so.

To reach the pole from the northernmost point already attained by our ships demands a journey of about four hundred miles, the distance between London and Edinburgh. With a favorable wind, a balloon will do this in a few hours. On November 27, 1870, Captain Roher descended near Lysthuus, in Hitterdal (Norway), in the balloon *Ville d'Orléans*, having made the journey from Paris in fifteen hours. The distance covered was about nine hundred miles, more than double the distance between the pole and the accessible shores of Greenland.

On November 7, 1836, Messrs. Holland, Mason, and Green ascended from Vauxhall Gardens at 1.30 P. M., with a moderate breeze, and descended eighteen hours afterward "in the duchy of Nassau, about two leagues from the town of Weilburg," the distance in a direct line being about five hundred miles. A similar journey to this would carry Commander Cheyne from his ship to the north pole, or thereabouts, while a



fresh breeze like that enjoyed by Captain Roher would carry him clear across the whole of the unknown circumpolar area to the neighborhood of Spitzbergen, and two or three hours more of similar proceeding would land him in Siberia or Finland, or even on the shores of Arctic Norway, where he could take the Vadsö or Hammerfest packet to meet one of Wilson's liners at Trondhjem or Bergen, and thus get from the north pole to London in ten days.

Lest any of my readers should think that I am writing this at random, I will supply the particulars. I have before me the "Norges Communicationer" for the present summer season of 1880. Twice every week a passenger excursion steam-packet sails round the North Cape each way, calling at no less than twenty stations on this Arctic face of Europe to land and embark passengers and goods. By taking that which stops at Gjesvaer (an island near the foot of the North Cape) on Saturday, or that which starts from Hammerfest on Sunday morning, Trondhjem is reached on Thursday, and Wilson's liner, the Tasso, starts on the same day for Hull, "average passage seventy hours." Thus Hammerfest, the northernmost town in the world, is now but eight days from London, including a day's stop at Tromsö, the capital of Lapland, which is about three degrees north of the Arctic Circle, and within a week of London. At Captain Roher's rate of traveling, Tromsö would be but twenty-three hours from the pole.

These figures are, of course, only stated as *possibilities*, on the supposition that all the conditions should be favorable, but by no means as *probable*.

What, then, are the *probabilities*, and the amount of risk that will attend an attempt to reach the pole by an aerial route?

I have considered the subject carefully, and discussed it with many people; the result of such reflection and conversation is a conviction that the prevalent popular estimate of the dangers of Commander Cheyne's project extravagantly exaggerates them on almost all contingencies. I do not affirm that there is no risk, or that the attempt should be made with only our present practical knowledge of the subject, but I do venture to maintain that, after making proper preliminary practical investigations at home, a judiciously conducted *aërostatic* dash for the pole will be far less dangerous than the African explorations of Livingstone, Stanley, and others, that have been accomplished and are proposed. And further, that a long balloon-journey, starting in summer-time from Smith's Sound, or other suitable Arctic station, would be less dangerous than a corresponding one started from London; that it would involve less risk than was incurred

by Messrs. Holland, Mason, and Green, when they traveled from Vauxhall Gardens to Nassau.

The three principal dangers attending such a balloon-journey are: 1. The variability of the wind. 2. The risk of being blown out upon the open ocean, beyond the reach of land. 3. The utter helplessness of the *aéronaut* during all the hours of darkness. I will consider these *seriatim* in reference to Arctic ballooning *versus* Vauxhall or Crystal Palace ballooning.

As regards the first danger, Vauxhall and Sydenham are in a position of special disadvantage, and all the ideas we Englishmen may derive from our home-ballooning experience must tend to exaggerate our common estimate of this danger, inasmuch as we are in the midst of the region of variable winds, and have a notoriously uncertain climate, due to this local exaggeration of the variability of atmospheric movements. If, instead of lying between the latitudes of 50° and 60°, where the northeast polar winds just come in collision with the southwest tropical currents, and thereby effect our national atmospheric stir-about, we were located between 10° and 30° (where the Canary Islands are, for example), our notions on the subject of balloon-traveling would be curiously different. The steadily blowing trade-wind would long ere this have led us to establish balloon mails to Central and South America, and balloon passenger expresses for the benefit of fast-going people or luxurious victims of sea-sickness. To cross the Atlantic—three thousand miles—in forty-eight hours would be attended with no other difficulty than the cost of the gas and that of the return carriage of the empty balloon.

It is our exceptional meteorological position that has generated the popular expression, "As uncertain as the wind." We are in the very center of the region of meteorological uncertainties, and can not go far, either northward or southward, without entering a zone of greater atmospheric regularity, where the direction of the wind at a given season may be predicted with more reliability than at home. The atmospheric movements in the Arctic regions appear to be remarkably regular and gentle during the summer and winter months, and irregular and boisterous in spring and autumn. A warm upper current flows from the tropics toward the pole, and a cold lower one from the Arctic Circle toward the equator. Commander Cheyne, who has practical experience of these Arctic expeditions, and has kept an elaborate log of the wind, etc., which he has shown me, believes that, by the aid of pilot-balloons to indicate the currents at various heights, and by availing himself of these currents, he may reach the pole and return to his ship, or so near as to be able to reach it

by traveling over the ice in light sledges that will be carried for the purpose. In making any estimate of the risk of Arctic aërostation, we must banish from our minds the preconceptions induced by our British experience of the uncertainties of the wind, and only consider the atmospheric actualities of the polar regions, so far as we know them.

Let us now consider the second danger, viz., that of being blown out to sea, and there remaining until the leakage of gas has destroyed the ascending power of the balloon, or till the stock of food is consumed. A glance at a map of the world will show how much smaller is the danger to the aëronaut who starts from the head of Baffin's Bay than that which was incurred by those who started from Vauxhall in the Nassau balloon, or by Captain Roher, who started from Paris. Both of these had the whole breadth of the Atlantic on the west and southwest, and the North Sea and Arctic Ocean north and northeast. The Arctic balloon, starting from Smith's Sound or thereabout, with a wind from the south (and without such a wind the start would not, of course, be made), would, if the wind continued in the same direction, reach the pole in a few hours; in seven or eight hours at Roher's speed; in fourteen or fifteen hours at the average rate made by the Nassau balloon in a "moderate breeze." Now look again at the map, and see what surrounds them. Simply the continents of Europe, Asia, and America, by which the circumpolar area is nearly landlocked, with only two outlets, that between Norway and Greenland on one side, and the narrow channel of Behring's Straits on the other. The wider of these is broken by Spitzbergen and Iceland, both inhabited islands, where a balloon may descend and the aëronauts be hospitably received. Taking the three hundred and sixty degrees of the zone between the seventieth parallel of latitude and the Arctic Circle, three hundred and twenty are landlocked, and only forty open to the sea; therefore the chances of coming upon land at *any one* part of this zone is as three hundred and twenty to forty; but, with a choice of points for descent such as the aëronauts would have unless the wind blew precisely down the axis of the opening, the chances would be far greater. If the wind continued as at starting, they would be blown to Finland; a westerly deflection would land them in Siberia, easterly in Norway; a strong east wind at the later stage of the trip would blow them back to Greenland.

In all the above I have supposed the aëronauts to be quite helpless, merely drifting at random with that portion of the atmosphere in which they happened to be immersed. This, however, need not be the case. Within certain

limits they have a choice of winds, owing to the prevalence of upper and lower currents blowing in different and even in opposite directions. Suppose, for example, they find themselves north of Spitzbergen, where "Parry's farthest" is marked on some of our maps, and that the wind is from the northeast, blowing them toward the Atlantic opening. They would then ascend or descend in search of a due north or north-by-west wind that would blow them to Norway, or west-northwest to Finland, or northwest to Siberia, or due east back to Greenland, whence they might rejoin their ships. One or other of these would almost certainly be found. A little may be done in steering a balloon, but so very little that small reliance should be placed upon it. Only in a very light wind would it have a sensible effect, though in case of a "near shave" between landing, say at the Lofodens or Iceland, and being blown out to sea, it might just save them.

As already stated, Commander Cheyne believes in the possibility of returning to the ship, and bases his belief on the experiments he made from winter quarters in Northumberland Sound, where he inflated four balloons, attached to them proportionally different weights, and sent them up simultaneously. They were borne by diverse currents of air in *four different directions, according to the different altitudes*, viz., northwest, northeast, southeast, and southwest, "thus proving that in this case balloons could be sent in any required direction by ascending to the requisite altitude. The war-balloon experiments at Woolwich afford a practical confirmation of this important feature in aërostation." He proposes that one at least of the three balloons shall be a rover to cross the unknown area, and has been called a madman for suggesting this merely as an alternative or secondary route. I am still more lunatic, for I strongly hold the opinion that the easiest way for him to return to his ship will be to drift rapidly across to the first available inhabited land, thence come to England, and sail in another ship to rejoin his messmates, carrying with him his bird's-eye chart, that will demonstrate once for all the possibility or impossibility of circumnavigating Greenland, or of sailing or sledging or walking to the pole.

The worst dilemma would be that presented by a dead calm, and it is not improbable that around the pole there may be a region of calms similar to that about the equator. Then the feather-paddle or other locomotive device worked by man-power would be indispensable. Better data than we at present possess are needed in order to tell accurately what may thus be done. Putting various estimates one against the other, it appears likely that five miles an hour may be made. Taking turn and turn about, two

aéronauts could thus travel fully one hundred miles per day, and return from the pole to the ship in less than five days.

Or take the improbable case of a circular wind blowing round the pole, as some have imagined. This would simply demand the working of the paddle always northward in going to the pole, and always southward in returning. The resultant would be a spiral course, winding inward in the first place and outward in the second. The northward or southward progress would be just the same as in a calm if the wind were truly concentric to the pole. Some rough approximation to such currents may exist, and might be dealt with on this principle.

Let us now consider the third danger, that of the darkness. The seriousness of this may be inferred from the following description of the journey of the Nassau balloon, published at the time: "It seemed to the aéronauts as if they were cleaving their way through an interminable mass of black marble, in which they were imbedded, and which, solid a few inches before them, seemed to soften as they approached in order to admit them still farther within its cold and dusky inclosure. In this way they proceeded blindly, as it may well be called, until about 3.30 A. M., when in the midst of the impenetrable darkness and profound stillness an unusual explosion issued from the machine above, followed by a violent rustling of the silk, and all the signs which might be supposed to accompany the bursting of the balloon. The car was violently shaken; a second and a third explosion followed in quick succession; the danger seemed immediate, when suddenly the balloon recovered her usual form and stillness. These alarming symptoms seemed to have been produced by collapsing of the balloon under the diminished temperature of the upper regions after sunset, and the silk forming into folds under the netting. Now, when the guide-rope informed the voyagers that the balloon was too near the earth, ballast was thrown out, and the balloon, rising rapidly into a thinner air, experienced a diminution of pressure and consequent expansion of the gas.

"The cold during the night ranged from a few degrees below to the freezing-point. As morning advanced, the rushing of waters was heard, and so little were the aéronauts aware of the course which they had been pursuing during the night, that they supposed themselves to have been thrown back upon the shores of the German Ocean, or about to enter the Baltic, whereas they were actually over the Rhine, not far from Coblenz."

All this blind drifting for hours, during which the balloon may be carried out to sea, and oppor-

tunities of safe descent may be lost, is averted in an Arctic balloon voyage, which would be made in the summer, when the sun never sets. There need be no break in the survey of the ground passed over, no difficulty in pricking upon a chart the course taken and the present position at any moment. With an horizon of fifty to a hundred miles' radius the approach of such a danger as drifting to the open ocean would be perceived in ample time for descent, and, as a glance at the map will show, this danger can not occur until reaching the latitudes of inhabited regions.

The Arctic aéronauts will have another great advantage over those who ascend from any part of England. They can freely avail themselves of Mr. Green's simple but most important practical invention, the drag-rope. This is a long and rather heavy rope trailing on the ground. It performs two important functions: First, it checks the progress of the balloon, causing it to move less rapidly than the air in which it is immersed. The aéronaut thus gets a slight breeze equivalent to the difference between the velocity of the wind and that of the balloon's progress. He may use this as a fulcrum to effect a modicum of steerage.

The second and still more important use of the drag-rope is the very great economy of ballast it achieves. Suppose the rope to be one thousand feet long, its weight equal to one pound for every ten feet, and the balloon to have an ascending power of fifty pounds. It is evident that, under these conditions, the balloon will retain a constant elevation of five hundred feet above the ground below it, and that five hundred feet of rope will trail upon the ground. Thus, if a mountain is reached, no ballast need be thrown away in order to clear the summit, as the balloon will always lift its five hundred feet of rope, and thus always rise with the up-slope and descend with the down-slope of hill and dale. The full use of this simple and valuable adjunct to aerial traveling is prevented in such a country as ours by the damage it might do below, and the temptation it affords to mischievous idiots near whom it may pass.

In the course of many conversations with various people on this subject, I have been surprised at the number of educated men and women who have anticipated with something like a shudder the severe cold to which the poor aéronauts will be exposed.

This popular delusion, which pictures the Arctic regions as the abode of perpetual freezing, is so prevalent and general that some explanation is demanded.

The special characteristic of Arctic climate is a cold and long winter and a short and *hot summer*. The winter is intensely cold simply because

the sun never shines, and the summer is very hot because the sun is always above the horizon, and, unless hidden by clouds or mist, is continually shining. The summer heat of Siberia is intense, and the vegetation proportionately luxuriant. I have walked over a few thousand miles in the sunny south, but never was more oppressed with the heat than in walking up the Tromsdal to visit an encampment of Laplanders in the summer of 1856.

On the 17th of July I noted the temperature on board the steam-packet when we were about three degrees north of the Arctic Circle. It stood at  $77^{\circ}$  well shaded in the saloon under a deck; it was  $92^{\circ}$  in the *rök lugar*, a little smoking-saloon built on deck; and  $108^{\circ}$  in the sun on deck. This was out at sea, where the heat was less oppressive than on shore. The summers of Arctic Norway are very variable on account of the occasional prevalence of misty weather. The balloon would be above much of the mist, and would probably enjoy a more equable temperature during the twenty-four hours than in any part of the world where the sun sets at night.

I am aware that the above is not in accordance with the experience of the Arctic explorers who have summered in such places as Smith's Sound. I am now about to perpetrate something like a heresy by maintaining that the summer climate there experienced by these explorers is quite exceptional, is not due to the latitude, but to causes that have hitherto escaped the notice of the explorers themselves, and of physical geographers generally. The following explanation will probably render my view of this subject intelligible:

As already stated, the barrier fringe that has stopped the progress of Arctic explorers is a broken, mountainous shore, down which is pouring a multitude of glaciers into the sea. The ice of these glaciers is, of course, fresh-water ice. Now, we know that when ice is mixed with salt water we obtain what is called "a freezing mixture"—a reduction of temperature far below the freezing-point, due to the absorption of heat by the liquefaction of the ice. Thus, the heat of the continuously shining summer sun is *at this particular part of the Arctic region* continuously absorbed by this powerful action, and a severity that is quite exceptional is thereby produced. Every observant tourist, who has crossed an Alpine glacier on any summer day, has felt the sudden change of climate that he encounters on stepping from *terra firma* on to the ice, and in which he remains immersed as long as he is on the glacier. How much greater must be this depression of temperature, where the glacier-ice is broken up and is floating in sea-water, to produce a vast area of freezing mixture which would

speedily bring the hottest blasts from the Sahara down to many degrees below the freezing-point! A similar cause retards the *beginning* of summer in Arctic Norway and in Finland and Siberia. So long as the winter snow remains unmelted, i. e., till about the middle or end of June, the air is kept cold, all the solar heat being expended in the work of thawing. This work finished, then the warming power of a non-setting sun becomes evident, and the continuously accumulating heat of his rays displays its remarkable effect on vegetable life, and everything capable of being warmed. These peculiarities of Arctic climate must become exaggerated as the pole is approached, the winter cold still more intense, and the accumulation of summer heat still greater. In the neighborhood of the North Cape, where these contrasts astonish English visitors, where inland summer traveling becomes intolerable on account of the clouds of mosquitoes, the continuous sunshine only lasts from May 11th to August 1st. At the north pole the sun would visibly remain above the horizon during about seven months—from the first week in March to the first week in October (this includes the effect of refraction and the prolonged summer of the northern hemisphere, due to the eccentricity of the earth's orbit).

This continuance of sunshine, in spite of the moderate altitude of the solar orb, may produce a very genial summer climate at the pole. I say "may," because mere latitude is only one of the elements of climate, especially in high latitudes. Very much depends upon surface configuration and the distribution of land and water. The region in which our Arctic expedition-ships have been ice-bound combines all the most unfavorable conditions of Arctic summer climate. It is extremely improbable that those conditions are maintained all the way to the pole. We know the configuration of Arctic Europe and Arctic Asia, that they are masses of land spreading out northward round the Arctic Circle and narrowing southward to angular terminations. The southward configuration and northward outspreading of North America are the same, but we can not follow the northern portion to its boundary, as we may that of Europe and Asia, both of which terminate in an Arctic ocean. Greenland is remarkably like Scandinavia; Davis Strait, Baffin Bay, and Smith Sound corresponding with the Baltic and the Gulf of Bothnia. The deep fjords of Greenland, like those of Scandinavia, are on its western side, and the present condition of Greenland corresponds to that of Norway during the milder period of the last glacial epoch. If the analogy is maintained a little farther north than our explorers have yet reached, we must come upon a polar sea, just as we come upon the White Sea and the open Arctic Ocean, if we



simply travel between four hundred and five hundred miles due north from the head of the frozen Gulf of Bothnia.

Such a sea, if unencumbered with land-ice, will supply the most favorable conditions for a genial Arctic summer, especially if it be dotted with islands of moderate elevation, which the analogies of the known surroundings render so very probable. Such islands may be inhabited by people who can not reach us on account of the barrier-wall that has hitherto prevented us from discovering them. Some have even supposed that a Norwegian colony is there imprisoned. Certainly the early colonists of Greenland have disappeared, and their disappearance remains unexplained. They may have wandered northward, mingled with the Esquimaux, and have left descendants in this unknown world. If any of Franklin's crew crawled far enough, they may still be with them, unable to return.

In reference to these possibilities it should be noted that a barrier-fringe of mountainous land like that of Greenland and Arctic America would act as a condensing ground upon the warm air flowing from the south, and would there accumulate the heavy snows and consequent glaciers, just as our western hills take so much of the rain from the vapor-laden winds of the Atlantic. The snowfall immediately around the pole would thus be moderated, and the summer begin so much earlier.

I have already referred to the physical resemblances of Baffin Bay, Smith Sound, etc., to the Baltic, the Gulf of Bothnia, and Gulf of Finland. These are frozen every winter, but the Arctic Ocean, due north of them, is open all the winter, and every winter. The hardy Norse fishermen are gathering their chief harvest of codfish in the open sea around and beyond the North Cape, Nordkeyn, etc., at the very time that the Russian fleet is hopelessly frozen up in the Gulf of Finland. But how far due north of this frozen Baltic are these open-sea fishing-banks? More than fourteen degrees—more than double the distance that lies between the winter quarters of some of our ships in Smith Sound and the pole itself. This proves how greatly physical configuration and oceanic communication may oppose the climatic influences of mere latitude. If the analogy between Baffin Bay and the Baltic is complete, a polar sea will be found that is open in the summer at least.

On the other hand, it may be that ranges of mountains covered with perpetual snow, and valleys piled up with huge glacial accumulations, extend all the way to the pole, and thus give to our globe an Arctic ice-cap like that displayed on the planet Mars. This, however, is very improbable, for, if it were the case, we ought to find a circumpolar ice-wall like that of the Ant-

arctic regions, and the Arctic Ocean beyond the North Cape should be crowded with icebergs instead of being open and iceless all the year round. With such a configuration the ice-wall should reach Spitzbergen and stretch across to Nova Zembla; but, instead of this, we have there such an open stretch of Arctic water, that in the summer of 1876 Captain Kjelsen, of Tromsø, sailed in a whaler to latitude  $81^{\circ} 30'$  without sighting ice. He was then but five hundred and ten geographical miles from the pole, with open sea right away to his north horizon, and nobody can say how much farther.

These problems may all be solved by the proposed expedition. The men are ready and willing; one volunteer has even promised a thousand pounds on condition that he shall be allowed to have a seat in one of the balloons. All that is wanted are the necessary funds, and the amount required is but a small fraction of what is annually expended at our racecourses upon villainous concoctions of carbonic acid and methylated cider bearing the name of "champagne."

Arrangements are being made to start next May, but in the mean time many preliminary experiments are required. One of these, concerning which I have been boring Commander Cheyne and the committee, is a thorough and practical trial of the staying properties of hydrogen gas when confined in given silken or other fabrics saturated with given varnishes. We are still ignorant on this fundamental point. We know something about coal-gas, but little or nothing of the hydrogen, such as must be used in the forthcoming expedition. Its exosmosis, as proved by Graham, depends upon its adhesion to the surface of the substance confining it. Every gas has its own specialty in this respect, and a membrane that confines a hydrocarbon like coal-gas may be very unsuitable for pure hydrogen, or *vice versa*. Hydrogen passes through hard steel, carbonic oxide through red-hot iron plates, and so on with other gases. They are guilty of most improbable proceedings in the matter of penetrating apparently impenetrable substances.

The safety of the aeronauts and the success of the aerial exploration primarily depend upon the length of time that the balloons can be kept afloat in the air.

A sort of humanitarian cry has been raised against this expedition, on the ground that unnaturally good people (of whom we now meet so many) should not be guilty of aiding and abetting a scheme that may cause the sacrifice of human life. These kind friends may be assured that, in spite of their scruples, the attempt will be made by men who share none of their

fears, unless the preliminary experiments prove that a balloon can not be kept up long enough. Therefore, the best way to save their lives is to subscribe *at once* for the preliminary expense of making these trials, which will either discover means of traveling safely, or demonstrate the impossibility of such ballooning altogether. Such experiments will have considerable scientific value in themselves, and may solve other problems than those of Arctic exploration.

Why not apply balloons to African exploration or the crossing of Australia? The only reply to this is that we know too little of the practical possibilities of such a method of traveling

when thus applied. Hitherto the balloon has only been a sensational toy. We know well enough that it can not be steered in a predetermined *line*, i. e. from one *point* to another given *point*, but this is quite a different problem from sailing over a given *surface of considerable area*. This can be done to a considerable extent, but we want to know definitely to what extent, and what are the limits of reliability and safety. With this knowledge and its application by the brave and skillful men who are so eager to start, the solution of the polar mystery assumes a new and far more hopeful phase than it has ever before presented.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS (*Gentleman's Magazine*).

## THE INTERNATIONAL TRIBUNALS OF EGYPT.

### I.

WHEN the late Khedive, Ismail Pasha, was staggering under the blow dealt him by the Napoleon award, which condemned him to pay to the Suez Maritime Canal Company eighty-four million francs, not a penny of which did he owe, and, hunted through brake and through brier with hawk and with hound, had, very naturally, become alarmed at the number and magnitude of the demands which were constantly being made upon him, demands against which he was, in the then condition of his diplomatic relations with foreign powers, utterly unable to protect himself, Nubar Pasha, his prime minister, came forward with a plan which promised him relief. An international tribunal was to be established, to which all claims against the Egyptian Government were to be submitted.

This tribunal was to consist of a court of appeals, which was to sit at Alexandria, and of courts of first instance, which were to sit, one at Alexandria, one at Cairo, and one at Zajazig. (This last one was first changed to Ismailia, and finally to Mansourah.) The court of appeals was to be composed of seven European judges, appointed by the Khedive, but designated by the Great Powers (one from each), and five Arabs. The president of the court was to be an Arab, but the vice-president was to be a foreigner, elected by his colleagues. The president was not to take part in any of the proceedings before the court, so that the vice-president had the direction of, and control over, all its business.

The judges of first instance were to be designated by the Great Powers and by the lesser

Powers, and by Arabs, the latter being always in a minority. The president was to be an Arab, but the vice-president was to be a foreigner. Like the president of the court, he was only a figure-head.

These tribunals were to have jurisdiction not only in cases in which the Egyptian Government was interested, but also over the Khedive, the members of his family, and, in civil matters, over cases arising between foreigners of different nationality, and between foreigners and Arabs.

Once established, it was thought that these tribunals would protect the Khedive and his Government from the chances (or certainty rather) of any further "arbitrations," and all claims which in the future might be made against him or his Government would be subjected to the test of an impartial judicial investigation.

The condition of the Khedive at that time, as regards foreigners who had, or pretended to have, claims against him or against his Government, as well as the condition of the judiciary which exercised power in his territory, was an abnormal and mischievous one. As regarded himself and his government he was under the absolute control of the consuls-general who were accredited to him. His diplomatic position was an anomalous one. Every nation had a representative at his court. He had no representative anywhere; he therefore had no means of protecting himself against the war which was constantly being waged against his treasury. He had, indeed, sought refuge once in an imperial arbitration, but that once was enough.

As regarded foreigners, the condition of affairs was equally bad. Each power had its consular court. Each consular court administered the law of its own country, and was governed by the forms of procedure peculiar to its home system. Important cases were appealed to a home court, except as regards England and the United States; appeals from judgments in the consular courts of these countries were taken to Constantinople. It is therefore easy to perceive what confusion, uncertainty, and delays surrounded all judicial proceedings. What is law in England is not always law in Greece. Therefore, an Englishman might be sued by a Greek before the English consular court, and have judgment rendered against him upon a certain state of facts, while a Greek sued by an Englishman in the Greek consular court upon a similar state of facts would go free.

As a protection, therefore, to himself and to his government, as well as for the purpose of regularizing judicial proceedings, this tribunal was proposed, and a code of laws and procedure was enacted, which was to apply to all foreigners in their dealings with foreigners and Arabs, as well as to those foreigners who might have claims to prosecute against him, his government, or his family.

The consuls-general and the consular judges were, naturally enough, opposed to this proposed change. As regarded the consuls-general the change would restrict them within the circumference of their diplomatic functions. In respect of the consular judges it would diminish greatly the fees of their office. To both it would curtail the extent of their power and greatly reduce their importance. Lord Lyons, at Paris, occupies about the same position toward a consul-general in Egypt, even to-day, that the lowest usher in a public school occupies toward the head master. When they exercised unlimited and uncontrolled jurisdiction over their own people and those who had claims against them, and held a rod over the Khedive, they were really omnipotent. The old system was good enough for them, and therefore was good enough for every one else.

However, after many delays, the proposition was acceded to. Then, from England, from France, from Germany, Austria, Russia, Italy, the United States, Greece, Holland, Belgium, Sweden and Norway, always by twos and sometimes by threes, came pouring into Egypt a throng of judges, not one of whom knew the language or the laws of the people among whom and to whom they were to administer justice, each accustomed to a different form of procedure from the other (except those who came from the same states), many of whom spoke but one of the languages in which the proceedings were to be

conducted before them, followed by a crowd of procureurs, substituts, substituts-adjoints, clerks, deputy clerks, huissiers, scriveners, guards, servants, and interpreters, until the throng became, and remains, a multitude, speaking every language under the sun. Indeed, should another attempt be made to build a tower of Babel, and the effort should be made to prevent it by causing all the workmen employed upon it to speak a different language, all that the contractors would have to do would be to send to the Palais de Justice at Alexandria. They would there find interpreters enough to answer all their purposes.

Doubtless the number of judges, etc., was much greater than the Khedive thought would be necessary. Indeed, no one questions that it was made as large as it was for the purpose of influencing the different powers whose wishes he was forced to consult. If they could make their own appointments, it was, after all, but subtracting a portion of the jurisdiction which attached to their respective consular courts from those tribunals, and transferring it to an international tribunal. As it regarded the Khedive, the extra hundred thousand francs or so which would be paid for an extra supply was a trifle in comparison with the protection which they would afford to him; for the liberal salaries which were attached to the positions would, he hoped, insure the nomination of learned and experienced men, from whose hands he would, when attacked, receive only justice.

In respect of the number of judges required, he does not seem to have overshot the mark. The court of appeals, for example, with its seven foreign and six native judges, has not been able to dispose of all the cases which have been carried before it, notwithstanding that it has subtracted from the tribunal at Alexandria two judges to help it along in its work. And yet its work is not of a very exhausting character. During the last judicial year—November to July—the fifteen judges decided three hundred and eighty-six cases, leaving sixty-five upon the roll when they stopped work. It is proper to observe, however, that the Arab judges do nothing except vote and draw their salaries. Still, three hundred and eighty-six cases divided among nine judges does not require any great amount of labor.

As to the quality of the material furnished him, the Khedive did make a mistake; for, with the single exception of the Austrian representative, not one of the judges of the court ever sat in a court of last resort at home, or had a position at the bar there which would have entitled him to hope for such a station. The French judge was taken from Algeria; the Russian judge was transported to Alexandria from

the Caucasus; the Italian judge had been consular judge; the German judge had presided over a tribunal of first instance in some outlying province of the empire; the English judge was a barrister practicing before the consular court at Alexandria, and correspondent of the London "Times"; the American judge was a lawyer from the interior of the State of North Carolina. As a consequence, we have them deciding, for instance, that a consular officer who, by the conventions between the Powers, can not be sued before the international courts, can not sue in them, nor voluntarily submit himself to their jurisdiction! They do not seem to have known that whereas, by the law of nations, an ambassador is not, of right, liable to be sued in the courts of the country to which he is accredited, he may sue in them, and that if, being sued therein, he submits himself to their jurisdiction, the judgment rendered is executory against him. Also they have decided that if a man in France manufactures a certain quality of paper with a certain trade-mark upon it (allowed to him by France), and a German manufactures a similar paper, with the same trade-mark, and they both send their manufactured article to Egypt for sale, the Frenchman's agent there may enjoin the German's agent from selling the German paper, and make him pay damages besides!

As regards the tribunals of first instance, it would be tedious and unprofitable to remark upon them. In point of fact, they are, in one respect, like Mr. Slick's tuberous crop, "small potatoes, and few in a hill"; although they can not be said to be few in a hill. Indeed, in Alexandria one is reminded of Mr. Twain who, when leaving San Francisco, and thinking that his fellow passengers would have a poor opinion of him because no one had come to bid him farewell, went to the side of the steamer as she cast off from the dock, and, lifting his hat, said to the crowd, "Good-by, Colonel!" when every man of them all shouted back, in return, "Good-by, old fellow!" So in Alexandria, if you meet a man in the streets who salutes you, and whom you can not exactly place, if you say, "Good morning, Judge," it is ten to one that you will be all right.

That these tribunals have from some points of view been beneficial to foreigners in Egypt, can not be denied. To Europeans of different nationality, and to Europeans having claims against the native population, they are unquestionably an improvement upon the old system, and for the reasons which have already been given. But whatever may be said to the contrary by interested parties, the natives do not look upon them with favor. It is true that some intelligent men among them, who know how to take advantage

of their workings, when they make a contract with one of their own people, sometimes substitute the name of a European in place of their own, or occasionally transfer an obligation which is due to them by a native to a foreigner, for the purpose of subjecting him to the international jurisdiction. But these instances are not of frequent occurrence, and when they happen only tend to heighten the disfavor in which they are held, and indeed cause them to be looked upon as a pest.

This is not to be wondered at. When an Arab needs money, he will agree to pay any interest for the use of it. If he requires a certain amount to enable him to cultivate his small parcel of land—which, like all farmers the world over, he thinks will produce more than it ever does—or when he has no money with which to pay the tax-gatherer when he is on his rounds (and having a very proper fear of the *courbach* which he knows he will get if he does not pay what is demanded of him), he borrows it, and he does not allow a mere question of interest to stand in the way of his negotiation with the man who has money to loan. Therefore if he needs, say, twenty pounds, he draws his note for thirty pounds at the least, payable six months after date, receives the twenty pounds, and is happy. Under the system to which he has been accustomed, if, when the six months came round, he was unable to pay, he was sued, as he is now, but he was sued before his own judge, who, knowing something of the transaction, would postpone the case from time to time, and so put off the plaintiff until he would at length become reasonable, and take back his principal with a fair interest. Somehow he managed to work his way out. But his land was never sold. Now, however, if his creditor is a European, or if his debt has been transferred to a European who is interposed for the purpose, when he fails to pay on the appointed day, he is cited before the international tribunal. On the day designated he appears, little dreaming what the consequences to him are to be. The scene presented to him is a strange one, and is a striking one to any eye. The room in which he finds himself is a large one, crowded with people. A partition, breast-high, divides it in the center. In the rear are to be seen turbaned Turks of every degree, mixed among whom are people from almost every quarter of the globe. In front of this, a space in which are placed benches occupied by men in gowns (all silk, by the way) who, he is told, are lawyers. Beyond this, a railing, behind which sits the clerk, the interpreter, the *huissier* (crier), and guards sprinkled about. Still beyond, a raised dais of semi-circular form upon which are placed eight large chairs, on the backs of which, as well as on the



wall behind them, and upon the cornices over the windows from which curtains are hung, he sees, carved in the wood, or painted (in Arabic characters), words which, if he can read, inform him that "the Empire rests on Justice." Presently, a door opening from an inner room swings upon its hinges; the *huissier* cries, "*Le Tribunal!*" when in walk three European and two Arab judges, a substitut du procureur-général, two assessors—one European, the other a native—who immediately take their seats, making an imposing sight indeed, adorned as they all are (all save the assessors) with stambouline coats, red *tarbouches* on their heads, a broad red ribbon extending from over their shoulders across their breasts (such a ribbon as old King Louis Philippe was in the habit of wearing under his brown coat when he went for a drive) upon which is pinned a plate about the size of an ordinary door-plate, with the same motto engraved upon it which he saw on the backs of the chairs, etc., and which might be translated "For justice, inquire within"! Presently he is called. Promptly he answers, and he presses forward to the bar. Arrived there, he is asked to say why judgment should not be pronounced against him. He admits, always through an interpreter, that he owes the money which is demanded of him, but says that his crop is short; that he can not pay it at present, and pleads for time. His answer received, he is told to go, and he goes, stopping, however, at the door on his way out to cast a glance behind him at the tableau, which the tribunal presents, and which, as it is gorgeous, is beautiful to his Eastern eye. He hastens back to his farm. In a few days he receives a copy of the judgment which, in the mean time, has been rendered against him, and which is written in two languages, French or Italian and Arabic. He says to the *huissier* who hands it to him "*Tahib*" (it is well), places the small piece of stamped paper in his pocket, resumes his work, and gives the matter no further thought. Some days subsequently he receives another piece of stamped paper, and from it he learns that his property is under seizure. Hitherto he has not allowed his lawsuit to trouble him. He knew, it is true, that a judgment had been rendered against him, but he fancied that the world was going on just as it had been going ever since he knew anything about it, and it never occurred to him that he was in any real danger. But now, these stamped papers, coming upon him in such quick succession, have alarmed him. He makes inquiry about them, and he learns that his property is to be sold. Still he is not convinced of the fact until he receives yet another notice to the effect that the sale is to take place in the "*Salle des Adjudications du Tribunal*" on a cer-

tain day, at which sale he is requested to be present. On the day appointed he repairs to the place designated. Arrived there, he sees another crowd. On the bench a judge, probably one of the same before whom he appeared when his case was called, dressed in the same uniform that he wore on that occasion. By the side of the judge sits the clerk, and beyond the clerk a *huissier*. The judge calls his case. The plaintiff's counsel rises and says that his client will become the adjudicatee of the property which is to be sold at the estimate which has been placed upon it (probably ten pounds per acre). The *huissier* describes the property and the quantity of land which is to be sold. The clerk lights a small wax-taper. The *huissier* cries (in French, Italian, and Arabic languages alternately), "First candle! Forty acres of land situate in the province of Garbieh; assessed value, ten pounds per acre!" When the first taper is consumed another one is lighted, and the same crying is made. When the second is consumed, then a third, with the same formalities in each; and when the third one has gone to ashes, the plaintiff is adjudged to be the purchaser (for seldom is there more than one bidder—the plaintiff), and the defendant leaves the court-room houseless, homeless, and in despair.

This is all right under the law. The judgment was perfectly correct; the execution thereof was carried out in strict conformity with the rules prescribed by the code. The man owed the money, and he should have been made to pay. But he has not been accustomed to this (to him) lightning-speeded justice. His own judges had always given him time in which to pay his debts. He had never before heard of property being sold under execution. It had never occurred to him that he was, in reality, to be sold up: the proceedings, he thought, were only a threat. He is attached to the small parcel of ground which has just been sold away from him. He was, perhaps, born upon it; the proper mode of cultivating it he thoroughly understands; the whole of his toiling life had been spent upon it. He is lost when he is driven from it, and he goes away broken-hearted. Naturally, then, he looks upon the new judicial machinery, by which he can thus be summarily dismissed from his home—for it is his home, however wretched a one it may be in our eyes, and he loves it as we do ours—as an instrument of torture, invented by his enemy, which he would gladly see sent back whence it came. Do you blame him?

What would the people of England say—or rather what would they do—if Parliament should, in a single night, change all the laws of England, and all the modes of procedure in its courts,

and place the administration of the new laws in the hands of the men brought from the four quarters of the globe—men without an interest or a feeling in common with those to whom they were to administer justice, and this without appeal?

Why is it, he asks, that an Englishman or a Frenchman who voluntarily leaves his own country and goes to Egypt for his own purposes, should not be subject, in his dealings with Egyptians, to Egyptian law applied by Egyptian judges, precisely as an Egyptian who goes to either England or France is subject to English or French law administered by English or French judges when he is forced to resort to the courts of either of these countries for the vindication of his rights, whether his opponent be an Englishman, a Frenchman, or an Egyptian like himself?

The Englishman who has interests in Egypt has also serious grounds of complaint against the present judicial system, or at all events its workings. Proceedings in all the courts are conducted either in the French or the Italian language. The Arabic is one of the judicial languages, it is true, but it is rarely—I may say never—used. A French lawyer draws up his pleadings in the French language; an Italian lawyer draws up his pleadings in the Italian language. In either case, he pleads and argues in the language which is his natural tongue. All lawyers are forced to employ one or the other of these languages. The advantage, therefore, which the French and the Italian lawyer has over the English barrister is obvious. No litigant will intrust his case, if he can avoid it, to a man who does not correctly write, or at least fluently speak, the language in which it is to be argued, heard, and determined. We often hear it said of such a one that he writes and speaks several languages equally well, but how often do we meet with such a person? Besides, it is most natural for us to believe that a man who speaks the language in which the laws of a country are written and administered, must understand those laws better than he to whom that language is a foreign one. It follows, almost of course, that we employ the lawyer who is best qualified to represent and defend our interests.

The best evidence of the wrong which is done to English barristers in Egypt, in this regard, is to be found in the fact (and I believe I am within bounds when I say it) that not half a dozen cases have been presented by them all since these courts were organized! Yet English litigants are numerous, and certainly the English barristers in Alexandria will compare favorably with those from other countries.

In an international court, why should an English barrister be practically excluded from

appearing as counsel for his countrymen, simply because he can not write and speak the French or Italian language, any more than a French or Italian lawyer should be precluded from appearing before it because he can not speak or write in the English language?

Is it because French and Italian interests are greater in Egypt than English interests are? English interests in Egypt more than double the interests of all the other nations combined who have commercial relations with her. Is it because the two nations whose people speak the French and Italian languages outnumber those who speak English? There are more English-speaking people on the earth to-day than there are French and Italian put together! Is it because of the self-satisfied doctrine that, "if you don't speak French (or Italian), so much the worse for you"? If so, is it not time that such nonsense should come to an end?

Under the present system the English litigant is wronged in another regard, and to a still greater degree, viz., that his rights are never tested by the rules of English law. I leave out of consideration all mere questions of form and procedure, for, after all, it matters little to a man by what sort of process he is brought into court, provided the cause of action instituted against him is substantially stated, so that he may know precisely what he has to defend himself against. I also pass over the absence of any law of evidence, or the certainty in pleading, which form such important branches of the science of the law; but it does seem to me that an Englishman has just cause of complaint in the fact that no attention whatever is paid, in cases where the text of the law in France is identical with English law, upon subjects which have made his nation the first among those who are engaged in commerce. No English commentator is quoted in these courts; no English decision is ever relied upon as containing a proper exposition of the law. It is all Dalloz. An unbroken line of precedents, running through a series of years, emanating from the highest judicial tribunals in England, upon such questions as what constitutes a valid protest on a bill of exchange? or a contract for hire? a charter party? the mutual obligations between the shipper of goods and the common carrier? the responsibility of partners toward each other and toward third persons?—would not stand for a moment against a single contrary decision coming up from a court at Aix, which might be fished out of the "*Receuil de Jurisprudence*."

Is it unreasonable in an Englishman to ask that in an international court the decisions of the courts of his country upon such subjects as these should be, at least, of equal authority as the de-

cisions of the French courts? They certainly are not. One reason why they are not is to be found, it seems to me, in the fact that English barristers are practically excluded from practicing before it.

Another objection to the working of the present system is the interior organization of the court of appeals. The court is divided into two sections; each section sits one day in each week. The same character of cases is heard before each. Suppose one section decides a case upon a certain state of facts to-day, and the other section decides another case, upon the same state of facts, in another way, to-morrow. In such an event, the same tribunal would have established for itself a different jurisprudence. This is not likely to occur. But it is certainly possible. Should it happen, the spectacle would be presented of one plaintiff having a judgment rendered, on a certain state of facts, in his favor, while another plaintiff, upon a precisely similar state of facts, would have his case decided against him. Should this happen, the serene atmosphere which surrounds, or should surround, that high tribunal, would find itself greatly disturbed. This, however, is a mere matter of detail, which could easily be arranged.

A financial question, the present condition of Egypt considered, suggests itself as another objection, if not to the system now in force, at least to the manner of its administration.

Frankly, I think it must be admitted that seven judges in the court of appeals are more than should be required to dispose of the number of cases which are before it. Yet there are nine of them, at salaries of forty thousand francs each. (In this number I include the two judges of the tribunal who have been attached to it.) I do not, however, include the Arab judges. As to them, an equal number of palm-leaves would answer the same purpose, for the palm-leaves would nod an assent or a dissent (according as the wind blew) to the opinion expressed by the head of the court. They are, in fact, only judges on the last day of the month, when their salaries are taken to them.

In the tribunals the number of judges, in proportion, is not so great as it is in the court of appeals, but they are more numerous than the business which they are called upon to dispose of requires. There are ten of them at Alexandria (exclusive of the two attached to the court of appeals); at Cairo, seven; at Mansourah, four; each with a salary of thirty thousand francs per annum. (In this number the Arab judges are not counted. In the court and in the tribunals they receive one half of the amount which is allowed to their European colleagues.) The individual pay is not too great,

for it is not to be expected that men of any capacity would leave their own country and go to Egypt there to act as judges, for a limited period, unless they were given a compensation which would justify them for a temporary abandonment of their own homes and business. But the number of judges is altogether greater than the necessities of the service require. Five judges of first instance (three European and two Arab) are necessary to pronounce judgment in a case upon a promissory note for the smallest sum. If it be admitted that the native population should be represented in the tribunals, certainly it would seem that three judges are a sufficient number for any *nisi prius* court.

The unnecessary labor which the judges are called upon to perform is one reason why so many of them are required. Every judge has to be present at each audience. Each judgment has to be written out *in extenso*, on pain of nullity. Reasons must be assigned, in writing, in every case which is decided. Half a sheet of foolscap is required to contain a judgment by default, and after the default has been rendered, it is worthless if opposition is made to it, as in that event the whole case has to be tried over again. All the proceedings in a case have to be reduced to writing. When testimony is ordered, it must be taken in the presence of a judge. On the Continent, where officials are so miserably paid that governments can afford to have them in great numbers, as in France, for instance, where the first president of the Court of Cassation receives thirty-six thousand francs a year, and his colleagues eighteen thousand, and where a judge who receives six thousand francs considers himself a happy mortal, such a cloud of officials may be well enough; but it must be admitted that the system which makes it necessary to have five judges in a court of first instance, and to pay thirty thousand francs per annum to a mere commissioner to take testimony, is a reckless one, in a country at least which is notoriously insolvent.

The same remarks apply, and with equal force, to the enormous number of employees attached to these courts. In the court of appeals there are forty-six; in the tribunal at Alexandria, seventy-four; at Cairo, fifty-five; at Mansourah, forty-five; not to mention procureurs, substitutes, etc. It is true that the judiciary is, for the present, self-sustaining. Fortunately for those who compose it, and for those who are employed in it, the receipts from costs are now sufficient to pay all its expenses. But this only proves that law in Egypt, as well as elsewhere, is an expensive luxury. After all, this is only momentary. Up to two years ago the cost of the courts to the Government was enormous—some

twelve hundred thousand francs per annum. At that time the fees were increased, and this, added to very large sums which have been received for the recording of mortgages, has enabled them to get along without assistance. It is possible that the funds now on hand, added to those which may reasonably be expected to come in, will suffice to pay current expenses; but whether they will be sufficient to pay all the indemnities as they fall due is more than doubtful. Fortunately for the judges of the court of appeals, the term for which they were originally appointed has expired, and as they found, somewhere in Dalloz, the maxim "*La charité bien ordonnée commence chez soi*," they have helped themselves. It is proper to add that those judges of the tribunal whose term has also expired have also been paid. But whether it will be a case of "the devil take the hindmost" as regards those who come last, remains to be seen.

The most serious objection to the present system is the power which it places in the court of appeals—or rather the power which has been allowed it, to assume over the entire judiciary department of the Government, and in many circumstances, a control over the Government itself. No judge can be removed from office during the term for which he was appointed; that is, he can not be removed by the Egyptian Government. But he may be removed by the court. Not only, therefore, are the judges of the inferior tribunals at its mercy, but it holds the official existence of its own members in its own hands. An independent judiciary, under such a state of facts, is impossible. The majority required by the regulations (regulations drawn up by the court and adopted by the Government) may remove any judge, and as that majority is the sole authority of what constitutes a cause for removal, a judge, whether he be attached to the court or to the tribunal, if dismissed, is without recourse. The court itself may violate any law—even a law which it has procured the enactment of—with perfect impunity. It has done so in many instances. It has arrogated to itself powers to which it is not entitled, and its power, in its sphere, over the Government is so extensive that the Government is forced to allow it to do as it likes. As it can not afford to quarrel with it, it submits to whatever it chooses to dictate.

A few examples will suffice to show how it has assumed powers which it does not legally possess, and how it has violated laws which it caused to be passed.

One article of the "Reglement" provides that no judge of first instance can change from one tribunal to another without the approval of the court, after having taken the opinion of the

tribunal *from* which he wishes to go, and the opinion of the tribunal *to* which he wishes to go. Yet it has happened, in one instance at least, that a judge has been allowed to change from one tribunal to another notwithstanding the protest of the tribunal to which he wished to be sent.

The convention between the Powers and Egypt stipulates that the judges of the court of appeals (as well as of the tribunals) shall be appointed by the Egyptian Government, but the Egyptian Government binds itself to appoint to these positions only such persons as may be recommended by the different Powers, parties to the agreement.

The number of European judges of the court of appeals was fixed at seven. The number might be increased if, in the opinion of the court, the necessities of the service required it, but it was not stipulated that the court, if increased, should be increased by judges appointed by the court. The nomination of those who were to be appointed, in case more were needed, would necessarily be made as the original appointments had been made. In the mean while, however, as it might occasionally happen that one or more of its judges might be ill, or absent, or excused, thus causing the court to be left without a quorum, it was provided that, in such a contingency, one or more of the judges of the tribunal might be called to sit in the court. No one, however, would suppose that this article gave to the vice-president of the court the right to attach one or more judges of the tribunal permanently to the court. In this connection it is proper to remark that the advancement of the judges of the tribunal can not, in so far at least as the courts are concerned, take place except upon the advice of the tribunal. In the face, however, of these stipulations in the conventions, as well as in violation of its own interior legislation, the vice-president of the court has, for ten years past, attached two of the judges of the tribunal to the court of appeals as supernumeraries, who sit alternately at its sessions, and lately they have been attached to it permanently, with the increased pay belonging to the rank. It is true they have not been appointed, *eo nomine*, judges of the court of appeals, but they have been, as has just been stated, attached to it permanently, with an increased salary. That is to say, they remain judges of first instance, and, as such, receive thirty thousand francs from the treasury of the tribunal, but, being attached to the court, they draw from its treasury an additional ten thousand francs. It is not away from the truth to say that they are paid by the vice-president, although not with his money, for (Dalloz again), "il n'amarré pas ses chiens avec des saucisse."



This procedure was not a straightforward one, besides being utterly illegal. If there were not a sufficient number of judges in the court of appeals to enable it to transact the business before it, the law provided how the number was to be increased. It was never contemplated that it could be enlarged by a *coup d'état*. Certainly no one ever supposed that the power of preferment rested with the vice-president of the court, a power which has enabled him to benefit a favorite at the expense of the public treasury, in disregard of conventions, and in express violation of the law, which the court itself caused to be adopted, which declares that all judges of the same rank shall receive the same salary, and that the acceptance of any remuneration outside of his salary, or of an increase of salary, or of valuable presents, or other material advantages, entails upon the judge destitution from his office and loss of salary, without any right to his indemnity. Now it is perfectly well known that the appointment of these two supplementary judges was not necessary. The business of the court did not require an increase of judges. It is farcical to say that seven men, deserving the name of judges (leaving out the Arabs), can not dispose of the cases which are carried before that tribunal. A contrary admission on their part is a confession of incompetency. If they are incompetent, then they should go, or be sent, home. Before the "supplemental" era each judge, in addition to his regular four months' yearly vacation, had, during term-time, an occasional "off month"—that is, he had nothing to do. Now, each judge sits *one* day in each week! And it is perfectly well understood that the idea of adding to the court was born of the wish of the vice-president to advance and benefit one of his friends. Knowing that he could not accomplish this if he attempted it single-handed, being a man of expedients, he conceived the plan of appointing *two* instead of one, and as he knew he would find in the French consul the greatest obstacle to his success, in order to forestall his opposition, he appointed, as the second man, a Frenchman. And this sand which he threw in every one's eyes, he thought blinded everybody, because no one said anything about it. In point of fact, no one was blinded by it but himself and his beneficiaries. No one has ever said anything about it because every one is afraid to speak, for no one can speak without, in some way, suffering.

Do you know Brussels? If you do, you will remember the Wirtz Gallery of Paintings. Among them is an enormous one, taking up the entire side of a room, entitled "Un Géant sur la Terre." It represents, if you remember, a man of immense stature, striding over the earth, placing those whom he wishes to serve on his shoulders; those

whom he wishes to make use of, in his pockets; kicking out of his way those for whom he feels a contempt, and cropping off the heads of those who dare to oppose him in his march, as an ordinary mortal would chop a tender radish. Well, this painting finds its interpretation—perhaps its model—in Egypt. Those whom the vice-president of the court of appeals wishes to reward, he places on his shoulders; those whose services he requires, he puts in his pockets; those who are in his path, and who won't get out of it, he bites off their heads. And the Government itself no more dares to oppose him in any of his schemes or ambitions for himself, or for the advancement of his favorites, than would the worst paid servant who is employed at the Palais de Justice.

By their own governments the two gentlemen who were supplemented into the court of appeals had been designated to the Khedive as proper persons to fill the position of judges in the tribunal of first instance. By the edict of the vice-president of the court they were made judges in the court of appeals. Now, this is a serious matter. England might willingly recommend the appointment of a man to a position in the tribunal whom she would be unwilling to recommend to be appointed in the court, precisely as she might appoint as *puisne* judge a man whom she would never think of making Lord Chief Justice. England, and the other Powers as well, might be willing to have controversies in which her people are interested passed upon, in last resort, by a court composed of judges appointed thereto by the different Powers, and still be unwilling to submit them to the arbitrament of a court composed, in part at least, of judges appointed by the vice-president of the court, or, still worse, by the Khedive himself. A question of "balance of power" also comes into the case. The Great Powers should be equally represented in the court. Originally they were, now they are not. England, Russia, etc., have each only one judge there. France has two, and one Power, Greece, is represented there, which is not entitled to a representative.

The court adjourns from July to October 15th, leaving one judge behind to attend to such matters of detail as may occur during the interim. The tribunal sits the year round. It holds, however, only three sessions per month. The *Justice Sommaire* sits once a week. Judicial sales take place once a week.

Before the session closes the judges of the tribunal agree among themselves as to the time when each judge shall take his vacation. Their agreement among themselves is transmitted to the court, which approves or modifies it, and when it comes back to the tribunal approved or modified,

it becomes the law which regulates the distribution of the several parts which each judge is to take in the summer comedy. I call it comedy, but in reality it is a farce, and a nuisance as well. It is a farce, because few cases are ever tried during the so-called vacation; it is a nuisance, because it keeps lawyers at home who would otherwise go away, and who can not leave because they can never tell when their clients may need their services; and as regards the public service, it is not necessary that there should be any session of the tribunal during the months of July, August, September, and October. The court does not sit in

either of these months. No case, therefore, in which an appeal lies, is advanced by having a decision of the tribunal therein, when the court is not in session, for the court is as far behind in its business as the tribunal is. One judge would be sufficient to issue such conservatory writs as an exigency of some sort might require, and in this respect the tribunal would be on the same footing with the court. Why the court should adjourn and the tribunal remain in session, it would be difficult to find a reason for. But so it is, and the why matters not.

P. H. MORGAN.

(Conclusion next month.)

## THE STORY OF ADRIENNE LECOUVREUR.

A FEW words may not be out of place concerning the great actress and charming woman whom Scribe made the chief character of the drama recently played in London by the French company at the Gaiety Theatre. Scribe's departure from the truth of history is not perhaps above the average in such cases; but his play is unsatisfactory and even somewhat repulsive to any one who knows the true Adrienne—"her whose great merit, both on the stage and in life, was that she was truth, nature, and simplicity itself." She was born in 1690, at Fismes, between Rheims and Soissons. Her real name was Couvreur, to which the "Le" was subsequently added for euphonic reasons. Born in a relatively low station (her father was a hatter in a small town), she had one of those rich, spontaneous natures which do not seem to need education. From her earliest youth she showed great talent in reciting verse, and at fifteen took the part of Pauline in Corneille's "Polyeucte" in private theatricals, for which a grocer in the Rue Feron lent his premises. Her real apprenticeship on the stage took place in the provinces, and it was only in 1717, when she was twenty-seven years old, that she appeared in Paris, a consummate and original *actrice*. No words, we are told, can describe the *déclat* and brilliancy of her *début*; and it was said that she began where others ended. An extraordinary yet natural dignity of carriage which gave her the appearance of a real queen amid the vulgar populace of the stage, a voice of exquisite harmony, a handsome person and face, with eyes "full of fire," were some of the qualities by which she riveted her audience. But she showed her originality by two innovations in the histrionic art. Up to her time it had been the custom on the French stage to declaim verse in a sort of

recitative or chant. She replaced this stilted style by a natural and impressive speech, doing at the same time full justice to the meter. A greater achievement was the expressive intelligence and delicacy of her by-play—the art of listening and acting while saying nothing. For thirteen years she filled the Paris stage with a radiance and charm which surprised the public as something novel and extraordinary. She was a most conscientious artist, never allowing languor or ill health (from which she suffered much) to interfere with her engagements, and ended by being surrounded with a respect and homage such as had never before been accorded to any *actrice*.

It is, indeed, off the stage that the romance and indefinable charm of Adrienne Lecouvreur properly begin to emanate, and have lent that grace and perfume to her harmonious name which still reach us across one hundred and fifty years. She was not only a great actress, she was a good, tender-hearted, high-minded woman. Before her, those of her profession, and especially of her sex, were a class of tolerated outcasts, from whom a Pharisaical world was content to derive its pleasure, but which it despised as unworthy to touch the hem of its garment. Adrienne, by her lofty simplicity of life and manners, brought down this insolence till at last, as is usual with insolence, it groveled at her feet. Not only men, but the highest dames in Paris, crowded to her *salon*. "It is now the fashion," she writes to a friend, "to dine or sup at my house, because a few duchesses have thought fit to confer on me this honor." It is regrettable, but will be in no way surprising to those who have studied the history of manners, to learn that the duchesses showed themselves on these occasions very ill-bred, and passed remarks on their graceful hostess which

she was too quick not to hear and too proud to notice. She lived in a small house, which had once been inhabited by the poet Racine, in the Rue des Marais Saint-Germain. There it was her pleasure and relaxation, after the fashionable ladies had retired, to receive a choice circle of intimate and tried friends, with whom she could converse with ease and frankness. "I do not find that numbers make up for the want of personal worth. I do not care to shine, and I have a hundred times more pleasure in saying nothing and hearing good conversation, in being surrounded by good and sensible people, than in being bewildered by all the mawkish flatteries which are showered upon me." Fontenelle and Voltaire were among her guests. In spite of her liberal mode of life, Adrienne amassed a large fortune for those days, and died worth three hundred thousand francs, which fact those who estimate at their true value the qualities implied by judicious expenditure may be inclined to consider the most striking evidence of her sterling and self-contained character.

It is not easy to determine when the romance of her life—her acquaintance with the Comte de Saxe—began. He came to Paris in 1720, three years after her brilliant appearance on the stage. He left on his adventurous expedition to Courland in 1726, and at the latter date they were on such terms that she was ready to accomplish that memorable act of generosity of selling her jewels to supply him with requisite funds. She ran great risk of never seeing him again. Two years of pensive separation followed: the depth of sentiment which filled them is betrayed rather than shown by the veiled pathos of a few sentences in which she refers to his return. "One who has been long expected," she wrote, "will come back this evening, as far as one may judge, in fairly good health. A courier has arrived who was sent on before, as the carriage had broken down thirty leagues off. A light *chaise* has started, and to-night some one will be here." (It is impossible to render the tenderness of "*On sera ici.*")

It was nearly two years after the return of Maurice from Courland that Adrienne received a mysterious visit from a poor hunchbacked minia-

ture-painter, the Abbé Bouret, who, not finding her at home, left word that he had a communication of the highest importance to make to her if she would meet him in the Luxembourg gardens, where he would make himself known by a concerted signal—three taps on his hat. The actress drove to the place of rendezvous, and there was informed that the painter had received the offer of a large bribe if, under the pretext of taking her portrait, he contrived to leave with her some poisoned lozenges given him by a great lady of the court, whom jealousy prompted to murder Adrienne. Several versions of the story are handed down, which do not agree, and the whole affair is sufficiently obscure. In any case, it is certain that Adrienne was not poisoned. For a long time her health had been failing, and it was several months after the incident in the Luxembourg that she played at the Comédie Française for the last time. We have the vivid account of an eye-witness, the lovely Greek beauty, the rival of Adrienne Lecouvreur in charm of mind and person, Mdle. d'Aïssé, who was at the theatre that night, and pained and shocked by the manifest suffering of the actress, who, nevertheless, went through her part with heroic fortitude. She appeared in the "*Cedipe*" of Voltaire as the first piece, and then, ill as she was, played again in the after-piece, "*Le Florentin*," in which, long and difficult as was her part, by force of genius and nerve she acquitted herself to perfection. She was carried home in an almost dying state, and five days afterward expired of acute internal inflammation. Her friend Voltaire, who owed her much of the success of his early tragedies, says she died in his arms. In her death-throes a priest of Saint-Sulpice forced his way to her bedside. "Do not be uneasy," she said, "I know what brings you here. I have not forgotten your poor in my will." Then, turning to a bust of the Comte de Saxe, she exclaimed, "*Voilà mon univers, mon espoir, et mes dieux.*" As she had died without having renounced the stage, she was refused Christian burial, and her body was hurried away by night in a cab, and thrust underground in a wood-yard in the Faubourg Saint-Germain.

*Pall Mall Gazette.*

## FROM FAUST TO MR. PICKWICK.

IF Schopenhauer, his forerunners and successors, are right, and life is not worth having, it must still be confessed that those who practically decide the question have, apart from the practical decision of living on and on with more or less relish, shown a wonderful interest in the story of the human soul from age to age. Magnificent is the spectacle by which the not-worthwhile has represented itself to itself; endless the drama of human art. Generation after generation, the stage is set, and the pictures and people come and go, and the interest never abates. From Job and the Canticles down to the last poem or story, the play proceeds. The plot and the personages seem in every age and every land new to the mass of the spectators; and there is indeed novelty in the midst of the sameness; but the farther back in time, and the farther afield in place we happen to go, the more we are struck with the essential sameness of the interest of the drama, and the human "characters" who enact it. There is a vast gulf between the story of Job and the Indian drama of "Harichandra"; and a gulf still more vast between both and Goethe's "Faust"; but in these two very ancient books, as in that which is usually held to be the most essentially modern of poems (I include the second part), we recognize a tie of kinship. Wis Wamitra is not Mephistopheles, but whether we read the Indian play first or the German, we recognize a likeness. Hiawatha and his company we can parallel a score of times in world-literature. And so it is with other types, let the reason be what it may. But the reason is not obscure. Dr. Goldziher or Professor Steinthal may make out the story of Samson to be as certainly a sun-myth as the story of Hercules, but there is a good deal more of the brooding and wondering human heart in Samson than there is of the sun, as we are soon made to feel when Milton tells his story over again for us; and, indeed, it is lucky for the myth theorists that the story of the sun and the weather is so much like that of human life. But, passing by this, with any apology that may be needful or acceptable, we should none of us feel the slightest hesitation in placing the Book of Job, "Harichandra," "Hiawatha," Bunyan's "Pilgrim," Goethe's "Faust," Thackeray's "Newcomes," and Mr. Horne's "Orion" in the same category; as efforts made by different types of the human mind, under different circumstances, to dramatize the whole world-story in some form outside of itself.

Taken by themselves these may be called

commonplaces of criticism. It is plain that as soon as men began to think about themselves and their lot they must have been puzzled, and sometimes distressed; and in proportion to the activity of the sense of justice, tenderness, and the comparing, inferring, and artistic faculties, they endeavored to picture their story and their lot over again to themselves in order that they might contemplate it more at leisure, with less of direct personal interest, and with the advantage of the coöperation and criticism of other minds. All suppositions of this order should be made under reserve; for, in spite of the confidence with which we now talk and write of "the childhood of the world," we know nothing about it, and it is yet to be found that something corresponding to what is known as "the Fall" does not lie at the back of all human story. Of course this would not help us to explain anything—it only places the elephant on the tortoise—but it might alter many of our intermediate conclusions. There is a sonnet by Blanco White—said by Coleridge to be the finest sonnet ever written—in which he supposes Adam and Eve overwhelmed with amazement at the first descent of night over Eden, and the disclosure of the heavenly fires which the night brought with it—the burden of the poem being that death may, like the darkness, bring new worlds to us or take us to them. The poem may be received as a parable. Generation after generation has now wondered at the sun-setting and the nightfall, the rising of moon and stars, and the birth of the new day, and the wonder stands reproduced in the literature of every nation. In the ordinary course of life, the average human being does not think of such things. Night is the time for sleep; to-morrow there will be a bill to take up; and so it goes on. But all men feel thrilled at death, and must have been in some way stirred by the passions, by love, grief, disappointment, and sense of injustice. Nearly all have known what it is to feel helplessness, and a large majority of men and women have at some time had the idea, true or false, that the "something-not-themselves," which disposes of them against their will, might have treated them more kindly. This idea is of course quickened into vehement activity when there arises any startling case of disparity between the lot and the "deserts" of some human being; and then, if literature have taken form, we may have a Book of Job, or a tragedy by Æschylus, or a mediæval romance, or a story like "The Newcomes," or some other such product of the aroused imagination. The



poem or the romance answers no question, and solves no problem; but it may and usually does help us in more ways than one. It shows us, for example, that other hearts have been wrung as well as ours, and are as desirous of our sympathy as we can be of theirs; that these other hearts have kept faith and hope, or at least have sustained and acquiesced through all; sometimes, that they have not only kept the faith and hope they started with, but have won more—have ten talents to show instead of the one. But we always find the problem essentially the same. First, we are in absolute subjection to the power which is behind all the great cosmic changes, and even when, if ever, we have clearly traced the connection of the sun-spots with the weather, the sun-spots will go on without consulting us. Even when, by following the indications of what we call natural laws, we seem to have acquired some measure of conquest over our lot, we discover that absolute rest is forbidden to us, because some new task is given us to do in the very moment of victory—so it has been, century after century, and so will it be with our children after us. But, besides our subjection to the power behind Nature, as it is exhibited in more or less calculable cosmic forces, we find that the working of the human will has some of the effects of fatality. To any given man the onrush of another man bent on stabbing him is as much a fatality as the march of the planets. And to multiply this idea by millions is to represent an awfully large portion of the story of man. History resounds with the "many trappings" of murderous hosts leaping forth out of the darkness and flinging themselves upon other hosts more or less prepared. Napoleon said it was folly to accuse him of crimes—"Men like me do not commit crimes"—and the saying had a diabolic plausibility about it. We stop at plausibility, and we unhesitatingly condemn the individual—but, when we take things in the mass, the story of the world may easily be made to look like a series of convulsions for which no one is responsible any more than for an earthquake, and in which millions of men, women, and children are, on this side or that, blind sufferers or blind instruments of suffering. An illustration of the general drift here is ready to our hands. Human will and choice are clearly concerned in the continuation of the human race. Any man, for example, in England at this moment, may say, "I will never become a father," and he may keep his word. And we sometimes find numbers of human beings agreeing together to lead single lives. But no one ever dreams of the discontinuation of the race any more than of the suspension of the law of gravitation. That mankind should continue to *be* is assumed as

certainly as that the sun will rise to-morrow. And, apart from great calamities arising from more or less traceable physical causes, and apart from wars and the like, men and women, by the nature of the case, exist together in large numbers; and we find minorities and individuals subjected to majorities quite irrespective of any laws of justice or kindness: particularly irrespective of justice. There is not a corner of life in which the inequalities of human character and intelligence do not tell with painful force on some one in some way; nor in which the individual is not reminded that his relations to his fellow creatures are such that, if he is to be free, he must fight for his freedom. There is a saying of Goethe's, that every man has strength enough to enforce his convictions if he will; but it is a very doubtful saying; more doubtful, in some points of view, for the strong than for the weak—unless, indeed, the strong man read the doctrine of "renunciation" as Goethe read it, and sacrifice, like him, others as well as himself, or more than himself. The finest, fullest, most high-strung natures feel the yoke more than others; for the larger the character, the more room for points of collision; and the more full of life, the more risk of impulses which may end in the pain of baffled longing and labor all in vain.

Of late years, the idea which we may roughly describe as that of the partial subjection of the individual to the mass—subjection without reference to justice or injustice, good desert or ill desert, noble or ignoble purposes—has taken shapes which are both exasperating and bewildering. Theories of evolutionary determinism meet us with swords or bludgeons in the most unexpected places. It was simple and sufficing (one used to think) to say, in the old-fashioned style, that there were limits to our power to do as we pleased; that we had duties to our kith and kin and to mankind at large; and that choice between apparently conflicting claims of love and prior obligation might sometimes tax conscience and courage to the uttermost. But this is far *too* simple; for we have been told, in eloquent speech variously pitched, that the sole key to our duty lies in the past. We do not now too hastily saddle George Eliot's "Spanish Gypsy" with a moral: but it looks very uncomfortably as if it were intended to bear one; and we find the same suggestion, not to say teaching, elsewhere. If we *are* to apply the word teaching, it comes to this—that claims made upon us out of the vague by a past as to which we could exercise no choice should supersede claims arising out of our own deliberate present choice. But surely this is a hard saying. A close examination of one's own consciousness brings out the result that ideas of

moral obligation in the strict sense arise only out of some foundation of complete and absolute choice on our own part. Rank of motive is a different question. Grateful service, for instance, is due to a good parent, and may be due to any other benefactor not chosen by one's self; a person who preferred his own lower pleasures to any work of grateful service that was due would be a proper object of scorn or dislike, but not of the severe and strictly moral disapproval which would be shown toward a man who neglected to fulfill some obligation which he had voluntarily taken upon himself in its whole extent—from choosing those first circumstances which made the *nidus* of the obligation onward to the last incident of the case. In fact, the ingenuity which professes to find in "the past" the ruling guide of life is a recent perversity, and when we hear less of evolutionary determinism we shall hear less of that; and less also of our duty to posterity. For the present, however, among "positive" students of the old problems, who find humanity the only real existence, or who feel driven to obey "a stream of tendency," we can not be surprised to see another yoke invented for our necks—one more addition made to the burden and mystery of life. Nor, whatever fine words may be found to cover the nakedness of the new fatalism, is there anything essential in it by which it can be distinguished from pessimism. There is, of course, a vast difference possible between the reception which this new fatalism may find in votaries of differing character. It is one thing to say: "We are all in one boat, rushing to the rapids; I shall sit and enjoy myself." It is another to say: "Life is a poor thing; let us stand by each other." But, happily, the difference here is much more than formal; because, the latter form contains an implicit adoption of a higher faith than can be got out of evolutionary determinism.

In the face of the inequalities of the human lot and of human character, and the absence of what Hume calls "distributive justice" in the dispensations of the gods (we copy his phraseology pretty closely), good and thoughtful men have in every age fallen back upon the affirmations of the moral sentiment in the human heart. And they have done well—apart from the fact that they could do no other. There, or nowhere, is solid rock. But to have the feet always planted there is to have the temperament of the saint or the hero. The affirmations of the moral sentiment, too, as they present themselves disconnectedly in human story, do not immediately carry with them all the force that is desired—they must be passed through some alembic first. Treat them just as the mind off-hand treats the facts of life and history, they yield but sorry

comfort. It appears to be not only hypocrites and fools who compound for sins they are inclined to by damning those they have no mind to—it is all of us. We do not mean that it is so finally or really, but that that is the aspect of the case which presents itself to the mere speculator. The old familiar saying that it takes all sorts of people to make a world is in point here. In practice the line is drawn somewhere, but in speculation from the outside it seems as if toleration must be sufficient. A world full of men and women of the heroic type, or the saintly type, or the artistic type, or the always-busy type, or the always-enjoying type, would be intolerable, impracticable; and we can not conceive of a given type without supposing it to assert itself in act; and in some act which, measured by the developments of some other type, will take the name of excess. For example, the genial type must do something *too* genial before we know it for what it is in the story of human life; just as the saintly type must tilt over toward asceticism before we can recognize it as opposed to any other—and so on, and on, indefinitely.

The pressure of these ideas is, of course, felt in various ways, in various degrees, in different ages, among different people, and in various stages of human progress. But it is always felt, and it always helps to shape the religion of the time—tending, on the one hand, to ceremonialism or sacerdotalism; and on the other to skepticism or laxity, along with what might be termed a ceremonialism of police.

There is yet one other point. However we may at certain times and in the interests of order condemn impulses which break through boundary-lines, we find, upon voluntary or involuntary self-scrutiny, that it is from the least amenable of our impulses that we derive our first impressions of what is sacred. Law, we say in our hearts, is sacred, but something else was sacred before law was, and law is not sacred for its own sake. Hence, in all the human story, we are sensible, in a manner and degree more or less vague, of a conflict between the human heart at its highest tides of emotion, and the laws of conduct. One illustration is as good as a thousand, and the very stupid story of Zaleucus, King of the Locrians, will do very well. This uncomfortably minded pagan is said to have made a law that whoever committed a certain crime should lose both his eyes. As it happened, the first man to break the law was his own son. Upon which, Zaleucus, in a strait between what he would have called justice, and what really was parental love, put out one of his own eyes and one of his son's. Again, apologizing for reproducing a hackneyed story, we

will only add that, however simple the general problem may appear when looked at from the level of ordinary life, it is one which always floats in the air of human experience, is sometimes apprehended even by the dullest, and is never finally solved or put away.

In these paragraphs we have laid the finger, however lightly, upon most, if not all, of the elements of human experience which may be said to ferment the human imagination until we get from it the wine of poetry or the drama in all its different orders; from a drama like "Job" or "Harichandra," or "Faust," which are attempts at a theodicy, down to the last novel, which is scarcely to be called an attempt at anything at all. Whenever self-consciousness is quickened, poor human nature feels "the burden and the mystery of all this unintelligible world," and does something in picture, poem, or philosophy, to get it off its mind. For the present we leave out pictures, philosophy, and with equal, if not better reason, music. But, through all these media, or by some function of them, we are helped to stronger, or clearer, always to more permanent impressions of the countercharms of the human lot.

We use the word countercharm in the sense in which it is adopted by the lover in "Maud," when he says that he has found in his new-born love for the "simple girl," a "pearl" which is "the countercharm of space and hollow sky." Indeed, the sense of beauty, upon which all forms of art are founded, is one of the most potent of the talismans by which we defeat or keep at a distance the evil genii of what we call fate. Then there is the sense of humor, which is not less potent. And, lastly, there is what we may for the moment distinguish as the heroic sense—that which is appealed to in tragedy and pathetic story. All these things help us, because they have promise in them. For instance, the heroic sense inevitably suggests to us that if human nature is capable of so much, the anguish of the tragedy must have a sequel which will justify it. The exaltation connected with the sense of beauty may bring with it a total insensibility to suffering and difficulty; and, lastly, for the present, the sense of humor, acting by methods which it is not at all easy even to grasp in the imagination, does, in its way, as much for us as the rest.

It would, perhaps, be impossible to name any modern book, dealing with life on a wide scale, which contains so little humor as Goethe's "Faust." And we may, without perhaps a qualification, affirm that no book of any age or purport contains so much humor as "The Pickwick Papers." There is, of course, mockery in "Faust," and there is some humor in the dialogues between Mephistopheles and Martha; but it is of the un-

pleasant caustic order, and when the odious Martha disappears, we feel that the case is decidedly one in which enough is as good as a feast. In "Pickwick" there is, of course, some vulgarity, and there are many blunders and false touches; but it is a great mistake to treat the book merely as a collection of cockney caricatures. This character has clung to it, chiefly if not exclusively, in consequence of the circumstances under which the story (such as it is) was begun—namely, as justificatory letter-press to certain sketches of Mr. Seymour's. Fortunately for the world, this plan fell through, and Mr. Pickwick is before us. Dickens frankly admitted—as indeed he could not help admitting—that his hero grew upon him, and that at the end of the book he was a very different character from the figure placed before the reader at the opening; but so much the more honor to Dickens, and so much the better for us all. Mr. Pickwick belongs to the same category as "Don Quixote," "The Vicar of Wakefield," and, of course, at a very great distance, the King Arthur of the "Idylls." It is quite evident, indeed, that Gil Blas and his man Scipio were somewhere in the background in the mind of the author, and Sam Weller is a better Scipio, but it would be profanation to compare the always honest and chivalrous Pickwick with Gil Blas. Once or twice, for instance in a stray speech or two at Eatanswill, Mr. Pickwick speaks like a man of the world, but on the whole he is a singular example of simple-hearted unworldliness. Because the book makes us laugh from end to end, we forget the Quixotic simplicity of the man. The circumstances are ludicrous and trivial to the last degree, and we laugh, and were intended to laugh, at Mr. Pickwick himself; but we certainly were not intended to miss feeling his childlike enthusiasm and truthfulness. There is nothing in the book which is so entirely farcical as the episode of the double-bedded room and the lady whom Mr. Peter Magnus had wooed and won by taking Mr. Pickwick's advice; but Mr. Pickwick's superfluous and reiterated apologies to the lady as he is backing out of the apartment, are in themselves touches of the same order as his resolve to see Mr. Sergeant Snubbin, and his indignant surprise when he finds the latter bidding good-day to Mr. Sergeant Buzfuz, though they are on opposite sides of the same cause. The whole episode of the visit to Snubbin is painted with a quill of the same feather as that which threw off my Uncle Toby. That Mrs. Bardell should sue Mr. Pickwick for breach of promise is farce, but it is something very different, though we still laugh on, when Mr. Pickwick insists to Mr. Perker, his attorney, on seeing Mr. Sergeant Snubbin, who has been retained for the defense. "See Sergeant Snubbin,

my dear sir!" exclaims good-natured little Mr. Perker; and then follows that delicious scene with the clerk, and the interview—arrived at after so much effort—with the abstracted Sergeant at his dusty chambers. Mr. Pickwick's sole object is to assure Mr. Sergeant Snubbin, as a man, that there is not the slightest foundation for the charge against him, and that if he was not strong in conscious innocence, he would not avail himself even of the aid of so learned a gentleman as the Sergeant. The Sergeant puts up his eye-glass, crosses his legs, and looks at his visitor with astonishment. "Has Mr. Pickwick a strong case?" is his very practical and pertinent question to Mr. Perker, who can only shrug his shoulders and take snuff. Then, after some more simple-hearted earnestness on Mr. Pickwick's part, the learned man getting more and more absorbed in a right-of-way case before him, Mr. Phunky, the junior, is sent for, and Sergeant Snubbins asks him to "*take Mr. Pickwick away.*" We may and do laugh at this; it was meant to be, and it is, most exquisitely ludicrous—but there are some of us, let us hope, who have done similarly absurd things, and found themselves just as much astray in the world, without being ashamed of it, or, indeed, conscious of it. We have here in everyday colors one of the old problems, only without a touch of bitterness, and so it goes on through the whole of the book. Very early, indeed, Mr. Pickwick presents himself as so perfect a gentleman, and so utterly abandoned in simplicity of heart, that the little episode of the "Bill Stumps" stone is resented by us as a vulgar and artificial intrusion. The scenes in the Fleet prison, and two or three of the minor pieces introduced casually (for instance, the Inns-of-Court stories told by the old man at the "Magpie and Stump"), bring us face to face with all the dark images of human suffering, and yet there is enough in the thorough-paced, childlike, unsuspecting goodness of Mr. Pickwick to carry us through the worst without a heart-ache. The rascality of Dodson and Fogg is amazingly relieved by their being placed in juxtaposition with Mr. Perker, who, being quite sharp enough himself, but too good-hearted to abuse the power the law gives him, seems to look upon Dodson and Fogg rather as exaggeratedly clever than as villains. The one really loathsome figure in the book, Lowten, Perker's clerk, we see very little of. The two elaborated rascals, Jingle and Job Trotter, are made better men by the kindness of Mr. Pickwick; and if we feel, as we do, that two such scamps were past reformation, we have still a faint sort of fancy at the bottom of our minds that if we had known *all* that passed between them and Mr. Pickwick, it would have seemed more natural that they should turn good. No

finer touches of intelligent human sympathy are to be found in any novelist than in the part played by Mr. Pickwick in the scene with the old lady, Mr. Wardle's mother, in Chapter VI, slight as these touches are.

It was a work of the finest art to make a hero so often ridiculous, yet never contemptible; a point which has hardly been reached in works where the poetic pretension is infinitely higher. We often despise Ulysses; we certainly despise King Admetus in the "*Alcestis*"; and King Arthur in the "*Idylls*" does not quite escape—not that his purity is contemptible, but that there is a subtle feeling in the reader's mind (echoed by at least two doubtful passages in the "*Idylls*") that he failed in duty to Guinevere. Colonel Newcome we certainly do not look up to as we ought to do; nor Colonel Dobbin. But Mr. Pickwick, formerly of Goswell Street, and lastly of Dulwich, always commands our homage. And, so far as any work of the poetic order (we use the word poetic in the largest sense) can make us feel that the problem of life is solved, the character and bearing of Mr. Pickwick do that good and great work for us.

It would be almost comically obvious to remark that between "*Pickwick*" and "*Faust*" there is a gulf of distance which might be set down as thrice from the center to the utmost pole. But the contrast between the two works does not take them out of the same category, as we see if we place "*Don Quixote*" and "*The Vicar of Wakefield*" somewhere between them, leaving intermediate spaces to be filled up. Nothing can well be more superficial as to the "motive" and "movement," or less avowedly intellectual than "*Pickwick*." Nothing can well be more intense, or more intellectual, both as to motive and movement, than "*Faust*." If *Faust* escapes our contempt—and he barely escapes it in some passages of the Second Part—it is purely by intellectual force, and by what he stands for. The part which is played in the Dickens squib by the good and simple-hearted Pickwick is in the great poem played by Gretchen. In "*Pickwick*" there is no problem *put* at all; but we feel that the problem put by our own hearts is solved for us. In the great poem, the problem is put in a hundred forms; in the Second Part tiresomely and fantastically—till we come to the end. In the closing scene there is a suggestion which may be pronounced at variance with the mediæval machinery by which *Faust* is at last saved. Mephistopheles, the Evil, is on the stage, when the Angels, the Blessed Ones, come crowding on and on, in ceaseless troops, carrying garlands of celestial roses. Mephistopheles is alarmed. The faster the loving Angels troop on, the more there are of them, the more room there



seems to be. He snatches at one of the garlands and the roses burn him. Where is he to go to? This question distracts him, but not the Loving Ones, who keep crowding on in infinite numbers, and still there is room. They tell him, when he complains of want of standing-ground, that there is room still, and for ever, and that he may stay *if he can*. But he can not; and escapes out on to the proscenium, while the heavenly show proceeds.

This portion of the play may be a reminiscence of Swedenborg, or it may be merely a case in which a genius widely different from his takes up a similar parable. But Swedenborg as a philosophical theosophist was at variance with Swedenborg the *Christian* moralist; and Goethe certainly did not himself hold Gretchen to be "magna peccatrix" in any sense which "Doctor Marianus in der höchsten reinlichsten Zelle" would recognize. The poet simply took up one of the mediæval forms of the Faust legend, added new matter, and treated the story mediævally, with the mediæval faith and social conditions as machinery for tragic results. If he could have gained the *other* ear of poor Gretchen in the cathedral, he would have whispered her to come out into the sunshine, to forget the chanting monks and the *dies ira*, and take a cheerful view of the natural and the inevitable.

This, of course, would have made the poem as false in art as if Dante had treated the Rimini romance in the spirit of Pulci. But still Goethe is Goethe, and can not help being inconsistent here and there. In Dickens, who never starts from the intellectual side, and always adopts the conventional philosophy of life and the conventional morality, we have no such puzzles. It can not be said that their presence would be inconsistent with immense and ever-recurring humor, or what shall be done with "Tristram Shandy" and "Don Quixote"? But the creator of Mr. Pickwick had his eyes open upon life, and felt "the burden and the mystery" in his own way—as he dealt with them in his own way. The scenes in the Fleet prison, and some of the stories told at Lowten's "Magpie and Stump" supper, show, as we have already noticed, that the iron had entered into his soul a little even then. His way of dealing with life was that of the humorist. What the bearing of that is, one great bearing of it at all events, we may, if we please, find suggested to us in Shelley's little speech, that the world would never be reformed till laughter was put down. It is not clear what he meant by this, for he had been complaining of the manner in which the more fortunate of us make laughing capital out of the poverty, ignorance, and wrongdoing among the less fortunate. But what it may be allowed to remind us of is this, that

humor irresistibly "takes the rough edge" off even wrong considered as a topic of art. Sydney Smith wrote some not too-well-considered words about the "moral" dangers of humor. But what is the real truth upon this subject?

Let us recall the well-known mediæval folk-tale of "Reynard the Fox." Mr. Froude and many other writers more or less ingenious have taken up the old nut to crack in connection with that poem. How is it that Reynard carries off so much sympathy? First of all let it be noted that his rascalities affect different minds in different ways. The writer of these lines has never been able to relish the book, and there are no doubt others who find it almost exclusively painful reading. But the story has been read and enjoyed as much as "Pilgrim's Progress," and Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Froude, and Goethe—men of very different tastes and differing moral standards—openly speak of it as delightful. Now, what is the source of this delight—where is it felt? In some minds there is a natural congenital love of trickery, even though this be accompanied by what is called honesty, or even honor. These, of course, will like Reynard. Again, most men have a strong love of power and an almost immoral sympathy with success as such. These also must find "Reynard" agreeable reading. We may presume, however, that the life of a man who was as greedy and treacherous as Reynard would give unmixed pleasure to only a very few readers, and this helps us to a clew. The story is openly told as having a human *reference* or sub-meaning; and the final triumph of selfishness and worldly wisdom on the one hand, helped by stupidity and openness to flattery on the other, is meant to be a representation of what takes place in human society, and that not as an exceptional thing, but generally. Yet we could not endure without violent disgust the success of the rascal of the story, if the whole thing were put before us in terms undisguisedly human—scarcely any one could—Barnes Newcome himself would revolt at it. What pleases us is the unfailing resource, the *savoir-faire* of the rascal; and as foxes, badgers, wolves, and bears are supposed to have no souls and no future, the reader does not usually look at the tale from any moral point of view, in spite of the under-current of meaning. The levity of the writing, too, tends to make it all tolerable. If the poem were written with the savage earnestness of Swift's adventures of Gulliver among the Yahoos, it would not please. And some of the more fastidious among us may after all think that there must be a vein of hardness in the nature of any modern reader who can really enjoy "Reynard" without reserve. Perhaps if those adult students who like it best were to speak the whole truth, they would tell us that

they come to Reynard's triumph with a pang. What they really like is not his success, as his success, but they all feel pleasure in the irony, and the human bearing of the dexterity with which he turns the greediness and vanity of others into weapons against themselves. It is as if Uriah Heep "sold" Dodson and Fogg. But we should not be pleased with the cunning which "sold" a faithful dog, making his simple-hearted love for his master the instrument of his humiliation. If there were anything laughable about the process we should laugh, but pain would be uppermost in our minds.

In fact, humor is always more or less of a leveler. Not that it turns the hero into a quack or a weakling, but that it takes down our prides all round by suggesting the points in which we are all weak. It says, "Thou art the man!" in a smiling whisper. Often it says what is not true, or says it with a touch of spite, but in that case it has quitted its proper function—perhaps it is too intelligent, as in the case of Thackeray. If it is to *relieve* our breasts and do us good, it must be, above all things, simple and childlike. A child could, of course, never have drawn Dogberry, or my Uncle Toby, or Mr. Pickwick, or Don Quixote; but, for all that, the spirit in which such figures are drawn is childlike. It is certain that Dogberry would be a very dangerous character if he were an emperor instead of a parish beadle, but it is only a critic or student who thinks of such things—and only upon a sort of compulsion which is no pleasure to himself—so we will not push that matter any further than just to mention Mr. Winkle in "Pickwick." The late Emperor of the French was about as genuine a ruler of men as Mr. Winkle was a sportsman; but Mr. Winkle suggests no grave problem; his little quackeries only make us wince because they remind us of our own. He is drawn, as Mr. Pickwick is drawn (and Dogberry and Don Quixote and Toby Shandy), as a child draws figures on a slate. "I think I shall kick out this leg a little more," says a child drawing a cow in one of Hawthorne's Note-books—"as being the creator of the cow," adds Hawthorne. It is the spontaneity that does it. And this spontaneity is the correlative of that sense of fatality in the universe that comes more or less to all, but specially to men of fine sensibility (no *theory* is now in question). Sometimes we feel it with bitterness, sometimes with an inward smile. It is only when we think about it that the burden becomes intolerable, or threatens to be so. *After* we have thought—"looking before and after"—we may find help in "King Lear," or "Prometheus Unbound," or "Faust," but we could not do without humor, the great leveler. In some way or other we must become as little children, and take life

as it comes, before we can be reconciled to ourselves. We must be helped to feel as at heart beneficent the paradox created by the conflict of conscience and free-will on the one hand and the seeming fatality of character and circumstance on the other. This is what a great humorist like Dickens may do for us as well as a great poet like Goethe. And he may sometimes do it better, especially in times like ours, when the head has threatened and still threatens to be too much for the heart, and too many of our best and wisest barely escape the taint of cynicism. It has been said that the great poem of Goethe presents the whole problem of modern life as no other book does, and the dictum, repeated in various forms by many authorities, is probably true:

"When Goethe's death was told, we said—  
Sunk, then, is Europe's sagest head,  
Physician of the Iron Age,  
Goethe has done his pilgrimage.  
He took the suffering human race,  
He read each wound, each weakness clear—  
And struck his finger on the place  
And said—*Thou ailest here, and here.*—  
He looked on Europe's dying hour  
Of fitful dream and feverish power;  
His eye plunged down the weltering strife,  
The turmoil of expiring life;  
He said—*The end is everywhere,*  
*Art still has truth,* take refuge there;  
And he was happy, if to know  
Causes of things, and far below  
His feet to see the lurid flow  
Of terror, and insane distress,  
And headlong fate, be happiness."

"Art still has truth, take refuge there." That is what the age has done, or tried to do, but not successfully or happily. Our "high-art" painting is sad and subdued; so are the colors we affect in dress and furniture. In spite of our love of burlesque—which can only in rare cases be a high form of humor—we do not find either in literature, or art, or society, the free, simple gayety that was once ours. Animal spirits are almost gone from us; we import them now from America, but only in small quantities. With this state of things comes the tendency to get the utmost possible enjoyment out of life as it is—in fact, the love of luxury; but this is accompanied with extreme fastidiousness, and the death's-head is visible behind the flowers of the banquet. No living writer has embodied all this with such exquisite skill as Mr. Matthew Arnold. When we read his "Scholar Gypsy," his "Mycerinus," his "Obermann Once More," we find the secrets of "the modern malady," as it is termed, told in music the most original that this generation has heard. Undoubtedly the chief secret is the want of lifting power in religious faith; but we should

deceive ourselves if we attributed this to any merely intellectual causes. It is owing to some laws of action and reaction which we have not yet got at. The strong men have "the malady," as well as the weak. Victor Hugo is not free from it, nor was Mr. Mill. The only intelligent and cultivated persons who escape it are those who have a firm hold of religious dogma of some kind.

The difference between the simple, whole-hearted, boyish sense of enjoyment which is diffused through the sketches of which Mr. Pickwick is the central figure, and the fastidious searching for pleasure in "artistic" forms, which is so familiar to us all, is obvious upon the surface. The art-spirit had not come into fashion when "Pickwick" was written, and people drank more than was good for them. The odor of rum is seldom out of those friendly familiar pages for long together. But the difference is much more than the difference between coarseness and elegance. It is not Bob Sawyer and milk-punch against Mr. Burne-Jones and Château-Yquem (will Mr. Burne-Jones excuse the reference?), nor between the loud hospitality of Manor Farm and the unceremonious refinement of a garden-party of yesterday; it is much more, and it is not easily to be defined, or even apprehended. But one thing is clear enough, "Pickwick" must take its place among the beneficent books that help to make life intelligible to us in days when we ask too many questions, and try in vain to put off the devouring sphinx with *ballades* and sad-colored pictures; and it is mainly through the essential beauty of the character of Mr. Pickwick that the book does us the good service we receive from it. Rascals, fools, malignant persons, and pompous sneaks get the better of him for a time, as they do of others, and we laugh at his way of showing fight just as we do at Don Quixote's. Mr. Pickwick's method of dealing with Dodson and Fogg was about as sensible as Don Quixote's procedure in behalf of the apprentice whose master he compelled to give up flogging him (till the Knight was out of sight, when the master, of course, laid on the scourge worse than ever), and we smile at his simplicity. But we love him for his goodness and faith, and we find that for his sake we do not quite hate the worst rascal in the book. The general result is the blessed and beautiful work of humor, the kindly leveler. Everybody is made more or less laughable; we feel that this picture of life is essentially true, and that Schopenhauer himself, if he had been present at old Weller's interview with his son's master at Dulwich, would have fallen in love with all there, and said with Paley, "It is a happy world, after all."

We have more than once called humor the great leveler, and it deserves its name, because,

keeping among ordinary heights, it does its work more easily, more comfortably, for the majority of mankind than poetry, which adopts, or seems to adopt, the reverse method. Take, as an example, a few characteristic lines from Mr. Browning's poem of "Christmas Eve." The dreamer of that powerful though inconclusive poem has been in the lecture-room at Göttingen, and listened to the Professor's argument in favor of a purely humanitarian religion. But the dreamer sees that in this "exhausted air-bell of the critic" there is really no element at all which can sustain religious faith or energy:

"The goodness—how did he acquire it?  
Was it self-gained, did God inspire it?  
Choose which; then tell me on what ground  
Should its possessor dare propound  
His claim to rise o'er us an inch.

"A thousand poets pried at life,  
And only one amid the strife  
Rose to be Shakespeare! Each shall take  
His crown, I'd say, for the world's sake—  
Though some objected—'Had we seen  
The heart and head of each, what screen  
Was broken there to give them light,  
While in ourselves it shuts the sight,  
We should no more admire, perchance,  
That these found truth out at a glance,  
Than marvel how the bat discerns  
Some pitch-dark cavern's fifty turns,  
Led by a finer tact, a gift  
He boasts, which other birds must shift  
Without, and grope as best they can.'

"No nearer Something by a jot  
Rise an infinity of Nothings  
Than one: take Euclid for your teacher!  
Distinguish kinds: do crownings, clothings,  
Make that Creator which was creature?  
Multiply gifts upon his head,  
And what, when all's done, shall be said,  
But . . . the more gifted he, I ween!"

And the argument, addressed to the humanitarian, concludes thus:

"Go on, you shall no more move my gravity,  
Than, when I see boys ride a-cockhorse,  
I find it in my heart to embarrass them  
By hinting that their stick's a mock horse,  
And they really carry what they say carries them."

This is the poetic or philosophic way of putting the case, and it is common with Mr. Browning—another illustration occurring in the song of Pippa—

"All service is the same with God,  
Whose puppets, best and worst, are we."

But this may easily slide into Antinomianism, and, whether we take it in the shape in which it

is offered to us in Goethe's "Faust" or Bailey's "Festus," or in any other, it puts us in dread of a paradox, and the next step is naked Pantheism. Keeping, however, upon the lower levels, what, under shadow of any view of this kind, is to keep us from an uncomfortable approach to cynicism?

Many things may help us. Firm adherence to religious dogma may do it; and humor may do it. It is with the latter we are now concerned. Certain critics of humor as a moral agent (from the Shelley or Sydney Smith point of view) have not, perhaps, borne in mind that there must be, at the bottom of it, an intense enjoying power which has the element of faith in it, and something, too, of another element—namely, love; the latter being, if you please, the clay out of which, when the furnace has done its work, comes the high divine grace of charity. Hence, when the worst is said against men like Fielding and Sterne, our hearts continue to warm to them. We are not *finally* repelled even by their worst grossness, because we see, by a true instinct, that the element of kindly sympathy—*kindly* in the old strict sense—is after all uppermost; that so much laughter implies enjoyment of life; and

that life can not be enjoyed without faith in its value and purposes. Perhaps, the most delightful examples of the function of humor, as a kindly leveler, are to be found in Charles Lamb. Some of his little speeches are typical. For instance, "Do you mean to say, sir, that a thief is not an honest man?" Or that other one, not so good in one way but better in another—his reply, when he was asked how he could bear to sit with some improper person: "Sir, I will sit with any one but a hen." This kind of thing may easily degrade to "miry clay"; but it may be "fine clay" also, and it may be wrought into vessels for which no wine of life is too sacred. It may certainly go to teach us humility; and there is no book of similar pretensions so admirably sure to knock the conceit out of a sensitive reader as "Pickwick." One would hardly go to "Faust" for *that* lesson. But there is something pathetic in the apology at the close of "Pickwick" for the triviality of some parts of the book. It is inartistic; but it shows that Mr. Dickens felt that, though his hero was laughable, he was fit for something else than to be laughed at.

MATTHEW BROWNE (*Contemporary Review*).

## STORY-TELLING.

THE most popular of English authors has given us an account of what within his experience (and it was a large one) was the impression among the public at large of the manner in which his work was done. They pictured him, he says—

"as a radiant personage whose whole time is devoted to idleness and pastime; who keeps a prolific mind in a sort of corn-sieve and lightly shakes a bushel of it out sometimes in an odd half-hour after breakfast. It would amaze their incredulity beyond all measure to be told that such elements as patience, study, punctuality, determination, self-denial, training of mind and body, hours of application and seclusion to produce what they read in seconds, enter into such a career . . . correction and recorection in the blotted manuscript; consideration; new observations; the patient massing of many reflections, experiences, and imaginings for one minute purpose; and the patient separation from the heap of all the fragments that will unite to serve it—these would be unicorns and griffins to them—fables altogether."

And as it was, a quarter of a century ago, when those words were written, so it is now: the phrase of "light literature" as applied to fiction

having once been invented has stuck with a vengeance to those who profess it.

Yet to "make the thing that is not as the thing that is" is not (though it may seem to be the same thing) so easy as lying.

Among a host of letters received in connection with an article published in "The Nineteenth Century" in December last ("The Literary Calling and its Future"), and which testify in a remarkable manner to the pressing need (therein alluded to) of some remunerative vocation among the so-called educated classes, there are many which are obviously written under the impression that Dogberry's view of writing coming "by nature" is especially true of the writing of fiction. Because I ventured to hint that the study of Greek was not essential to the calling of a storyteller, or of a contributor to the periodicals, or even of a journalist, these gentlemen seem to jump to the conclusion that the less they know of anything the better. Nay, some of them, discarding all theories (in the fashion that Mr. Carlyle's heroes are wont to discard all formulas), proceed to the practical with quite an indecent rapidity; they treat my modest hints for their



instruction as so much verbiage, and myself as a mere convenient channel for the publication of their lucubrations. "You talk of a genuine literary talent being always appreciated by editors," they write (if not in so many words, by implication); "well, here is an admirable specimen of it (inclosed), and if your remarks are worth a farthing you will get it published for us, somewhere or another, *instantly*, and hand us over the check for it."

Nor are even these the most unreasonable of my correspondents; for a few, with many acknowledgments for my kindness in having provided a lucrative profession for them, announce their intention of throwing up their present less congenial callings, and coming up to London (one very literally from the Land's End) to live upon it, or, that failing (as there is considerable reason to expect it will), upon *me*.

With some of these correspondents, however, it is impossible (independent of their needs) not to feel an earnest sympathy; they have evidently not only aspirations, but considerable mental gifts, though these have unhappily been cultivated to such little purpose for the object they have in view that they might almost as well have been left untitled. In spite of what I ventured to urge respecting the advantage of knowing "science, history, politics, English literature, and the art of composition," they "don't see why" they shouldn't get on without them. Especially with those who aspire to write fiction (which, by its intrinsic attractiveness no less than by the promise it affords of golden grain, tempts the majority), it is quite pitiful to note how they cling to that notion of "the corn-sieve," and can not be persuaded that story-telling requires an apprenticeship like any other calling. They flatter themselves that they can weave plots as the spider spins his thread from (what let us delicately term) his inner consciousness, and fondly hope that intuition will supply the place of experience. Some of them, with a simplicity that recalls the days of Dick Whittington, think that coming up to London is the essential step to this line of business, as though the provinces contained no fellow creatures worthy to be depicted by their pen, or as though, in the metropolis, society would at once exhibit itself to them without concealment, as fashionable beauties bare themselves to the photographers.

This is, of course, the laughable side of the affair, but, to me at least, it has also a serious one; for, to my considerable embarrassment and distress, I find that my well-meaning attempt to point out the advantages of literature as a profession has received a much too free translation, and implanted in many minds hopes that are not only sanguine but Utopian.

For what was written in the essay alluded to I have nothing to reproach myself with, for I told no more than the truth. Nor does the unsettlement of certain young gentlemen's futures (since by their own showing they were to the last degree unstable to begin with) affect me so much as their parents and guardians appear to expect; but I am sorry to have shaken, however undesignedly, the "pillars of domestic peace" in any case, and desirous to make all the reparation in my power. I regret most heartily that I am unable to place all literary aspirants in places of emolument and permanency out of hand; but really (with the exception, perhaps, of the Universal Provider in Westbourne Grove) this is hardly to be expected of any man. The gentleman who raised the devil, and was compelled to furnish occupation for him, affords in fact the only appropriate parallel to my unhappy case. "If you can do nothing to provide my son with another place," writes one indignant *paterfamilias*, "at least you owe it to him" (as if I, and not Nature herself, had made the lad dissatisfied with his high stool in a solicitor's office!) "to give him some practical hints by which he may become a successful writer of fiction."

One would really think that this individual imagined story-telling to be a sort of sleight-of-hand trick, and that all that is necessary to the attainment of the art is to learn "how it's done." I should not like to say that I have known any members of my own profession who are "no conjurers," but it is certainly not by conjuring that they have succeeded in it.

"You talk of the art of composition," writes, on the other hand, another angry correspondent, "as though it were one of the exact sciences; you might just as well advise your 'clever Jack' to study the art of playing the violin." So that one portion of the public appears to consider the calling of literature mechanical, while another holds it to be a sort of divine instinct!

Since the interest in this subject proves to be so widespread, I trust it will not be thought presumptuous in me to offer my own humble experience in this matter for what it is worth. To the public at large a card of admission to my poor manufactory of fiction—a "very one-horse affair," as an American gentleman, with whom I had a little difficulty concerning copyright, once described it—may not afford the same satisfaction as a ticket for the private view of the Royal Academy; but the stings of conscience urge me to make to *paterfamilias* what amends in the way of "practical hints" lie in my power, for the wrong I have done to his offspring; and I therefore venture to address to those whom it may concern, and to those only, a few words on the Art of Story-telling.

The chief essential for this line of business, yet one that is much disregarded by many young writers, is the having a story to tell. It is a common supposition that the story will come if you only sit down with a pen in your hand and wait long enough—a parallel case to that which assigns one cow's tail as the measure of distance between this planet and the moon. It is no use "throwing off" a few brilliant ideas at the commencement, if they are only to be "passages that lead to nothing"; you must have distinctly in your mind at first what you intend to say at last. "Let it be granted," says a great writer (though not one distinguished in fiction), "that a straight line be drawn from any one point to any other point"; only you must have the "other point" to begin with, or you can't draw the line. So far from being "straight," it goes wabbling aimlessly about like a wire fastened at one end and not at the other, which may dazzle, but can not sustain; or rather what it does sustain is so exceedingly minute that it reminds one of the minnow which the inexperienced angler flatters himself he has caught, but which the fisherman has, in fact, put on the hook for bait.

This class of writer is not altogether unconscious of the absence of dramatic interest in his composition. He writes to his editor (I have read a thousand such letters): "It has been my aim, in the inclosed contribution, to steer clear of the faults of the sensational school of fiction, and I have designedly abstained from stimulating the unwholesome taste for excitement." In which high moral purpose he has undoubtedly succeeded; but, unhappily, in nothing else. It is quite true that some writers of fiction neglect "story" almost entirely, but then they are perhaps the greatest writers of all. Their genius is so transcendent that they can afford to dispense with "plot"; their humor, their pathos, and their delineation of human nature are amply sufficient, without any such meretricious attraction; whereas our too ambitious young friend is in the position of the needy knife-grinder, who has not only no story to tell, but in lieu of it only holds up his coat and breeches "torn in the scuffle"—the evidence of his desperate and ineffectual struggles with literary composition. I have known such an aspirant to instance Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford" as a parallel to the backboneless, flesh- and bloodless creation of his own immature fancy, and to recommend the acceptance of the latter upon the ground of their common rejection of startling plot and dramatic situation. The two compositions have certainly *that* in common; and the flawless diamond has some things, such as mere sharpness and smoothness, in common with the broken beer-bottle.

Many young authors of the class I have in my

mind, while more modest as respects their own merits, are even still less so as regards their expectations from others. "If you will kindly furnish me with a subject," so runs a letter now before me, "I am sure I could do very well; my difficulty is that I never can think of anything to write about. Would you be so good as to oblige me with a plot for a novel?" It would have been infinitely more reasonable, of course, and much cheaper, for me to grant it, if the applicant had made a request for my watch and chain;\* but the marvel is, that folks should feel any attraction toward a calling for which Nature has denied them even the raw materials. It is true that there are some great talkers who have manifestly nothing to say, but they don't ask their hearers to supply them with a topic of conversation in order to be set agoing.

"My great difficulty," the would-be writer of fiction often says, "is how to begin"; whereas in fact the difficulty arises rather from his not knowing how to end. Before undertaking the management of a train, however short, it is absolutely necessary to know its destination. Nothing is more common than to hear it said that an author "does not know where to stop"; but how much more deplorable is the position of the passengers when there is no terminus whatsoever! They feel their carriage "slowing," and put their heads expectantly out of window, but there is no platform—no station. When they took their tickets, they understood that they were "booked through" to the *dénouement*, and certainly had no idea of having been brought so far merely to admire the scenery, for which only a few care the least about.

As a rule, any one who can tell a good story can write one, so there really need be no mistake about his qualification; such a man will be careful not to be wearisome, and to keep his point, or his catastrophe, well in hand. Only, in writing, of course, there is greater art. *There* expansion is, of course, absolutely necessary; but this is not to be done, like spreading gold-leaf, by flattening out good material. That is "padding," a device as dangerous as it is unworthy; it is much better to make your story a pollard—to cut it down to a mere anecdote—than to get it lost in a forest of verbiage. No line of it, however seemingly discursive, should be aimless, but should have some relation to the matter in hand; and if you find the story interesting to yourself,

\* To compare small things with great, I remember Sir Walter Scott being thus applied to for some philanthropic object: "Money," said the applicant, who had some part proprietorship in a literary miscellany, "I don't ask for, since I know you have many claims upon your purse; but would you write us a little paper gratuitously for the 'Keepsake'?"

notwithstanding that you know the end of it, it will certainly interest the reader.

The manner in which a good story grows under the hand is so remarkable that no tropic vegetation can show the like of it. For, consider, when you have got your germ—the mere idea, not half a dozen lines, perhaps—which is to form your plot, how small a thing it is compared with, say, the thousand pages which it has to occupy in the three-volume novel! Yet to the story-teller the germ is everything. When I was a very young man—a quarter of a century ago, alas!—and had very little experience in these matters, I was reading on a coach-box (for I read everywhere in those days) an account of some gigantic trees; one of them was described as sound outside, but within, for many feet, a mass of rottenness and decay. If a boy should climb up birdsnesting into the fork of it, thought I, he might go down feet first and hands overhead, and never be heard of again. How inexplicable too, as well as melancholy, such a disappearance would be! Then, “as when a great thought strikes along the brain and flushes all the cheek,” it struck me what an appropriate end it would be—with fear (lest he should turn up again) instead of hope for the fulcrum to move the reader—for a bad character of a novel. Before I had left the coach-box I had thought out “Lost Sir Massingberd.”

The character was drawn from life, but unfortunately from hearsay; he had flourished—to the great terror of his neighbors—two generations before me, so that I had to be indebted to others for his portraiture, which was a great disadvantage. It was necessary that the lost man should be an immense scoundrel to prevent pity being excited by the catastrophe, and at that time I did not know any very wicked people. The book was a successful one, but it needs no critic to point out how much better the story might have been told. The interest in the gentleman, buried upright in his oak coffin, is artistically weakened by other sources of excitement; like an extravagant cook, the young author is apt to be too lavish with his materials, and in after-days, when the larder is more difficult to fill, he bitterly regrets it. The representation of a past time I also found it very difficult to compass, and I am convinced that for any writer to attempt such a thing, when he can avoid it, is an error in judgment. The author who undertakes to resuscitate and clothe with flesh and blood the dry bones of his ancestors has indeed this advantage, that, however unlikely his characters may be, there is no one in a position to prove it; it is not “a difference of opinion between himself and twelve of his fellow countrymen,” or a matter on which he can be condemned by overwhelm-

ing evidence; but, on the other hand, he creates for himself unnecessary difficulties. I will add, for the benefit of those literary aspirants to whom these remarks are especially addressed—a circumstance which, I hope, will be taken as an excuse for the writing of my own affairs at all, which would otherwise be an unpardonable presumption—that these difficulties are not the worst of it; for, when the novel founded on the past has been written, it will not be read by a tenth of those who would read it if it were a novel of the present.

Even at the date I speak of, however, I was not so young as to attempt to create the characters of a story out of my own imagination, and I believe that the whole of its *dramatis personæ* (except the chief personage) were taken from the circle of my own acquaintance. This is a matter, by the by, on which considerable judgment and good taste have to be exercised; for if the likeness of the person depicted is recognizable by his friends (he never recognizes it by any chance himself), or still more by his enemies, it is no longer a sketch from life, but a lampoon. It will naturally be asked by some, “But, if you draw the man to the life, how can he fail to be known?” For this there is the simplest remedy. You describe his character, but under another skin; if he is tall you make him short, if dark, fair; or you make such alterations in his circumstances as shall prevent identification, while retaining them to a sufficient extent to influence his behavior. In the framework which most (though not all) skilled workmen draw of their stories before they begin to furnish them with so much even as a door-mat, the real name of each individual to be described should be placed (as a mere aid to memory) by the side of that under which he appears in the drama; and I would strongly recommend the builder to write his real names in cipher; for I have known at least one instance in which the entire list of the *dramatis personæ* of a novel was carried off by a person more curious than conscientious, and afterward revealed to those concerned—a circumstance which, though it increased the circulation of the story, did not add to the personal popularity of the author.

If a story-teller is prolific, the danger of his characters coinciding with those of people in real life who are unknown to him is much greater than would be imagined; the mere similarity of name may of course be disregarded; but, when in addition to that there is also a resemblance of circumstance, it is difficult to persuade the man of flesh and blood that his portrait is an undesigned one. The author of “Vanity Fair” fell, in at least one instance, into a most unfortunate mistake of this kind; while a not less popular

author even gave his hero the same name and place in the ministry which were (subsequently) possessed by a living politician.

It is better, however, for his own reputation, that the story-teller should risk a few actions for libel on account of these unfortunate coincidences than that he should adopt the melancholy device of using blanks or asterisks. With the minor novelists of a quarter of a century ago it was quite common to introduce their characters as Mr. A and Mr. B, and very difficult their readers found it to interest themselves in the fortunes and misfortunes of an initial:

"It was in the summer of the year 18—, and the sun was setting behind the low western hills beneath which stands the town of C; its dying gleams glistened on the weathercock of the little church, beneath whose tower two figures were standing, so deep in shadow that little more could be made out concerning them save that they were young persons of the opposite sex. Thé elder and taller, however, was the fascinating Lord B; the younger (presenting a strong contrast to her companion in social position, but yet belonging to the true nobility of nature) was no other than the beautiful Patty G, the cobbler's daughter."

This style of narrative should be avoided.

Another difficulty of the story-teller, and one unhappily in which no advice can be of much service to him, is how to describe the lapse of time and of locomotion. To the dramatist nothing is easier than to print in the middle of his play-bill, "Forty years are here supposed to have elapsed"; or, "Scene I: A drawing-room in Mayfair; Scene II: Greenland." But the story-teller has to describe how these little changes are effected, without being able to take his readers into his confidence.\* He can't say, "Gentle reader, please to imagine that the winter is over, and the summer has come round since the conclusion of our last chapter." Curiously enough, however, the lapse of years is far easier to suggest than that of hours; and locomotion from Islington to India than the act, for instance, of leaving the room. If passion enters into the scene, and your heroine can be represented as banging the door behind her, and bringing down the plaster from the ceiling, the thing is easy enough, and may be even made a dramatic incident; but to describe, without baldness, Jones rising from the tea-table and taking his departure in cold blood is a much more difficult business

than you may imagine. When John, the footman, has to enter and interrupt a conversation on the stage, the audience see him come and go, and think nothing of it; but to inform the reader of your novel of a similar incident—and especially of John's going—without spoiling the whole scene by the introduction of the commonplace, requires (let me tell you) the touch of a master.

When you have got the outline of your plot, and the characters that seem appropriate to play in it, you turn to that so-called "commonplace-book," in which, if you know your trade, you will have set down anything noteworthy and illustrative of human nature that has come under your notice, and single out such instances as are most fitting; and finally you will select your scene (or the opening one) in which your drama is to be played. And here I may say that, while it is indispensable that the persons represented should be familiar to you, it is not necessary that the places should be; you should have visited them, of course, in person, but it is my experience that for a description of the salient features of any locality the less you stay there the better. The man who has lived in Switzerland all his life can never describe it (to the outsider) so graphically as the (intelligent) tourist; just as the man who has science at his fingers' ends does not succeed, so well as the man with whom science has not yet become second nature, in making an abstruse subject popular.

Nor is it to be supposed that a story with very accurate local coloring can not be written, the scenes of which are placed in a country which the writer has never beheld. This requires, of course, both study and judgment, but it can be done so as to deceive, if not the native, at least the Englishman who has himself resided there. I never yet knew an Australian who could be persuaded that the author of "Never Too Late to Mend" had not visited the underworld, or a sailor that he who wrote "Hard Cash" had never been to sea. The fact is, information, concerning which dull folks make so much fuss, can be attained by anybody who chooses to spend his time that way; and by persons of intelligence (who are not so solicitous to know how blacking is made) can be turned, in a manner not dreamed of by cram-coaches, to really good account.

The general impression perhaps conveyed by the above remarks will be that to those who go to work in the manner described—for many writers of course have quite other processes—story-telling must be a mechanical trade. Yet nothing can be further from the fact. These preliminary arrangements have the effect of so steeping the mind in the subject in hand that, when the author begins his work, he is already in a world

\* That last, indeed, is a thing which, with all deference to some great names in fiction, should, in my judgment, never be done. It is hard enough for him, as it is, to simulate real life, without the poor showman's reaching out from behind the curtain to shake hands with his audience.



apart from his every-day one; the characters of his story people it; and the events that occur to them are as material, so far as the writer is concerned, as though they happened under his roof. Indeed, it is a question for the metaphysician whether the professional story-teller has not a shorter lease of life than his fellow creatures, since, in addition to his hours of sleep (of which he ought by rights to have much more than the usual proportion), he passes a large part of his sentient being outside the pale of ordinary existence. The reference to sleep "by rights" may possibly suggest to the profane that the story-teller has a claim to it on the ground of having induced slumber in his fellow creatures; but my meaning is that the mental wear and tear caused by work of this kind is infinitely greater than that produced by mere application even to abstruse studies (as any doctor will witness), and requires a proportionate degree of recuperation.

I do not pretend to quote the experience (any more than the mode of composition) of other writers—though with that of most of my brethren and superiors in the craft I am well acquainted—but I am convinced that to work the brain at night in the way of imagination is little short of an act of suicide. Dr. Treichler's recent warnings upon this subject are startling enough, even as addressed to students, but in their application to poets and novelists they have far greater significance. It may be said that journalists (whose writings, it is whispered, have a close connection with fiction) always write in the "small hours," but their mode of life is more or less shaped to meet their exceptional requirements; whereas we story-tellers live like other people (only more purely), and, if we consume the midnight oil, use perforce another system of illumination also—we burn the candle at both ends. A great novelist who adopted this baneful practice and indirectly lost his life by it (through insomnia) notes what is very curious, that, notwithstanding his mind was so occupied, when awake, with the creatures of his imagination, he never dreamed of them; which I think is also the general experience. But he does not tell us for how many hours *before* he went to sleep, and tossed upon his sleepless pillow till far into the morning, he was unable to get rid of those whom his enchanter's wand had summoned.\* What is even more curious than the story-teller's never dreaming of the shadowy be-

ings who engross so much of his thoughts is, that (so far as my own experience goes at least) when a story is once written and done with, no matter how forcibly it may have interested and excited the writer during its progress, it fades almost instantly from the mind, and leaves, by some benevolent arrangement of Nature, a *tabula rasa*—a blank space for the next one. Every one must recollect that anecdote of Walter Scott, who, on hearing one of his own poems ("My Hawk is tired of Perch and Hood") sung in a London drawing-room, observed with innocent approbation, "Byron's, of course"; and so it is with us lesser folks. A very humorous sketch might be given (and it would not be overdrawn) of some prolific novelist getting hold, under some strange roof, of the "library edition" of his own stories, and perusing them with great satisfaction and many appreciative ejaculations, such as "Now this *is* good"; "I wonder how it will end"; or "George Eliot's, of course."

Although a good allowance of sleep is absolutely necessary for imaginative brain-work, long holidays are not so. I have noticed that those who let their brains "lie fallow," as it is termed, for any considerable time, are by no means the better for it; but, on the other hand, some daily recreation, by which a genuine interest is excited and maintained, is almost indispensable. It is no use to "take up a book," and far less to attempt "to refresh the machine," as poor Sir Walter did, by trying another kind of composition; what is needed is an altogether new object for the intellectual energies, by which, though they are stimulated, they shall not be strained.

Advice such as I have ventured to offer may seem "to the general" of small importance, but to those I am especially addressing it is worthy of their attention, if only as the result of a personal experience unusually prolonged; and I have nothing, unfortunately, but advice to offer. To the question addressed to me with such *naïveté* by so many correspondents, "How do you make your plots?" (as if they were consulting "The Cook's Oracle"), I can return no answer. I don't know, myself; they are sometimes suggested by what I hear or read, but more commonly they suggest themselves unsought. I once heard two popular story-tellers—A, who writes seldom, but with much ingenuity of construction, and B, who is very prolific in pictures of every-day life—discussing on this subject.

"Your fecundity," said A, "astounds me; I can't think where you get your plots from."

"Plots?" replied B; "oh! I don't trouble myself about *them*. To tell you the truth, I generally take a bit of one of yours, which is amply sufficient for my purpose."

This was very wrong of B; and it is needless

\* Speaking of dreams, the composition of "Kubla Khan" and of one or two other literary fragments during sleep has led to the belief that dreams are often useful to the writer of fiction; but in my own case at least I can recall but a single instance of it, nor have I ever heard of their doing one pennyworth of good to any of my contemporaries.

to say I do not quote his system for imitation. A man should tell his own story without plagiarism. As to truth being stranger than fiction, that is all nonsense; it is a proverb set about by Nature to conceal her own want of originality. I am not like that pessimist philosopher who assumed her malignity from the fact of the obliquity of the ecliptic; but the truth is, Nature is a pirate. She has not hesitated to plagiarize from even so humble an individual as myself. Years after I had placed my wicked baronet in his living tomb, she starved to death a hunter in Mexico under precisely similar circumstances; and so late as last month she has done the same in a forest in Styria. Nay, on my having found occasion in a certain story ("a small thing, but my own") to get rid of the whole wicked population of an island by suddenly submerging it in the sea, what did Nature do? She waited for an insultingly short time, in order that the story should be forgotten, and then reproduced the same circumstances on her own account (and without the least acknowledgment) in the Indian seas. My attention was drawn to both these breaches of

copyright by several correspondents, but I had no redress, the offender being beyond the jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery.

When the story-teller has finished his task and surmounted every obstacle to his own satisfaction, he has still a difficulty to face in the choice of a title. He may invent, indeed, an eminently appropriate one, but it is by no means certain he will be allowed to keep it. Of course, he has done his best to steer clear of that borne by any other novel; but among the thousands that have been brought out within the last forty years, and which have been forgotten even if they were ever known, how can he know whether the same name has not been hit upon? He goes to Stationers' Hall to make inquiries; but—mark the usefulness of that institution—he finds that books are only entered there under their authors' names. His search is therefore necessarily futile, and he has to publish his story under the apprehension (only too well founded, as I have good cause to know) that the High Court of Chancery will prohibit its sale upon the ground of infringement of title.

JAMES PAYN (*Nineteenth Century*).

## LAZY BEPPO.

### A SKETCH.

AMONG the active and industrious people of Capri, young Beppo was looked upon as being the very embodiment of everything that is lazy and worthless. It was, in fact, utterly impossible to do anything with him. His parents had tried in various ways to make him work as other young men of his class were wont to do, but all in vain. He might have been serviceable in the olive-groves and the vineyards; he had been sent out on the sea with the fishermen; he had been set at carrying stone, like the young women; but everywhere, after a few days, he had been discharged on account of his unparalleled laziness.

"*E una bestia!*"

This was the universal verdict; from this opinion there was not one to dissent, and so generally was Master Beppo known as a *bestia* that no one could be found who would give him a hand's turn to do, which was a circumstance that fell far short of giving him a moment's uneasiness.

His indigent parents were to be commiserated; they were compelled to yield a place at the meagerly supplied family-table to the drone,

because he unfortunately was of their blood and bone; which, however, did not suffice to give him any consideration even at home, for under the paternal roof as well as elsewhere he was only "*una bestia*."

Beppo himself had long since been convinced of the justice of this reproach; in fact, felt that he was, in some measure, justified in founding his claim to existence upon the title, for it was associated with the earliest recollections of his childhood. He distinctly remembered how, on the occasion of his having been found guilty of some offense, his father, after having administered a goodly number of energetic stripes to his bare back, had added the sententious expression, "*Sei una bestia!*"

Perhaps his recollection was sharpened by the extreme satisfaction one always feels at the cessation of what is hard to bear. Even now, when he felt himself unusually happy, it seemed to him as though an invisible voice cried out to him in a kindly tone, "*Sei una bestia!*" He remembered further how, after he heard the word *bestia* for the first time, he wandered about, looking at the various beasts he found in

town and field, wondering which of them all he was accused of being most like.

Now, as on the island of Capri there were almost no beasts of burden, such as horses, donkeys, and oxen, the animals he found on his tours of observation were of the more favored sort, such as cats, dogs, hogs, and the like, that one and all led gay and careless lives, and yet were kindly cared for by their owners, who had never a word of reproach to make them for their idleness, but seemed rather to encourage them in the course they pursued, until finally many of them by their end proved that, despite their idleness, they had lived to some purpose.

So Beppo argued in his simplicity that the significance of the nickname "*La Bestia*" was in no wise opprobrious, and as a consequence he accepted it in good part from whomsoever saw fit to designate him by it, narrowing his ambition to the limits it defined for him.

Lazy Beppo lay in the sun on the broad *marina* and seemed to be asleep, though he was not. He was indulging in one of his day-dreams with his eyes half open. It was contrary to his habit to sleep during the day, for the simple reason that by sleeping he would deprive himself of the pleasure of feeling that there is no enjoyment like that of the idler.

Occasionally he glanced benignly toward a small steamer that approached, puffing and blowing, and inwardly congratulated himself on not being compelled to exert himself as the poor, groaning engine did. The steamer discharged her passengers, and about the boats that brought them ashore there gathered a crowd of boys, girls, and men, crying and pulling and elbowing one another, so that they presented the appearance of a lot of evil-minded persons who had designs on the lives and goods of the arriving strangers, though their object really was to earn a few honest *bajocchi* by serving as guides or by carrying luggage.

Beppo silently watched the spectacle before him, remaining at his place on the soft sand without moving, except to raise his head and support his chin on his hands.

The greater part of the travelers, bewildered by the noise and confusion around them, confided their packages to the first assailant. But there was a young and stylish married couple among them who did not seem to be at all edified by the turmoil. They fought their way bravely through the crowd, keeping possession of their satchels despite every importunity to intrust them to other hands. In this way they came where our youthful philosopher lay stretched out on the sand. The contrast the picture presented and the strife and struggling they had just passed through seemed to interest them;

they approached the youth and stopped to look at him, and he, in no wise disconcerted, gave them unmoved gaze for gaze.

"He seems to be a genuine lazy-bones, at all events," said the gentleman, a little piqued by Beppo's independent air. The handsome young blonde by his side, however, was disposed to be better natured. With a nod and a smile she asked in tolerable Italian:

"Won't you carry our satchels up to our hotel for us, please?"

The reply to the suggestion was an admiring glance from Beppo's big brown eyes, which so excited the lady's interest in him that she determined he should perform the trifling service for them in order that she might have an opportunity to learn more of what, in his way, seemed a character. Beppo's first impulse was to refuse, but, either because he felt flattered by the respectful manner in which the lady proffered her request, or because he was fascinated by her beauty, he changed his mind and decided to undertake the task. He arose from the sand with a certain dignified deliberation which seemed to say, "If I accede to your request, I shall at least take my time about it"; but when he glanced at the two satchels a melancholy expression came over his finely-chiseled features as though, upon reflection, he already regretted having pledged himself to undertake so Herculean a task. But a kindly look from the lady gave him the courage to make the trial.

The weight of the two satchels was certainly not half what he could easily have carried, still he made such hard work of it that the gentleman, had he not been prevented by his fair companion, would have soundly berated him. He was so slow that they were far behind all their fellow travelers who, like themselves, had chosen the Hotel Pagano as their stopping-place. Still, if they were longer on the way than the others, they had probably more enjoyed the lovely views of the route, to which Beppo kept continually calling their attention, proving thereby that, if he had an aversion to taxing his muscles, he had none to keeping his eyes open to the beauties of nature.

Arrived at the hotel, and before the travelers could reward Master Beppo for his unwonted exertion, and let him go his way, he gave them additional evidence that his lazy body was animated by a thoughtful and sympathetic soul. On the way from the *marina*, despite the attention he had given to the various landscapes that presented themselves, he had found time to closely observe the youthful pair he was temporarily serving, and had arrived at the conviction that they were unusually happy and wonderfully fond of each other. As evidence that this was the

conclusion he had come to, he turned to the lady, after putting down the satchels, and asked with the utmost *bonhomie*:

"La signora is very happy, is she not?"

"Why, of course I am happy; why shouldn't I be?" she replied, laughing heartily, the gentleman joining her.

"Because your *signor marito* is very rich, I suppose?" continued Beppo.

Now they both laughed more heartily than before. Beppo did not feel at all offended at being laughed at, but fixed his big, handsome eyes on the joyous young lady and patiently waited. Why should he not be laughed at, he—*una bestia*?

Finally, the lady replied to him, and this time in a somewhat more serious tone than before: "Oh, no, there you are very much in error; if that were the cause of my happiness, it would fall far short of being what it is. My husband is not at all rich, quite the contrary in fact. All he has and all he gives me he earns from year to year by his industry and attention to business. No, it is because I love him and he loves me that I am to-day the happiest wife in all your beautiful Italy." And she leaned lovingly on her husband's shoulder, while he pressed her delicate white hand to his lips in response to a confession he had heard a good thousand times before.

"Give him an extra franc, he is so droll," she whispered, and the good-natured husband rewarded Beppo as richly as he would have deserved had there been any excuse for the ado he had made in rendering the trifling service. And he, in his simplicity, never suspected that the money he received was rather for the amusement he had afforded than for the Herculean task he had performed.

After the travelers had disappeared in the hotel, Beppo remained for some time standing before the door. He seemed more than ordinarily thoughtful. Was it the statement of the young wife that all they had—and they seemed to be well provided—was the reward of industry and attention to some calling, or was it the love the young couple evinced for each other that had impressed him so deeply and was at the bottom of his reflective mood? This would have been no easy question to answer, if he had not suddenly given his thoughts breath and exclaimed:

"If my poor sister Concetta could only be as happy as she!"

With the utterance of this fraternal wish, he turned toward home, which was distant only a few minutes' walk.

It was a dingy little house, in a narrow, out-of-the-way street, in which his people lived. His

mother and sister were busy spinning when he entered. Both were as much amazed as pleased at the little sum of money Beppo produced, and immediately added it to the general store.

But their cheerfulness was not of long duration. In a few minutes the tears began to fall rapidly from Concetta's dark, lustrous eyes on her flax, and Beppo, on inquiring into the cause, learned that her lover, Giuliano, had just been there with the intelligence that his hard, miserly father still persisted in refusing to give his consent to his son's marriage with a girl who brought no dowry.

That grieved Beppo to the heart, for he was very fond of his sister; indeed, he cared more for her than for any one else, not even excepting his parents. Not that she treated him any better, or seemed to care more for him than the other members of the family; but she was so handsome and graceful and light-hearted, except when something occurred to temporarily cloud her horizon, as, for example, the refusal of her Giuliano's Harpagon of a father to accept her as his daughter-in-law. There was nothing Beppo enjoyed more than to see her busy at her spinning-wheel, humming the while little snatches of familiar love-songs. Beppo was very proud as well as fond of Concetta; and how just he, *una bestia*, chanced to have such a lovely sister, the prettiest girl in the neighborhood, was an enigma he could never solve.

And it was a conviction he had long since arrived at that so beautiful and sunny a creature was born to make the journey through life without encountering the ills and being burdened with the cares that fall to the lot of the less favored. Never had Beppo sympathized so deeply with Concetta as to-day, on account of his having the picture of happiness afforded by the two travelers so fresh in his memory. And, as he compared the lovely, blue-eyed stranger with his dark, lustrous-eyed sister, he was sure he did not err in thinking Concetta was the more beautiful of the two, and hence, according to his philosophy, ought to be the happier.

After a while the father came home, the bearer of sad news:

"The post-packet has arrived," said he, "and brings word that my sister in Naples is dead. One of us must go over there to see about her effects; we are the only relations she had. She can't have left much, but even a few scudi we shall be glad to get, especially as we have a drone in the house to feed; and then it's only proper that some one of us should be at the funeral."

Beppo, as usual, paid no attention to this side-thrust, but Concetta felt that in judicial fairness it was her duty, this time at least, to defend him.



"So, so!" cried the father. "He is beginning to bring home money, is he? Well, we'll give him an opportunity to practice the art without taxing his muscles, which, if I know him, will be much more to his taste than carrying travelers' luggage.—Beppo, you will go over to Naples to-morrow, by the packet, attend the funeral services, and bring home whatever of value your aunt may have left behind her. Do you hear?"

Beppo had heard, and intimated that he was quite willing to yield obedience to the paternal command. In fact, the mission was most agreeable to him: he looked upon it as a pleasure-trip, and rightly argued that it would add something to his knowledge of the world. And yet, soon afterward, he seemed to have fallen into a train of thought that—much to the surprise of them all, he was usually so phlegmatic—exercised him greatly. Was it the importance of the mission he was to set out on the next day, or was it the obstacle Giuliano and Concetta had to contend with, that occupied him; or was it, perchance, something else—reflections, possibly, that were suggested by his adventure with the two travelers? Certain it is that he was restless, a prey to some inward commotion, for that night he was heard to groan and mutter as we are wont to do when we have something on our minds that will not allow us to sleep soundly. Nevertheless, he arose betimes the next morning, and, to all appearance, in the best possible frame of mind. He might have suggested the philosopher who has succeeded in arriving at a satisfactory solution of a problem that has taxed all his powers of thought. He set out on his journey as joyously as he could have done had it been his own wedding he was going to instead of the funeral of a near relation.

But, when the time arrived for him to return, he did not come. The Naples packet had made four or five trips, and not only did the absent Beppo not appear, but there were no tidings from him.

Meanwhile the whole village was thrown into a state of excitement by an occurrence the like of which had not till then been known in the history of Capri.

Giuliano, Concetta's lover, one morning burst unceremoniously into the house of his lady-love, with the startling intelligence that in the night his father had been robbed in a most unaccountable manner of all his money.

The old man, after the fashion of the indigenous miser, kept nearly his whole possessions, in gold and bank-notes, in a little box that stood under his bed, and this box had now disappeared, with its entire contents. The old Harpagon, in one night, therefore, had become a comparatively poor man, for the portion of his wealth that was productive was small. True, by the loss

of this dead, unproductive capital, he was not really any the poorer, but this was a view of the case his philosophy was not prepared to take. Nor did Giuliano seem any more inclined to look upon the occurrence in this light than his money-loving father; it is not pleasant to be suddenly forced to exchange the position of heir to a considerable fortune for that of a poor man's son, even though wealth thus far has been a hindrance rather than an aid in attaining one's ends.

With the neighborhood, the authorities also were awakened from their wonted lethargy, and with praiseworthy zeal they considered every circumstance that could possibly throw any light on the case. But they discovered nothing beyond the simple facts that the thief must have entered the house either at the door or at the window, and with cat-like stealth have possessed himself of his booty. As to who the thief was, whence he came, or whether he had gone, no one had a plausible theory.

Fortunately, public attention was soon diverted from a subject to which it seemed useless for it to be turned, by another event of equal import and of a more pleasing character. Beppo returned, bringing a very considerable sum of money—a small fortune, in fact. He stated that the Neapolitan aunt, in her later years, according to universal report, had been exceedingly miserly, and that, when they came to examine her effects, it was discovered that she had amassed a sum of which no one had the least suspicion.

The general joy was great, and the poor aunt, like many another, never did half as much in all her life to commend herself to her relations as she did by thus opportunely taking leave of the flesh. And the whole town, it is safe to assert, was far more rejoiced to see the poor laborer thus suddenly enriched than it had been grieved to see the rich old miser suddenly impoverished.

Beppo heard the news of the great robbery with that phlegmatic indifference which became his philosophy; he, however, made a suggestion which excited general admiration for its magnanimity. It was that, as Concetta was now the daughter of a well-to-do man, while her lover was the son of a poor one, and that, as a consequence, the objections which had heretofore been urged against their union no longer existed, they be united at once. True, Concetta's mother intimated that it was very doubtful whether she and her husband, under existing circumstances, would condescend to give their beautiful, well-dowered daughter to a young man who was now not only poor, but had no expectations; but when Concetta swore by all the saints in the calendar that she would marry Giuliano, though the heavens objected and the sea interposed, the mother was so impressed by the daughter's vehemence

that she concluded to accept, with the best grace she could, that which, from time immemorial, good mothers have found it hardest to endure—an indigent son-in-law.

Without discussing the matter further, Concetta's parents decided to go immediately to the unhappy miser with the marriage proposition. They were hardly on the way when Concetta, in her joy, threw her arms around her brother's neck and kissed him, and thanked him as though he were not "lazy Beppo," but a sensible young fellow and an honor to the family; and he!—he had never before been half so happy!

"How beautiful she will look on her wedding-day," soliloquized Beppo, "and how the people will look at her when she's on her way to the church! I hope the foreign gentleman and lady are still here, and that they may see them. I'd like to have them know there are people here just as handsome and just as happy as they are, for Giuliano, too, need not be ashamed to show himself anywhere."

In about an hour the parents returned. The old miser had not been found difficult to persuade, and the wedding, it had been decided, was to take place in the course of a few days. Concetta and Beppo were overjoyed.

The wedding-day came. Concetta looked more beautiful than ever in her bridal costume—quite as beautiful as her admiring brother had pictured her, and his pride and delight knew no bounds when he discovered among the throng of spectators the blonde signora, who, in his opinion, did not look half so lovely as the bride.

After the ceremony, the guests repaired to the house of the groom's father, which, despite its present impoverished condition, was comparatively well suited to the wants of the occasion, to partake of the modest collation that had been prepared. Besides a few intimate friends, the *curato* and *sindaco*, as the representatives of the spiritual and temporal authorities, had been invited.

Beppo sat unnoticed at the most remote end of the table, where first and foremost he did full justice to what had been provided to eat and drink. And, when he was able neither to eat nor to drink any more, he sat back in his chair, folded his arms across his breast, and fixed his eyes upon the young couple before him with a look of proud satisfaction.

"Now she is not only as beautiful, but she is as happy, as the little signora," he thought.

Suddenly he arose from his chair, and, in a loud and measured tone, inquired of the curate and the mayor whether Giuliano and Concetta were husband and wife in accordance with all the rites of the Church and the state—whether, in short, they were now inseparably united. And,

when they had both positively and earnestly assured him that they were, he asked a second question, that excited the curiosity of the listeners still more than had the first—whether people who were sent to prison and to the galleys were compelled to work. This question they answered in the affirmative also, adding that all convicts were made to apply themselves very industriously, as this was deemed best for their health, as well as the surest means of effecting their reform. Beppo smiled, but in his smile there was more of melancholy than of joyousness, which still further heightened the curiosity of all present; and now, addressing himself to the mayor, Beppo made the longest speech of his life:

"Since, then, this marriage can not be set aside, I will confess what I have done," he began. "Know, Signor Sindaco, that I robbed this hard-hearted old miser here, in order that he might no longer stand in the way of my sister and her lover, Giuliano, his son, getting married. I walked from Naples to Massa, and from there I rowed over here in the night and crept into his house at the door, for, not being bolted, it was easy to open. But I was terribly afraid he would wake up, and I must have been a whole hour in getting the box from under his bed. But, then, I ran all the faster and was still able to get back to Massa before morning. I filled my pockets with his money and threw the box into the sea; I then returned to Naples, where I took the packet for home just as though I had been there all the time, and as though I was really bringing home the inheritance from my aunt, who, in truth, died so poor that she did not leave a scudo behind her. Now he can have his money back again, but, if he don't treat Concetta right, I'll rob him again, if I ever get a chance! And, Signor Sindaco, when I am sent to prison, I should like to be sent over to the island Nisida, because from there I can see over to Capri."

Hereupon Beppo stretched out his hands as though he expected to be immediately manacled, while the tears trickled down his olive cheeks. Now all was confusion; some scolded and some indulged in cries of lamentation, while others, seeing the affair in its humorous aspect, indulged in a hearty laugh. Beppo was the only one who remained really calm. But there was only one course for the *sindaco* to pursue: he was compelled to put Beppo under arrest, and to hand him over to the authorities, unpleasant as the duty was. He, however, exerted himself to console the friends and relations of the youthful criminal, and especially Concetta, whose grief surpassed that of all the others.

"It is just and proper that he should be punished," said the *sindaco*, "for the majesty of the law must, at all times, be upheld, and theft is

theft, no matter what the circumstances may be under which it is committed; but the punishment in this case, it is to be hoped, will not be over-severe, for judges are men, and will consider the motive the criminal had in view, and also the fact that his confession was entirely voluntary."

And then he promised to use all his influence in Beppo's behalf, adding that he was quite confident the *curato* would take pleasure in doing likewise. Those most nearly interested in his welfare were, in some measure, pacified by these representations and promises, still, when the prisoner was being taken to the mainland to be tried, his father's grief and anger so far overcame him that he could not refrain from crying out to Beppo, as he stepped into the boat:

"O Beppo, who would have believed that

you would one day have brought this disgrace upon us! *O che bestia che tu sei!*"

"But, father, you know I can't be a *bestia* always—I must learn to work some time," Beppo replied, with a complacent smile.

And, as the boat pushed off, he cried out once more: "Greet the beautiful blonde lady at the Pagano, if you should see her; you owe her more than you think."

At that moment he saw his sister fall on her knees in the sand and bury her face in her hands; but Giuliano raised her up and pressed her to his breast, and there she remained, her forehead resting against his shoulder, as long as Beppo could see them. Then he stretched himself out in the boat, gazed, dreaming, at the blue heavens above him, and enjoyed to the full his last *dolce far niente*.

HANS HOFFMANN (*Die Rundschau*).

## MODERN FRENCH ART.

THERE is an interesting chapter in the "Memorabilia" of Xenophon, which records a conversation between Socrates and the painter Parrhasius. The latter, then a young man, was doubtless already showing that tendency to occupy himself with ignoble and even vicious subjects for which he was afterward notorious, and we find Socrates endeavoring to persuade him to abide by the traditions of the olden time, which allowed nothing to be represented but what was noble and beautiful. He argues that it is the business of the artist to portray not only the outward form of man, but also, as he puts it, "the workings of the mind as they are expressed by the form. . . . 'Surely,' he asks, 'nobleness and generosity, meanness and illiberality, self-control and wisdom, insolence and vulgarity, make themselves seen in the countenance and postures of men as they stand or move.' 'It is so,' answered Parrhasius. 'Can not, then, these things be represented?' 'Undoubtedly they can.' 'Which do you think, then, that men look upon with more satisfaction—pictures in which noble and good and lovable characters are portrayed, or those which exhibit what is deformed and evil and detestable?' 'By Zeus,' he said, 'Socrates, there can be no question about the matter!'"

What Socrates seems to imply in these remarks is, that works of art which represent the actions and feelings of men produce the same sort of effect on the beholder as would result from actual intercourse. As we see men in real

life consorting with the good to their own satisfaction and profit, so a picture which portrays good actions, and pure or noble feelings, imparts a moral influence of an elevating kind. There is, therefore, an obligation on the artist so to choose his subjects that those who look on his work shall come in contact only with what is ennobling.

This view of art is not one, however, which finds universal acceptance. In opposition to it it is urged, and urged with considerable force, that this importation of moral ideas into art opens the door to sentiments and prejudices which may easily be destructive of sound criticism. A work of art, it is said, must be judged on artistic grounds alone; if it is good as art, this is all we ought to require of it. This contention that art stands by itself, and exists, as the phrase goes, for its own sake, is in English minds especially associated with the art school of France, where artists, as a rule, in choosing their subjects, seem to care only that the situation shall be striking, and where critics are content if these situations are represented with force and technical skill.

It is no part of the intention of the present article to enter on a discussion of these opposing views. There can be no doubt, on the one hand, that it may be often advisable to protest strongly against the intrusion of certain moral and religious prejudices in a militant attitude into the domain of art criticism; and nothing which is here said about the necessity of adopting, to some extent, the moral-point of view must be taken as

implying that technical excellence is not of essential importance in all works of which the critic is to judge favorably. No matter what may have been the intention of the painter in his work, no matter how full his mind has been of pure and elevated ideas which he has sought to convey by it, if the work fails as art, it fails altogether. Such things as awkward composition, unnatural posing, bad drawing, slovenly execution, neither gods nor men nor hanging committees can be asked to tolerate.

Yet, on the other hand, to make his work technically blameless is only a part of what the artist has to do. We can not accept this as the all-in-all of art without finding that we are doing violence to a part of our nature. It is true that, where a work of art is purely ornamental, it appeals only to the artistic sense, and can be dealt with on artistic grounds alone; but, whenever what is represented is some aspect of human life, the work at once evokes a different set of feelings. It is a plain fact of experience, as Socrates pointed out, that we look on certain scenes with delight and profit, and turn from others in disgust. It is equally certain that these feelings arise naturally in the mind when we look at representations of those scenes, and it is only by making an effort that we can avoid taking such considerations into account.

Whether or not it is worth while to make such an effort is a matter which may be left for discussion. Common sense would suggest that we should accept the facts of our nature as they stand, and give full importance to all the feelings that are natural to us in each situation. And, if any further argument were needed to enforce this view, it could be found in the practice of the great art schools of the past. What gives to Greek art and to that of the early Renaissance period their high position is not only the mastery of the workman over his materials and his fine sense of artistic effect, but his effort in everything to express ideas. The statues of the best period of Hellenic art are not merely beautiful shapes, not merely finely posed and accurate representations of the human form, but are the embodiment of the moral conceptions of the people—forcible presentments of that type of human character, strong at once and reposeful, which Greek moralists inculcated, and the best men of the nation strove to realize. In the same way, those deeper experiences of human nature which the mediæval world owed to Christianity were wrought by the great Italian masters into their work; and, if we find them dwelling at times upon sorrow and pain, it was not for the sake of mere effect, but for the sake of some spiritual expression associated with them. To come in contact with works of this order at once raises our ideal of the true

function of the artist. He becomes, in view of these great achievements of the past, no mere minister to our sense of the beautiful, no conjurer surprising us by startling effects, and taking our eyes captive by feats of dexterity; but one rather who has the power of calling forth our deeper feelings, and of giving us a clearer insight into human nature in all its capacity for tender or noble emotion. It is his to show the spirit of man victorious over circumstance and trouble and death; to keep bright before our minds the ideals which are apt to grow dim to those involved in the business of the world; and, as Bacon finely observes about the function of poetry, to feed our aspirations after perfection, and "to give some shadow of satisfaction to the mind of man in those points wherein the nature of things doth deny it."

If there is any truth in these suggestions, it is allowable to look at modern art, not of course exclusively, but to a certain extent from the moral point of view; that is, with reference to the effort in it to represent what is pure or tender or dignified in human nature. This does not mean a demand for grand subjects or exalted sentiment; a child—a peasant-girl—a simple scene of charity—affords ample scope for that sympathetic treatment which at once gives to a painting the higher artistic value; and it is the grievous scarcity of work of this kind, as well as of the worthy treatment of great themes, which is the first and most important point to notice about the art of modern France.

The Fine Arts section of the International Exhibition of 1878 gave an opportunity for a comparison of the schools of the different European countries. As a result of this, it was difficult to resist the conclusion that the work of the most important school, that of France, though excelling the rest in academic qualities, had really less of true interest to offer. For example, whatever were the shortcomings, from a technical point of view, of English art, there was in it a feeling for beauty and for nature, a delight in brightness and color, and a wholesome freshness, which had a value above all the hard and unsympathetic cleverness of the French painters. With the notable exception of the "*Cierge à la Madone*" of M. Laugée, with its quaint and serious presentment of the religious life of the thirteenth-century peasant—a picture now in the Luxembourg—there was hardly anything which had the poetic feeling which gives charm to art. What were most conspicuous upon the walls of the French section were vast canvases, executed, it is true, in a very vigorous and workmanlike manner, which represented, for the most part, scenes from which in real life we should have been glad to turn our eyes.



For instance, it was impossible for the eye to travel far without lighting upon some scene of death, and death in its least noble aspects. There was death in battle, death in the waters, death by pestilence, death by the stroke of the headsmen, death by slow lingering after wounds. There were the seven sons of Saul, bound and pierced, in every possible attitude of crucifixion, and hanging dead, dying, or tortured aloft, while Rizpah, a strong virago, fought with the vultures below. There was St. Sebastian, after his first martyrdom, with all the apparatus of death about him, appearing before the Roman Emperor, and feigning that he had risen from the tomb. Nor was the grave permitted to keep its secrets; but in one picture, and that by one of the most serious of the French painters, M. Laurens, a dead man was shown dragged from his coffin, and set up to answer at a mock trial for the acts he had done in life. A powerful picture by M. Sylvestre, which gained the *Prix du Salon* in 1876, and now hangs in the Luxembourg, represented Locusta trying upon the person of a slave, in the presence of Nero, the poison prepared for Britannicus. On the floor the dying man had flung himself in horrible convulsions, while the murderers looked quietly down upon him. In all this class of work, however, M. P. P. L. Glaize carried off the palm with his "Conjurament of Roman Youths," in which the conspirators were ratifying their oath by drinking the blood of a slain man, whose hideous figure, with all the ghastly detail necessary to explain the subject, was a prominent object in the composition.

It is pleasant to find that in this year's *Salon* such work as this is far less obtrusive than in previous exhibitions, while pictures and statues conceived with earnest feeling and carried out in a poetic manner, it is by no means impossible to find. At the same time the criticism offered above applies to a very large extent; the subjects of many of the most important pictures are dealt with without any regard for the dignity or pathos which might be given to their treatment, and this want makes itself all the more felt the higher the technical qualities displayed. Thus, to take a very conspicuous instance, the "Flagellation of our Lord," by M. Bouguereau, is one of the great pictures of this year. In composition and drawing, and especially in finish, the work takes a high place; but, in the case of the principal figure, the artist seems to have had no other aim but that of portraying the extremity of physical suffering. The form of the Christ hangs from fastenings round the upstretched arms, and would but for them sink helplessly upon the floor; the body is bent inward to avoid the blows, and the head hangs back. The representation of any figure in mis-

erable agony like this would be wholly painful; but, when we attempt to realize for a moment what this scene must have been, and remember the noble and pathetic treatment of it by the Italian masters, we are amazed that one of the foremost painters in France should give us such a representation of the sufferer. Nor can he be justified on the plea of realism. A Roman scourging was severe, but a brave man could bear it without that agonized contortion of the body which is all that can be seen in M. Bouguereau's figure; and, even if some such violent gesture were demanded by the subject, the expression of the head might surely be used to restore dignity to the whole. Yet it is precisely here that the painter surrenders most completely all attempt to represent the character of Christ. Looking at the subject from the merely human point of view, how is it possible in that head flung wildly back, and those eyes turned up under half-closed eyelids with a ghastly expression, to recognize the man of whom it is written that, not many hours before, at his simple profession of himself, "I am he," armed men had gone backward and fallen to the ground!

The same kind of remark applies to another prominent work of this year's *Salon*, the "Job" of M. Bonnat. If this were merely an academic study of an old man, nothing could be said about it but that it is very ugly. But with what sense of congruity can we connect this nearly naked figure, under a strong studio-light, which brings into relief every tendon and vein and every fold of skin on the emaciated form, with one of the grandest forms in the literature of the world?

And if these powerful and learnedly handled pictures fail so utterly in dignity of expression, no less unfortunate is the French school in its effort to deal with Greek subjects. Paris possesses some of the masterpieces of ancient art, but it is not easy to find a trace of true classical feeling at the yearly *Salon*. The noble example of Ingres and David seems entirely lost, and classical subjects are at present chosen for the most part as convenient cloaks for modern indecency.

For instance, even M. Gérôme's masterly picture of "Phryne before her Judges" misses the true sentiment of the scene. The moral of it, as it is described to us by Greek writers, is simply the powerful effect of pure beauty upon the Athenian mind; an effect which was produced on other memorable occasions, and which had nothing in it connected with sensual appetite. Phryne was a courtesan, but it was not as a courtesan that she appeared on this occasion. She seemed, we are told, to be some priestess of Aphrodite, and struck a superstitious awe into the beholders. Her attitude, we may be sure,

was one of conscious power rather than of shamefaced shrinking, as M. Gérôme has represented it. The picture, in other words, is modern, not Greek, in sentiment.

A most astonishing example of the extent to which it is possible to travesty a fine classical motive, is to be found in a "Bacchus and Ariadne," by M. Ranvier, in this year's *Salon*. Here, the figure of "Ariadne," who is making a pretense of being asleep, is only saved from being seriously offensive because we can not imagine it to represent anything but a French *soubrette*.

Beautiful, too, in finish and in composition of line and light-and-shade as is "The Birth of Venus," by M. Bouguereau, the great ornament of last year's *Salon*, and now in the Luxembourg, we miss in it the old Greek simplicity. Any look of self-consciousness, any air of being observed and thinking how one appears, is out of place in a mythological subject. The Venus and the attendant nymphs of M. Bouguereau are Frenchwomen, not creatures of the primeval religion of ancient Greece. It may be said generally on this subject that in France, with the exception of Ingres's pure and graceful figure, "La Source," now happily in the Louvre, it would be difficult to find the naked female form dealt with in that classical simplicity which in Mr. Poynter's work is so admirable, and which alone renders it a fit subject for treatment in modern art. M. Bouguereau's group of water-nymphs, which gained a medal in 1878, though on the whole purely conceived and drawn with exquisite grace, and fortunate, moreover, in some simple poses which looked like studies from models resting, was utterly ruined, so far as feeling goes, by the introduction of two male figures peeping through a bush, and the detestable expression of one of the nymphs who had caught sight of them.

In the above remarks the modern French school has been regarded mainly with reference to its choice of subjects and its treatment of religious and classical themes. If it has been necessary to point to a great want on the one hand of dignity, on the other of simplicity, in such treatment, and to a morbid delight in scenes of horror, which marks some of its ablest painters, it must at once be added that there are other points of view from which we must regard work of this kind with the highest respect. English pictures may, as a rule, give more pleasure and exercise a more wholesome influence than those of France; but we must not forget that they are mostly on a small scale, and even then are often not altogether free from faults in the matter of drawing, tone, and perspective, which would be painfully apparent were the size of the work increased. There are not a few English painters,

whose work has beauty and true poetic value, who would be helpless before those vast canvases upon which young French artists can set to work at once with vigor and correctness. It is easy, for instance, to call such work as M. Doré's "theatrical." It means something, however, to be able to carry out, without any appearance of hesitation or confusion, works on such a colossal scale; and it is something of which English art-students have very often but little idea.

It means, in the first place, long application to artistic study over a wide field; and, next, the knowledge of sound methods of work, and of all the various matters which go to the making up of a picture. How various and how important these are—what thorough mastery of perspective, what knowledge of costume and of architecture, what ingenuity in the mechanical appliances of the studio, are required for these great works—is hardly realized among art-students on this side of the Channel, but is understood down to the smallest detail in France.

This is no doubt partly due to the painstaking character and love of method of the people; but it is also to a great extent the result of long tradition. Notwithstanding the social storms that have swept over France, art has there had a more unbroken history than anywhere else in Europe. Through Nicolas Poussin, who spent much of his life at Rome in ardent study of Raffaele and the ancients, the French school is linked on to the schools of Italy. It was Le Brun, however, at one time a pupil of Poussin, who gave to French art its distinctive character. A man of masculine genius and untiring industry, Le Brun found no canvas too large, no space of time too short, for his vigorous compositions and rapid execution; and the example he set has been kept before the eyes of French students ever since. It is true that art in France, like literature, had its period of pettiness, which succeeded to the days of the "grand style"; but at the close of the eighteenth century we find the same sort of power displayed in the works of David and his pupils, and of that splendid but short-lived genius, Géricault. From that time there has been an unbroken tradition of good, methodical work in the French school, which has won for it the position it holds in Europe.

The character of French art is best described by the word "academic." By this is meant that it stands at the opposite pole to an art which closely follows Nature like that of England. An academic school rests on traditions, and educates its students to abide by certain laws and methods. A school like the English, on the contrary, sends its pupils directly to Nature, and leaves them to deal with the impressions they receive in a spirit of individuality. There are here, of course, strong

and weak points on each side. There is no intention in the present article unduly to depreciate academic methods. In our own country, genius unhampered by tradition has, in a Shakespeare, a Turner, a Shelley, achieved such splendid results that we are perhaps inclined to undervalue the aids of rule and system in the domain of art. But by these aids is secured a result of no small importance—a certain general level of excellence all through a school. They can not supply the place of genius; but they can obviate the blunders and mishaps to which, as some modern English pictures may teach us, individuality without true genius is liable.

Now, this is the strong point of the French school. It is not too much to say that, of all the part of the artist's work which can be *learned*, it has a mastery. For the points of excellence which go to produce a work of art may be divided roughly into two sets, of which one is a matter of training, and the other a matter of taste and natural sensibility. To begin with, there are the academic qualities, which comprise the power to draw correctly, and in such a way as to exhibit structure; to model, or give solidity by light and shade; to put a scene in perspective and represent distance by changes in size and strength of tone; to group masses together so that each helps the effect of the others; to lead the eye of the spectator to the right point in the composition, and to make the picture tell its story, while every accessory works in with the idea of the whole. These are points which training enables the student to master. On the other side are those qualities which must to a great extent depend upon his individual genius. Foremost among these is a sense of beauty. Then comes the power of rendering expression; and under this head may be included a fine appreciation of form as distinct from mere correct drawing, for it is by very subtle changes in line that a figure is made to look noble or the reverse. Next there is the eye for color, which seems of all the artist's stock-in-trade the most distinctly a gift of nature; and, lastly, we have, what is perhaps the rarest as well as the finest of all artistic qualities, the power of fine handling in painting. Painting is not the mere representation of solid forms by the use of the brush instead of the chalk. It involves an exquisite lightness and dexterity of hand, by which solidity is expressed with crisp touches laid on side by side, leaving the whole texture open. The true painter avoids mixing up his shades upon his palette, but breaks pure tints one into the other with rapid, unerring touch. Looked at closely, each passage seems a sort of mist of blending hues, but a little way off it assumes its proper local color, while in each of these patches of local color the painter's skill

has introduced a hint of all the rest. What painting means, in fact, is all that loving care in handiwork which makes a fine passage of color by Titian, Reynolds, or Millais, as full of charm as a song of Shakespeare.

If the first set of these qualities has been mastered by the French, we may fairly claim for English artists a great natural feeling for some of the latter. The knowledge and skill of our neighbors, though often thrown away upon repulsive subjects, give much power to their treatment of scenes which appeal to their best emotions; while the freedom and grace of the English, though often wasted on frivolous themes, produce in works like Mr. Millais's "Huguenot" a result of high poetic value. The love of the French painters for scenes of death has been already noticed. In some pictures, where what is dwelt upon is not the horror but the calm of death, the air of mastery in the work gives it at once a high position. There was, for instance, in the Exhibition of 1878, a picture by M. Laurens of the Austrian staff-officers before the dead body of Marceau—a very solemn and noble representation of the respect of brave men for a brave enemy. Still finer, perhaps, was "The Body of Cæsar," by M. Rixens, in the *Salon* of 1876. The corpse was being borne along by three slaves through empty streets. It was difficult to know which to admire most—the drawing and composition of the figures, or the air of impressive stillness over the scene. The striking picture of M. Moreau de Tours, in this year's *Salon*, of the death in battle of La Tour d'Auvergne, well sustains comparison with these.

Such works do not, however, admit of much beauty in the treatment, and beauty is just the quality most difficult to find in French art. It is not to be seen in their portraits of women and children, which are, as a rule, hard and unpleasing; not seldom, as is the case this year with the work of M. Carolus Duran, pictures rather of a costume than of a person. It is not to be found in the nude figures of a pseudo-classical type, which are as plentiful this year as ever. There is about these a want of any fine feeling for form, and the small waists of the Parisian *modiste* appear instead of the more simple line from shoulder to hip of the Greek statues. In this respect England possesses in Mr. Poynter a finer draughtsman than France can boast, notwithstanding all the delicacy and precision of the pencil of M. Bouguereau. Even the work of M. Meissonier, of which it is impossible to speak without high admiration for its power of conveying subtle expression and its inimitable finish, makes little effort after beauty, and possesses no imaginative or poetic quality.

It is but fair to say that this year's *Salon*

shows more endeavor after expression and beauty than has been visible before. In the picture of Charles VI and Odette, by M. Zier, there is much pathos in the head of the unfortunate king as it lies helplessly upon the bosom of the young girl who is supporting him; though the painter has failed in the more difficult task of rendering the face of Odette. The two pictures of M. Cazin, "Ismael" and "Tobie," are full of feeling, though this effect may be in great part due to the extreme slowness of the painting. The face of Hagar is hidden; but the boy Ishmael looks up at her with a good deal of wistful longing and at the same time tenderness for her sorrow, while the loneliness of the wanderers in the desert is admirably expressed. It is, however, in the pictures of M. Laugée and M. Laugée fils that French art shows its most interesting side—pictures of peasant-life, painted in thorough sympathy with the poor, and without any carelessness for the beauty which is quite compatible with true realism. With these may be compared the expressive but rather melancholy pictures of M. Jules Breton, who appeals perhaps more readily to English sympathies than any other foreign artist. The fault in these works is the same that may be observed in the painting of the last-named artists; they are very low in tone, with the result that the shadows are too dark to please an English painter, and the color is laid on with a somewhat heavy hand. Though they possess in M. Meissonier a painter of matchless precision of touch, a great part of whose work has a brightness which is beyond all praise, they seem, both in historical pictures and in landscape and portraiture, to be content with a dull, monotonous style of painting, which is the thing the English make most effort to avoid. The reason of this is not far to seek. Owing to their academic training, the French can make up their minds exactly what to do, and how to do it. Every object in their pictures looks solid and in its proper place. At the first glance the work can be seen to be *right*. A second look makes us, however, conscious that it wants just that character which gives their charm to works like those of our Scotch landscape-painters. It is not, as these are, the expression of delight in Nature. Our students, only half educated as they may seem when judged by foreign standards, respond with genuine enthusiasm to the beauty of the world about them. Their works are like poems; they do them because they can not help it. The color, the brightness, the delicacy, the myriad complexities of Nature touch them with true delight and wonder, and, in an artless way, they set themselves down to copy them. The French student knows that he must keep his picture, as it is said, "together," and down go the high

lights, which in Nature sparkle from point to point, and fall often where the artist does not want them. He is anxious to secure solidity, and can do this in brown and white; so he sets no store by color. He has to cover large spaces of canvas, and has no time to bestow on care in the mere handling of pigment. The result is, that a French composition looks often better as an engraving than in its original form; and it is with a sense of disappointment that we come to see French pictures which have been familiar to us in reproductions.

There has been no attempt in the present article to survey the whole field of French and English art, but only to touch upon a few of the strong and weak points in each. There is more intellect, more power to grasp a large subject, more command of the technical side of art in France than in our own country. Our artists possess, on the other hand, natural gifts which have already won for our school a high position in Europe. We may assume that to English painting will always belong those qualities which have here been claimed for it. A great work of art demands, however, something more than these; and it is here, in the conception and working out of subjects, that our art is weak. At the same time this very weakness springs in a way from what is best in it. It results mainly from that loving study of Nature which marks our young painters. Their ideal in work is to follow out all the intricate markings, catch all the subtle gradations of hue, in some natural object. Such patient, self-forgetful labor as they will bestow on bits of foreground is an end in itself, and brings its own reward; those who give themselves up to it are not unnaturally careless of "ideas" and "high art," and the "traditions of the ancients." Upon this subject Mr. Poynter makes some most valuable remarks in his recently published "Lectures on Art," where he administers a robust rebuke to any sentimental dwelling on leaves and flowers, and insists upon the view, which all experience confirms, that nothing great in art can be achieved without imagination and thought.

We are said, however, to be an unimaginative people. The generation that has seen the enchanted canvases of Turner in their first freshness, whose patriarchs have stood by the newly made graves of Shelley and of Keats, and who still listen, in the voice of John Ruskin, to the utterance of one of the most ideal and aspiring spirits that has adorned literature, need not trouble itself much about this imputation. Nor can there be really wanting to English painters that capacity for great work which the men of our nation have shown, and are showing, in a hundred different fields. There is imagination



enough in the English to rise to the height of any conception, and intellect enough to carry it out with perfect mastery. What is needed is the sort of system that they have in France, and the very want of it, with the consequent weakness of our technique, might well inspire some of our leading painters to become the founders of such a tradition. What modern art requires is an example of work which shall be as strong as that

of the French, and beautiful with all the poetic feeling and delicate handling of the English school of Nature—work, too, which shall be the expression of delight in what is pure and lovely, and of good report, and shall have about it, in the often quoted words of Plato, "the effluence from noble deeds, like a breeze that wafteth health from salubrious places."

GERARD BALDWIN BROWN (*Nineteenth Century*).

## TWO AMERICAN DIVINES.

DR. BUSHNELL AND DR. MUHLENBERG.

DEAN STANLEY has observed that one noteworthy effect of the absence in America of a state Church, or of a predominant theological creed, is, that not only is there a greater number and variety of sects, but that within each sect there is a wider diversity of opinion, a freer movement of independent thought, a more pronounced and jealously guarded individuality. Every one who has familiarized himself with recent and current theological literature must have been impressed by this significant fact; and its truth is very strikingly illustrated by the just published biography of the late Dr. Horace Bushnell.\*

Dr. Bushnell is declared by one who knew him well, and who did not speak lightly, to have been "one of the great quickening thinkers of the world"; and though his conceptions, to our mind, partook rather of the character of speculation than of conclusive and demonstrative thought, yet there can be no doubt that he exercised a profoundly stimulating, vivifying, and, on the whole, healthful influence upon the religious ideas of his time—an influence which disseminated itself in multiform and indirect ways, and which could not always be traced back to its origin. From Dean Stanley's point of view, however, the most striking feature of Dr. Bushnell's career is the fact that so original, so independent, and so aggressive a thinker could find "room and verge enough" within the limits of one of the orthodox churches. Fifty years ago there was no lack of precision and definiteness in the creed of New England Congregationalism, nor is there any apparent lack now; and it is a striking testimony either to the elasticity of an apparently cast-iron creed, or to the essential

liberality of those who interpret it, that a man like Dr. Bushnell was able, during a long career of growing, not to say fluctuating, opinions, to maintain his standing within the fold.

For it can not be denied that, whether the differences were "fundamental" or not, Dr. Bushnell's views upon nearly every one of the leading points of Christian belief differed very widely from those previously and commonly held by his denominational brethren. In the early and more rigid days of New England theology he would have been incontinently and peremptorily cast out as a heretic, and, even as it was, he did not escape persistent suspicion and bitter denunciation; but from first to last he maintained and retained his right to be regarded as an orthodox Congregationalist, and long before his ministry was ended he had come to be accepted as one of the great and shining lights of the sect. It would be difficult to find a better example than Dr. Bushnell's career affords of the modern tendency of the churches to "comprehension" rather than to "exclusion"; that is, to dealing with deviations from the commonly accepted creed by regarding them as allowable differences of interpretation instead of as "fundamental" errors or "damnable" heresies.

It is to this, we may say, more than to any other one fact or quality that the vitality, vigor, and variety of religious life in America are due. Within the old rigidly exact and formally precise definitions of the creeds there was and could have been no room for such a mind as Dr. Bushnell's; and yet a more fatal method than that of casting out such as he could not possibly be devised, for it would tend to show that even Protestant Christianity was losing that power of adjustment to the changed and changing needs of the time which has preserved it as a living faith,

\* *Life and Letters of Horace Bushnell*. With Portraits. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo.

while so many barren aggregations of dogma have come to be looked upon as fetters which the human race has discarded and left behind.

Any tolerably adequate record of such a career and character as that of Dr. Bushnell could hardly fail to be profoundly interesting, and certainly the biography before us possesses this interest in a very high degree; but it is less satisfactory than it might easily have been made, because the author or editor appears to have had no clear or definite conception of what was required or desirable. In writing the life of a man whose work is before the public, two modes of procedure are open to the biographer. He may either assume that his readers are already familiar with the nature of that work, and consequently confine himself to personal portraiture and the details of private and domestic life, or, if he aims to furnish in his biography all the information required concerning the work and opinions, as well as the life and character of his subject, he should do so systematically and adequately. In the "*Life and Letters of Horace Bushnell*," neither of these plans has been consistently adopted, the work being a sort of compromise between the two. Copious citations are introduced from Dr. Bushnell's published writings, and much attention is bestowed upon his system of thought and the development of his religious views; yet, when we come to ask ourselves at the end what precisely were Dr. Bushnell's opinions upon any given "point" or dogma, we find that the materials for an answer have been only partially supplied. For example, a large part of the biography is taken up with an account of the controversy which for ten years raged around the bold thinker because of the views expressed in his two treatises on "*God in Christ*," and "*Christ in Theology*"; yet, in spite of all that is written about them, we are left to infer or divine what those views were, though they might have been satisfactorily summarized in a paragraph of fifty lines. Of course, it is open to a biographer to say that, in the case of books so long published and so well known, the reader should go to them direct for his knowledge; but, then, such a suggestion should be acted upon by the biographer himself, and, had it been consistently followed in the present case, the book would have been reduced in dimensions by nearly a half, and thus rendered more readable as well as far more vivid in its personal portraiture.

To be perfectly fair to the authors of the biography, it should be admitted that the vagueness in which we are left as to the precise nature of Dr. Bushnell's opinions is due, in part at least, to the vagueness of those opinions themselves. In regard to nearly all his theological writings, Dr. Bushnell was accused of an intentional ob-

scurity of language, but close attention suffices to show that the obscurity of the language is but a reflection of the vagueness of the thought. Indeed, the Doctor distinctly repudiated clearness and precision as objects to be aimed at in this kind of writing, and constructed a brand-new theory of language to show that in the nature of things words can not do more than shadow forth thought, as soon as thought begins to deal with abstractions or ideas as distinct from things. Another explanation of such defects as are noticeable is to be found in the somewhat composite character of the work. It is not the homogeneous product of a single responsible mind, but the joint-work of several collaborators, working together indeed, but on independent lines. The major portion of the task appears to have been performed by Mrs. Mary Bushnell Cheney, with the assistance of several "critics, revisers, and helpers"; but one of the longest and most valuable chapters was written by the Rev. Dr. E. P. Parker, and the closing years are portrayed by Miss F. L. Bushnell. If something is gained in being thus enabled to view the subject from several different standpoints, the gain is more than compensated, perhaps, by a loss on the side of artistic construction.

In spite of all defects, however, the book affords a really vivid and touching picture of a singularly fine and noble character. Dr. Bushnell's work is before the world, and it is evident already that he must always hold a conspicuous place in the history of American theology; but nothing that he himself ever wrote will do more for the cause of that righteous and holy living which he had at heart than this loving record of his own pure and good life. After all, it is conduct rather than creed that tells. It used to be said that, but for the beauty of his character and the saintliness of his life, Dr. Bushnell would have had but small strength to stand up against his assailants on merely theological or doctrinal grounds; and this same sense of the predominance of personal character over theological opinions is derived from the book before us. Indeed, when once we become thoroughly acquainted with the noble lines upon which that character was built, we grow impatient of the continually recurring debate and controversy as to his opinions upon esoteric questions of theology. If ever the world had assurance of a good man, it had it in the case of Dr. Bushnell; and before that ultimate and all-important fact we rightly feel that dogmas, creeds, and formulas sink into comparative insignificance.

And it is no slight testimony to the substantial if late-coming justice of the popular judgment that in the end Dr. Bushnell, by no concessions of opinion, but by sheer force of right

living, won the amplest and most loving recognition. Beginning his career in doubt, almost in unbelief, he suffered during all his middle life something like persecution for opinions which could never be made to run smoothly in the conventional grooves; but he gradually lived down opposition, and in his venerable age he was revered, even by those who had formerly assailed him most bitterly, as little less than a prophet and a seer.

In the spring-time of his youth, almost any career might have been more plausibly predicted for Horace Bushnell than that of a clergyman. With rugged physical strength, a strong will, and no special liking or aptitude for study, such ability as he then manifested was of a mechanical and practical turn; and so strong was his bent in this direction that at the age of sixteen or seventeen he declined a college education urged upon him by his parents, who placed a higher estimate upon his mental quality at that time than he himself could be induced to accept. His mother, indeed, with fond devotion, had designed him for the ministry almost before the beginning of his conscious life; but in his father's mill for finishing domestic cloths he found his most congenial occupation, and at the age of fourteen, having entire charge of the carding-machine, and finding it out of order, he took it entirely apart, repaired, improved, and reconstructed it. A friend relates that, one day when he was suffering from a toothache, he built a rod or two of stone wall as a remedy; and his daughter, describing the pride with which long afterward he showed it to her, says that "it is doubtful if he was ever as well satisfied with any of his writings as he was with that stone wall." This combined taste for mechanical invention and for manual labor remained a prominent trait of Dr. Bushnell's throughout his life, and there was scarcely any department of work, into which engineering and mechanics enter, upon which he could not furnish valuable assistance and suggestions.

Even when, at the age of twenty-one, he repented of his former refusal, and decided to take a course at Yale College, his favorite studies were still scientific, and he devoted himself especially to chemistry, though geology and astronomy were also deeply interesting to him. When, however, he came to select a career, he turned toward the professions, instead of, as might have been expected, to civil engineering or some practical pursuit; and, after a brief experiment with journalism (which he found "a terrible life"), qualified himself for the practice of the law. His plan was to go to some Western city, there to enter a law-office and work his way into the arena of politics; but, just as he was on the point of starting, he received an invitation to become a tutor

in Yale College, and his acceptance of this, under the gentle urgency of his mother, decided his future career: for here he was surrounded by influences which drew him gradually but irresistibly into the ministry.

At home the religious ideas imbibed by the youthful Horace were rigidly orthodox—almost Calvinistic—in character. Veneration for his mother prevented his reacting against these with the violence natural to his temperament; but a silent alienation grew with his growth, and, when he left college at the age of twenty-five, he was a rationalist in opinion, and an anti-Christian in sentiment. His unbelief, however, remained a matter of opinion and sentiment, and did not touch the purity of his moral purpose or the sensibility of his conscience; and herein lay the germ of that "salvation" which he ultimately worked out for himself. Indeed, in his case, as in so many others, conscience proved to be the strait gate opening upon the high-road of religion. Finding, during his tutorship, that his attitude of aloofness toward one of the then frequent religious revivals was holding back his class of young men from participation in the currents of influence around them, his sense of responsibility became too acute to be borne, and he resolved, for their sakes if not for his own, to lay aside the weapons of his logic and yield himself to the impulses of his heart. He could not honestly avow belief in the dogmas of the several creeds; but he could yield to the feeling of need for a God, and acknowledge the wisdom of seeking him with all possible earnestness and zeal; and he found that in opening the door for others he opened it also for himself.

The history of this most important crisis in Dr. Bushnell's life throws interesting and valuable light upon one of the great questions at issue between believers and unbelievers. The latter maintain that, with every disposition and desire to do so, one can not yield assent to a creed unless the reason is convinced. The former affirm that the reason is not so predominant as is here assumed, but that, if a man only *will* believe, he *can* believe; and certainly Dr. Bushnell's life seems to show that this is indeed the case. Dr. Bushnell was never "converted," in the ordinary sense of the term. He voluntarily and deliberately prostrated his reason before a situation which a sensitive conscience declared to be intolerable; he only succeeded by very slow degrees in bringing himself to unqualified assent; his reason, he tells us, always remained rebellious as long as he harbored any respect for formal logic; yet, before the close of his life, he became almost unearthly in the purity and fervor of his faith.

It should be said, however, that Dr. Bushnell

never quite became a typical clergyman of the orthodox school. His versions, even of those doctrines that are commonly regarded as essential, differed widely, as we have said, from those current among his brethren; and he always looked upon religion as rather a progressive and vivifying spirit than a matter of formularies and observances. Furthermore, he took a decidedly latitudinarian view of the function of the pulpit. To all the great secular questions of the time his mind was peculiarly alive; and nothing that could interest man as man or as citizen seemed to him beyond the scope of the preacher's guidance and instruction. Upon all the "burning questions" of American politics, from slavery to reconstruction, the pulpit of the old North Church of Hartford was heard with no uncertain voice; and Dr. Bushnell's great influence upon the public opinion of his time was obtained quite as much by his secular utterances as by his religious teachings. A single quotation (from a sermon on "American Politics," delivered in December, 1840) will suffice to show at once the nature of these utterances, and how pertinent many of them are to topics that are still urging themselves upon public attention:

"Again, we are admonished, in our history, of the depravity of the doctrine which proposes to give the spoils of victory to the victors. Let me take you to the scene where your Lord is crucified, and, after the work is done, I will point you then to four men, not the most worthy, sitting down to parcel out the garments of the crucified Saviour, and casting their lots for the seamless robe he wore. These, too, were receivers of the spoils. Now, this doctrine which proposes to give the spoils to the victors has been imputed mostly to one of our political parties, and, as some suppose, has been avowed by that party. Of this I am willing to doubt. . . . We shall see, perhaps, how far the opposing party will abjure this doctrine of the spoils, and whether it is not yet to be the universal doctrine of politics in the land. If so, then we shall have a scene in this land never before exhibited on earth—one which would destroy the integrity and sink the morality of a nation of angels. It will be as if so many offices, worth so much, together with the seamless robe of our glorious Constitution, were held up to be the price of victory, and as if it were said: 'Look, ye people, here is a premium offered to every discontent you can raise, every combination or faction you can mention, every lie you can invent. Cupidity here is every man's right; try for what you can, and as much as you can get you shall have.' . . . Only conceive such a lure held out to this great people, and all the little offices of the government thus set up for the price of the victory, without regard to merit or anything but party services, and you have a spectacle of baseness and rapacity such as was never seen before. No preaching of the gospel in our

land, no parental discipline, no schools, not all the machinery of virtue together, can long be a match for the corrupting power of our political strifes actuated by such a law as this. It would make us a nation of apostates at the foot of Sinai."

Many thoughtful and worthy persons regard such topics as alien to the uses and opposed to what should be the true spirit of the pulpit. Dr. Bushnell's idea was that the pulpit, as one of the great moral forces of society, should come down at times from its cloud of abstractions, and aid in showing that in many of the so-called "topics of the hour" are involved principles which go to the very roots of the social fabric and strike at the stability of religion itself.

Contrasted upon nearly every point of temperament and of destiny with the bold and somewhat turbulent New England theologian was the late Dr. William Augustus Muhlenberg, the most eminent practical philanthropist that the Episcopal communion has nurtured in this country. Serene in temper, settled in conviction, and absorbed in schemes of practical benevolence, Dr. Muhlenberg knew nothing of the questions, differences, and doubts that disturbed the quiet of Dr. Bushnell's life; and the record of his career, if somewhat deficient in incident, impresses the mind like the soft strains of one of his own graceful hymns.\*

The great-grandfather of Dr. Muhlenberg was the founder of the Lutheran Church in America, having emigrated to this country from Germany in 1742; and very early in life, William Augustus (who was born in Philadelphia in 1796) exhibited the strong hereditary bent of his mind toward the ministry. "With the first dawn of reason," says his biographer, "he seems to have known the fear and love of God. Questioned upon this point, he replied: 'I think I can say there never was a time that I was unmindful of the presence of God, or without reverence for divine things, and I always looked forward to being a clergyman. When not more than eight years old, I remember, I used to have church on Sunday evenings, going through a kind of preaching, at which the family would attend to encourage me with their presence. I recollect very well that, when I didn't behave myself, they would say to me, 'William, that will not do for a minister.'" The youthful sermons here alluded to were much thought of by his relatives, but no notes of any of them have been kept. They were not childish gibberish or 'make-believe' church, but as serious an explanation and appli-

\* *The Life and Work of William Augustus Muhlenberg.* By Anne Ayres. With Portraits. New York: Harper & Brothers. Svo.



cation of a text as the thoughtful little preacher knew how to give. At the same time, child-like, he would always have a crimson shawl placed over a piece of furniture for a pulpit, and never forgot to take up a collection, the man-servant being usually present with a plate for the purpose."

The biographer also tells us that "William Augustus Muhlenberg was innately a church boy, and a devout appreciation of sacred offices and of the meaning of fast and festival was intuitive with him." Page after page of his boy-journal were filled with notices of the festivals as they came, and how he observed them; also with confessions of his faults and shortcomings, and with resolutions to lead a better life. He appears, indeed, to have been one of those exemplary children who are rarely met with outside the pages of Sunday-school books, and who in them are usually predestined to an early death; and certainly such promise as his childish years held forth was rather of a sort of ecstatic religiosity than of the career of liberal thought and practical usefulness which he subsequently pursued.

Completing in his twelfth year his course at the Philadelphia Academy, he attended for three years the grammar-school of the University of Pennsylvania, and then finished his education in the university proper. Within ten days after his graduation, at the age of nineteen, he called upon the Bishop in reference to his study of theology, upon which he entered at once, and which he prosecuted with such zeal and success that, at the earliest canonical age (twenty-one), he was ordained deacon and appointed assistant or chaplain to Bishop White. Some time before this the love of and talent for music, which distinguished him throughout his life, had manifested themselves; and he had not only taken charge of the singing-class at St. James's, but had been mainly instrumental in dislodging the parish clerk from his time-honored supremacy in the "organ-loft." Later, he formed a choir there, and published a collection of chants for their use.

At the age of twenty-four he was ordained to the priesthood, and almost immediately afterward accepted an invitation to a charge at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, where he remained during the ensuing six years. It was a natural consequence, perhaps, of his taste for music, that Christian hymnody became at this time a subject of great interest to him. "There were then," says his biographer, "only fifty-six hymns in the prayer-book, and the meter-singing was confined almost entirely to Tate and Brady's crude version of the psalms. This poverty of our worship he set forth in a tract entitled "A Plea for Christian Hymns," which he addressed to a friend in the Special General Convention, meeting in Philadelphia in

1821. Eventually this paper accomplished its mission, but Mr. Muhlenberg was much disappointed that at the time it gave rise to no action. It was characteristic of his perseverance and of the tenacity with which he held to an idea he knew to be right, that he prosecuted his object in another direction. He prepared a selection of meter psalms and hymns from various authors, which he entitled "Church Poetry," and put the volume into use in his own congregation. It was quickly adopted by several other pastors, in different parts of the country, who agreed with Mr. Muhlenberg that in the use of hymns the clergy were free. In this opinion they were sustained by Bishop White. Mr. Muhlenberg obtained permission to express the Bishop's sentiments on the subject in an article that he published in one of the periodicals of the day, and which thus brought the matter into wider notice, and gave rise to the remark, at the next General Convention (1823), that 'it was high time the Church acted in the matter, for, if not, the clergy would take it into their own hands.'" Mr. Muhlenberg, who was a member of that convention, became one of a committee appointed to consider the subject of psalms and hymns; and the noble collection of hymns now possessed by the Episcopal Church was largely selected and arranged by him. It contained, indeed, several of his own compositions—"I would not Live away," "Like Noah's Weary Dove," "Saviour who Thy Flock art feeding," and "Shout the Glad Tidings."

Verse-making was a favorite source of amusement to Dr. Muhlenberg throughout his life, and his biographer thinks that he might have been a poet, had he devoted himself to that one thing. "One very rare gift he preëminently possessed: that of making not only songs and hymns, but the appropriate melodies for singing them. It was with his musical as with his poetical endowments, he had both taste and talent, and produced, with much ease, numerous chants and airs, as he wanted them; but the exercise of this gift was simply an incident in his occupied life, or a chance refreshment by the way."

During his stay at Lancaster, Dr. Muhlenberg took a leading part in establishing public schools and a free library there; and his work in connection with these probably led to the conception of the idea to which he devoted the best years of his life—the idea that churches should accept as a cardinal part of their duty the providing of a distinctly Christian education to youth. Full of this conception, he resigned his charge at Lancaster in 1826, and started to Europe for the purpose of examining educational methods there; but, while in New York, a chance call to Flushing led to his acceptance of a temporary pastorate in that place, and this in turn opened the way to

the establishment of the famous Flushing Institute and St. Paul's College. For eighteen toilsome years Dr. Muhlenberg presided over these institutions, and then left them only because he had accomplished the main object with which he had undertaken them, in showing that "the Christianizing of education" was not a fantastic dream, but that schools in which it was done could be made eminently successful and popular merely as schools.

Removing from Flushing to New York in 1846, Dr. Muhlenberg resumed his ministerial functions, and took charge of a free church which had been erected by his sister, Mrs. Mary A. Rogers, and which he christened the "Church of the Holy Communion." The object of both the founder and the pastor of this church was to make it a church for the poor as well as the rich; and in pursuance of this aim Dr. Muhlenberg began those beneficent labors which have endeared his name and memory to so many thousands in the great, overcrowded, festering city. The Thanksgiving feasts to the poor, the church Christmas-trees, the Fresh-Air Fund, and many other charities that have since become systematized and general, were originated by him; and it was his observation of the needs of the poor of his parish that suggested to him the great work with which his memory is most intimately associated—St. Luke's Hospital. To this noble charity he devoted himself with all the energy of his nature; to him its magnificent success and its profoundly stimulating effect upon similar schemes were chiefly due, and in its exacting and unrewarded service he spent the last seventeen years of his life.

There was one other philanthropic scheme, however, which occupied much of his attention during his closing years, and from which he probably derived more genuine satisfaction than from any other of his enterprises. This was the Church Village on Long Island, known as "St. Johnland," and designed to furnish country homes, under sound sanitary and religious conditions, to the virtuous and toiling poor who would otherwise have to spend their lives and rear their children amid the vice and misery of the metropolis. Though truly benevolent, this was not, strictly speaking, a charitable undertaking, inasmuch as the beneficiaries were to be for the most part self-supporting, and able by their work

to pay rent for their cottages. The gain was that, for the price paid for a wretched room or two in a crowded and filthy tenement-house in the city, a beautiful country home and the advantages of a cleanly and Christian society could be obtained; and, together with these, the participants secured the benefits of a sort of coöperation under intelligent and skillful guidance which cost them nothing. Various charitable institutions were afterward superadded to the original scheme—such as a home for crippled and destitute children, an "Old Man's Home," and a "Boys' Home"; but the original scheme was never allowed to be subordinated, and, in carrying it out, Dr. Muhlenberg literally made a wilderness blossom as the rose.

The briefest possible account of the numerous public and private charities in which Dr. Muhlenberg engaged would occupy more space than we can spare; and, to our mind, it is an unspeakably touching fact that he who had begun life with an independent fortune of his own, who had had the wealth of his mother and sister at command, and who had been the channel through which untold thousands of other people's money had found its way to the needy and suffering, died himself at last, in his eighty-first year, a pauper! "On a certain occasion," observes his biographer, "replying to some counsels of prudence, he had said, 'I only need to leave enough to bury me.' He did not do this. All he possessed at his death was forty dollars, in two gold-pieces, given him shortly before his illness."

The biography in which this noble and, as William Cullen Bryant called it, grandly successful life is recorded, is the work of a loving and painstaking but unskillful hand. Varied as it was in its activities, the career of Dr. Muhlenberg was too lacking in incident to be narrated with so much of detail as that at which Miss Ayres has aimed; and the general impression which the narrative leaves upon the mind is that of being too long drawn out. Its tone, moreover, is too laudatory. If ever a man could afford to have his story plainly and simply told, that man was Dr. Muhlenberg; but, in her anxiety to do justice to a character which she revered, Miss Ayres has fallen into that indiscriminate use of highly colored words which usually has the effect of weakening the force of the very facts which they are intended to emphasize.

## T O M T A Y L O R .

LONDON literary society may justly regret Mr. Tom Taylor. He was not, it is true, a great artist, even in the lines that he had chosen, and very little, if any, of his work can be classed as a permanent addition to the English reservoir of thought. He was a considerable playwright, rather than a great dramatist. We should not rank him as a tragedian at all, though he had an art of making pathetic scenes; and, as a comedian, which was probably his true line, he was rather skillful than original, rather a man who wrote for the stage than one who wrote either for all time or even for his own generation. Still, he composed a great many dramas, most of which succeeded, having, at the worst, a certain quality of interestingness, all of which display a clear appreciation of the necessities of the stage, and of the powers of his actors and the limitations on those powers, and two or three of which may live for a considerable time. "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," indeed, is better than that, and, had it been written in a less conscious age, when men were more easily moved, might have been reckoned a performance of the first class, and have given its author an enduring reputation. There is a function in literature akin to that of a manager in a theatre, a distributive rather than a creative one, which requires very considerable and very varied capacities, and Mr. Taylor fulfilled that exceedingly well. He was a good playwright, who knew what his customers wanted, and gave it them, without ever pandering to them; an honest and capable, though over-kindly critic, whose judgments, ephemeral as they were, constantly influenced artists; and a very good versifier—indeed, a poet, if one could by that word describe a man who did not intend his verses to live beyond their day. In fact, he was a man of varied powers, who did the work he elected to do—which was work slightly below what he could have done—very well indeed. This may seem scant praise, but it is all of it true; and it is not intended to be scant, but to imply that Mr. Taylor did well and in an intellectual way work a little below him, which inferior artists could have done, though in a far inferior way. It is well for the second-class work of the world that there are men conscious of a possibility of higher aims who yet will do this.

We should give Mr. Taylor just the same praise as editor of "Punch." There is probably no position in the world more difficult than that of the editor of an English comic paper, with a great reputation already made. He must secure

an audience, that is, must make his paper sell, and must, therefore, prepare a supply of the good-humored, domestic or political, but, in either case, very patent and intelligible, fun which the British lower middle-class appreciates, and will pay for. It is a very good public in its way; it is easy-tempered, intelligent, and quick about ordinary things, such as it knows well, and extremely amused by a joke it comprehends; but it will not do the author's or actor's thinking for him, it will not ponder—except when called upon to sympathize with some rather ghastly form of suffering—and it will not endure the smallest infraction of its idea of the proper and becoming, whether the infraction take the form of a jest for or against chastity, or for or against religion, or for or against the more important social *convenances*. Cham would succeed in London as little as Rochefort, and Rochefort as little as Veuillot. The public which buys comic papers will have the pulpit, and poverty—except in its extreme form of pauperism—and Cremorne, all kept out of sight together, and obtain its fun either out of politics or out of decent middle-class interiors and the sights of respectable streets, or it will cease to buy at once. "Punch," which is as much an institution as the "Times," could be destroyed as a property in a single number. The editor must do all his work in perpetual recollection of that fetter—a most valuable fetter, be it understood, which no admirer of "Punch" wishes to relax, but a real fetter on the humorist—and also of another, not quite so visible. The editor of "Punch" is like a West-End clergyman, who desires, first of all, to benefit his parish, but who can not quite forget, as he preaches, that people accustomed to much stronger intellectual food are listening to him, not altogether lost in reverential awe. The artists and writers in "Punch" can not forget the cultivated public altogether; must show themselves equal to entertaining them also, if only to foster their own self-respect, and so have occasionally to play to two audiences at once—one fastidious to the last degree, and one content if only it may have its solid, respectable fun. A third of the diners like and understand ortolans and quenelles, and two thirds are connoisseurs in beef, and both must be sent away filled. It is difficult for the *chef*, and it is part of the very curious history of "Punch"—perhaps the most separate paper that ever existed—that the double demand is so fairly, though, of course, often imperfectly, supplied. It is much to keep up such

a tradition, and Mr. Taylor, succeeding what is now quite a line of successful editors, kept it up very fairly well. We do not know that he improved "Punch"; indeed, we should say that he did not. It may be that the difference is in ourselves, but, to our minds, the slowly growing defect of "Punch" is a certain want of acid flavor, a certain flatness in tone and want of cutting effect in its hits, as if everybody on it were middle-aged and in good temper with most things, Irishmen excepted, and disposed to be rather jolly than effectively humorous. We should say, if we were permitted to criticise "Punch"—and why should we not criticise him, when he has become a personage in the state?—that in his late middle-age his temper had improved, and very often his looks—quoting in proof of the latter remark Mr. Du Mauriers's often wonderful interiors, in which a dozen persons are portrayed, each with a character, yet each helping toward the picture—but that his wit had not. Wit, satire, sharp and ringing epigram, these seem to us the features which tend to become too infrequent in "Punch," and which are not replaced altogether by parody, however good, or jest, however humorous. We seem to want, though we were of those who found a fund of laughter in "Happy Thoughts" and "Mokanna," a little more Jerrold and a little less Burnand. Mr. Taylor did not contribute this needed flavor, partly, perhaps, because he was so good-natured, which Jerrold, with all deference to his biographers, was not, philanthropy not being, as they fancy, identical with intellectual good nature; but he kept "Punch" well on its feet, still in the fore-front, though moving even more strictly than

ever along the old lines; and that was a considerable thing to do. He had a thorough appreciation of good work, too, though it was the tendency of his mind to prefer good work of an accustomed kind, and possessed in himself a fund of genial and sometimes sly humor which he hardly cultivated sufficiently. What was lacking to make him a great humorist was probably a touch of the insanity or abandonment often visible in such men. There was a deep stratum of solid common sense in Mr. Taylor. He regulated the political tone of "Punch" very wisely—for example, keeping it Liberal, as most Englishmen are, resisting sore pressure to be Jingo when Jingoism was rampant, but allowing fair-play to individual tendencies, so that sometimes it was hard to say which party "Punch," in his heart, considered the ridiculous one of the two, and so that, though both parties were often momentarily incensed, neither deserted the paper. He was himself a steady Liberal, being outside his work a thorough humanitarian, who hated to see human beings suffer, and believed in rights, though not necessarily equal rights, for all men, and had in him a fund of benevolence which sometimes disturbed his judicial impartiality. The thousand friends he possessed, and who knew him better than we did, must, we think, regret that he did not get the best out of himself in some one department; but he did an immensity of work of very different kinds very much better than most people could do it, and was, when it was done, a thoroughly sincere and humble-minded man. He will be missed, and justly.

*London Spectator.*

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE American citizen, especially in the rural sections, has usually a decided taste for questions of law. He frequents assizes; the right and wrong of laws and rulings, and the merits and demerits of local counselors, are subjects which he always delights to discuss with his neighbors at the country store or post-office; and, if among his sons there is a specially bright boy, he aspires to place him in the profession. Hence Mr. B. V. Abbott's new volume, "Judge and Jury" (or, as it is further described, "A Popular Examination of Leading Topics on the Law of the Land"), is devoted to a theme likely to interest a very large public. A book of this kind rightly prepared is calculated to correct misconceptions, and to enlarge the popular knowledge in a direction of great importance. A knowledge of the law and its bearings upon the duties and rights of the people is peculiarly incumbent upon the citizens

of a republic. Hitherto our people have derived their information on questions of law incidentally, from popular discussions, or from more or less familiarity with the proceedings of courts, and it is easy to see how misapprehensions may arise where the sources of information are so irregular. A book like Mr. Abbott's is therefore valuable, but its usefulness depends upon the absolute accuracy of its statements. For the most part, Mr. Abbott's book may be trusted, but we notice one instance in which the author falls into an error that is very prevalent, and one which a book of this character ought above all things to have corrected. In the first chapter, under the heading of "Constitutional Government," occurs the following:

"It is well established that the Supreme Court has final authority to annul any law which conflicts with the national Constitution, and that the superior judiciary of



the State has like authority to annul an act of the Legislature for violating the Constitution of the State. The growth of this principle has brought the judiciary permanently forward as a repository of important power."

Now, whatever may be the powers and functions of the Supreme Court of the United States, they are the same to-day that they were at the beginning. There has not been any "growth of principle," and there could not be; no change in the functions of a court can occur without specific enactments to that effect. But there undoubtedly has been a growth or development of popular sentiment in this matter, until it has come to be generally assumed that the Supreme Court exercises a special and distinct authority in all constitutional questions. Judging from our own experience, we should say that a very large proportion of the people confidently entertain this view of the powers of the Supreme Court. And yet it is an erroneous one. The Supreme Court has no special power to annul laws. It is not its function to "revise acts of legislation" (as Mr. Abbott in another sentence declares). It has really no other power or function in this particular than that possessed by all other courts, with the exception that, being the court of last resort, its decisions can not be revoked. The power that it possesses in regard to constitutional questions is wholly incidental; it is inevitable; it exists because the court would not be a court if it did not possess it. It was never bestowed; and it could not be withdrawn, or circumscribed, or changed, without the court becoming something more or less than a judiciary. To assert that the Supreme Court has within itself a special right to "annul any law which conflicts with the national Constitution," is to make the judiciary greater than Congress or the Executive; not a coördinate but the supreme branch of the government. All that the Supreme Court really does or can do is to determine questions between suitors, and this is just what all other courts do. Whenever in any court a question arises as to whether any given case is in conflict with the Constitution (no such question can arise in any court, high or low, except in determining issues between suitors), the court is not only competent to decide the question, but it could not avoid doing so, and continue to exercise its legitimate functions. If A sues B under a statute law, and B succeeds in showing that he is justified under the Constitution, the court has no choice in the matter—it must decide whether A or B is right; it must say whether in its opinion there is or is not a conflict between the statute and the Constitution, and, if such a conflict exists, then necessarily the act of Congress or of the Legislature is null and void. The Constitution is supreme. All laws that conflict with it cease to be laws. Every court in determining causes between suitors has occasion to declare whether such a conflict exists or not; the only difference between the Supreme Court of the United States and all other courts is that its decisions are final; being final, they are assented to by all other disputants, and the law practically ceases to be.

We should not have written all this had we not

been aware that erroneous impressions prevail in this matter. We have met well-informed persons who supposed that the Supreme Court possesses some power in the premises specially bestowed upon it; that its distinct function is the right to revise acts of Congress; and we have met also many persons who have been unable or unwilling to see the difference between a specified and a merely incidental power. The fact that a decision of the higher court is final does not change the essential function involved in that decision: such a decision is of much more practical importance than the decision of a lower court, but it is not different in its character, it does not spring from any special function, nor is it an exercise of any greater power. Mr. Calhoun's doctrines are not much in favor now; but, whatever may be our views as to his State sovereignty principles, we all know him to have been a man of legal astuteness, and hence his opinion on this subject is entitled to respect. He says:

"It will be asked how the court obtained the power to pronounce a law or treaty unconstitutional, when it comes in contact with that instrument. I do not deny that it possesses the right; but I can by no means concede that it was derived from the Constitution. It had its origin in the necessity of the case. When there are two or more rules established, one from a higher, the other from a lower authority, which may come in conflict in applying them to a particular case, the judge can not avoid pronouncing in favor of the superior against the inferior. . . . It is a power which, so far from being conferred exclusively on the Supreme Court, as is insisted, belongs to every court—inferior and superior—State and general, and even to foreign courts."

THE proposed International Exhibition in New York in 1883 is so far under way that, ere this reaches the eye of the reader, a commission, consisting of members representing the States and Territories, and appointed by President Hayes, under the act of Congress of April 23d, will have met in the city of New York for the purpose of effecting a permanent organization.

Now, of course, comes prominently forward once more the question of situation. Where can a suitable place be found for the Exhibition? Which is the best site for it? It is greatly to be hoped that no mistake will be made in this important preliminary step. One can but feel alarm, however, when he hears that the open wastes near Harlem, and the dreary, half-submerged plains at Port Morris, have been suggested and urged for the purpose. Port Morris has one single advantage, it being on the water border. To our mind this feature should be the *sine qua non* of the place adopted. It would be fairly impossible, as New York is shaped, to devise adequate means for conveying the immense crowds that will visit the Exhibition to and from any interior situation. Nothing would be sufficient for the purpose but transit by water. An almost intolerable feature of every one of the great exhibitions hitherto has been the time consumed and the fatigue and discomfort experienced in getting to and fro; and,

if the New York Fair is so placed and conducted as to remedy this evil, there is not a visitor that will not rejoice, and bless this Exhibition above all others.

But there are other reasons why the New York Exhibition should be at the water's edge—even on the water itself, if possible. New York is a commercial metropolis—a city of the sea. It lies upon a magnificent bay, and two superb rivers wash its shores. And in view of the noble waters that encompass it, of the identity of the place with commerce, and all the interests that pertain to the great waterways of the world, being also the open portal on the sea through which the Old World enters the New, the sea-border conspicuously asserts itself as a significant and appropriate place for our Exhibition. Let it by all means be placed somewhere on the bay. Let the salt breezes from old Ocean blow through its courts. Let it stand where ships from the Old World can discharge their cargoes at its gates; where great steamers from the East and from the North and from the South can bring their multitudes unobstructed to its landings; where innumerable swift-moving steamboats can connect it with every point of our water-bound metropolis. A water-situation has every conceivable advantage: it would be more accessible to visitors; it would be cooler and more healthful; it would be easier to erect the structures; and the ease of transportation for goods as well as for visitors would be immensely enhanced. There ought not to be a moment's question of these facts. For New York to select an interior site for an exhibition, would be to deliberately turn its back upon all the unparalleled advantages of its situation—to ignore the best part of itself—to confess that broad bays and noble rivers confer nothing upon a great city.

When the Exhibition was first proposed, we ventured to suggest in these columns Governor's Island in the bay as a suitable place for it. The available area of the island is much too small, but it would be practicable to build on piles out to low-water mark. But it is likely a better place could be found along the shore at Bay Ridge, or near Fort Hamilton, at the Narrows; or possibly a sufficient stretch of the Staten Island shore could be secured. It is, we believe, not more costly to build on piles than on a foundation of masonry, and hence the buildings, wherever erected, could be extended over the water. In places where the beach shelves gradually, a large area could be conquered from the sea. But with the swift and easy communication that could be established between all the shores of the bay, it would not be necessary for the Exhibition to be held all at one place. One building for a specific purpose might even stand at the Battery; another at Governor's Island; others at Bedloe's and Ellis's Islands; still others at Bay Ridge, Fort Hamilton, and on the Staten Island shore. The bay would thus be environed with the Exhibition. Brilliant iron and glass palaces would line our shores and encircle our waters, making as a whole a magnificent picture. And visitors, in hieing from one place to another in swift and commodious steamboats, would, instead of enduring fatigue, gain rest and pleasure by the tran-

sit. Would not this picture be a sight to see? And by that time we are promised the Bartholdi statue, so that "Liberty enlightening the World," with her circlet of stars and torch, would stand as an appropriate column in the midst of all the splendid edifices at her feet devoted to "art enlightening the world." A happy conjunction surely.

BUT there is another idea—if ideas are at all wanted. If the Commissioners have audacity and pluck and a fine originality—if they dare do a bold, fresh, and unique thing—let them cast their eyes toward the shallows that lie near the New Jersey shore, and conjure up a vision. Visions, we all know, are permitted to take impracticable, illusory, and fantastic forms; therefore it would not be strange if the Commissioners, in a summer afternoon's nap, should see rising on these shallows an array of grand floating arks, a vast fleet of superb marine palaces, not perhaps unlike Longfellow's Great Harry, in "The Building of the Ship"—

"With bows and sterns raised high in air,  
And balconies hanging here and there,  
And signal-lanterns, and flags afloat,"

and many more than "eight round towers"—a very Industrial Venice, a new and wonderful City of the Sea. Of course, this is all a dream. All audacious new ideas are only dreams—at first; and are laughed at and scorned as "baseless fabrics," until, despite the scorners, they at last take definite shape. But the wise reader need not be alarmed. The Commissioners are sure to be cautious and conservative gentlemen, who know the value of precedent, and admire the art of copying successfully. Why, indeed, should there be new ideas, when there are at hand well-tried old ones? Who ever heard of a World's Fair on boats in an open bay? But, then, who had heard of a steamboat before one was built? We have seen magnificent palaces of iron and glass, and even of granite, spring up like magic for other great exhibitions; and a venturesome person might surmise that no more skill or greater expenditure of money would be required for floating palaces than for immense structures such as those that four years ago graced Fairmount Park. And we who are familiar with the gigantic boats of the Sound and the Hudson—floating cathedrals some traveler has named them—should not doubt the possibility (in a vision at least) of bringing into place on those shallow waters a group of lofty and imposing structures, adapted in general plan for exhibition purposes, uniting space, accessibility, continuous connection, and splendor. But this, again, is a dream. Nobody ever heard of a floating Exhibition, and this fact ends all discussion.

And yet we here in New York, after so many World's Fairs, ought to mark our Exhibition with new and unique features. We should give it a decided individuality and character of its own. It is not enough to copy, however well we may do so, the models and plans of former exhibitions. We must originate something. We must separate our

Exhibition from other exhibitions. We must have a surprise; we must create new means of delight; we must produce a spectacle such as the world has never seen. How shall this be done?

A MORE significant illustration of the change that has come over popular taste in respect of poetry could hardly be imagined than is afforded by the case of Alexander Pope. Dr. Johnson, in his "Lives of the Poets," bowed before Pope's shrine with a cordiality of homage which was not aroused in equal degree by either Milton or Dryden, and for nearly a century Johnson's opinion was tacitly accepted, if not openly avowed; yet so rapidly and so completely has his reputation dwindled that in our days there is, at least among critics, "none so poor as to do him reverence." Difficult as it is to say, in a given case, what will be the final verdict of criticism, it can hardly be doubted that the little books contributed to Mr. Morley's series of "English Men of Letters"—written, as they are, by specialists and masters in their respective fields—will do much in future to shape and crystallize popular sentiment in regard to the subjects with which they deal; and, for this reason, it is interesting to note what sort of measure is being meted out in them to the great autocrat of letters and arbiter of taste in the eighteenth century. In his recently published study of Cowper, Mr. Goldwin Smith has frequent occasion to compare Cowper's work with that of Pope, and it may be said that he never mentions Pope save to depreciate or discredit him. In one place he is "that arch-versifier"; in another, we are told that Pope's translation of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" is "not a version of Homer, but a periwigged epic of the Augustan age"; and in a third, quoting Pope's famous description of a landscape in Windsor Forest, Mr. Smith says, "Evidently Pope saw all this, not on an eminence, in the ruffling wind, but in his study, with his back to the window, and the 'Georgics,' or a translation of them, before him." Substantially the same estimate is expressed by Mr. Leslie Stephen in the monograph on Pope which he has contributed to the series. Indeed, with a cordial admiration for Pope's literary skill, and a warm appreciation of the single-mindedness with which he devoted himself to his art, it is with obvious reluctance that Mr. Stephen concedes that his verse is poetry at all. He acknowledges him to have been "a man of genius," and admits that he discharged "a function, not of the highest kind, with a perfection rare in any department of literature"; but, in the last resort, if pressed for his opinion, Mr. Stephen would probably say with Mr. Smith that Pope was an "arch-versifier" rather than a poet.

It should be said, however, that the severity of Mr. Stephen's judgment appears to be due, in part at least, to his aversion to Pope's character as a man, and to his shame at the disclosures which, as a biographer, he is compelled to make. No man ever set himself more deliberately than Pope to drape and

pose his figure for posterity; and it is a curious tribute to that Nemesis "which never yet of human wrong left the unbalanced scale," that no man has ever been more thoroughly and disgracefully exposed. In the catalogue of the "meaner vices"—from lying to levying black-mail by slander—there is scarcely one of which Pope was not guilty; and even so brief a record of his life as that of Mr. Stephen is filled with incidents which cause positive pain and a sense of degradation in the mere reading.

Here, for example, is one. Finding that his "Wycherley correspondence," as it was called (which, by the way, he had himself surreptitiously published and then repeatedly denied its publication), was "filling the nation with his praises," Pope conceived the idea of getting before the public the letters which he had written to Swift during a long series of years. In order to accomplish this, and at the same time to avoid the ridicule of publishing his own correspondence, he devised a scheme so tortuous and elaborate that it would take a page so to analyze it as to reveal at once its ingenuity and its turpitude. Suffice it to say that, having succeeded, by an incredible course of deceit and cajolery, in inducing Swift (whose intellect was then failing) to publish the letters himself, Pope actually turned upon his victim and reproached him for a "breach of confidence"! Commenting upon this singular transaction, Mr. Stephen says: "The most humiliating words ever written by a man not utterly vile, must have been those which Pope set down in a letter to Nugent, after giving his own version of the case: 'I think I can make no reflections upon this strange incident but what are truly melancholy, and humble the pride of human nature. That the greatest of geniuses, though prudence may have been the companion of wit (which is very rare) for their whole lives past, may have nothing left them but their vanity. No decay of body is half so miserable.' The most audacious hypocrite of fiction pales beside this. Pope, condescending to the meanest complication of lies to justify a paltry vanity, taking advantage of his old friend's dotage to trick him into complicity, then giving a false account of his error, and finally moralizing, with all the airs of philosophic charity, and taking credit for his generosity, is altogether a picture to set fiction at defiance."

THE history of fiction shows a great many changes in the form and spirit of the novel, and almost a complete revolution in its scope and purpose. It began with weird and improbable romance; it shifted to the picturesque and descriptive; it went thence to the romantic and sentimental, from which it soon entered the domain of domestic life. It took up the grotesque and the humorous; it glided from the objective to the emotional and the subjective; it became analytical and psychological; it shifted its ground from the narrative of incident to the portrayal of character; it ascended from the simple to the complex, and has descended again from the complex to the simple. It began by assuming that only great

people were worthy of its attention, using inferior folk only as foils, whereby to set off the graces and splendors of the mighty; but ere long it began to depict heroes and heroines without titles, and soon did not disdain to stoop to the lowest levels of humanity. It has considered pomp and splendor necessary, and abandoned pomp and splendor; it has assumed sharp contrasts between virtue and evil to be essential, and has changed its theory on that score; it has believed mystery to be indispensable, and come to learn how to dispense with it; and, while for the most part it still adheres to the belief that some measure of plot and complication is requisite, there are recent instances showing that even these things may be discarded.

The immense range which the romance and the novel have covered, and the tendency to abandon every theory that has been entertained at different times as to the requirements of fiction, are well illustrated in Edmond About's new novel, "*Le Roman d'un Brave Homme*," or, as it is rendered in the English translation, "*The Story of an Honest Man*." In this novel almost everything once supposed necessary for a work of fiction has been rejected. There are no great people and no contrasts of life; there is no splendor, no passion, no love-making, and no sentiment; there are no complications, and no incidents or situations; there is no mystery, nor anything that may be called a plot; there are no fascinating ideals of men or women, and no humorous or grotesque portraits (although the heroine is rather a unique figure); there is no plotting or counter-plotting; there are no villains; there is no vice, and only the plain, practical virtues. "Great wonder!" exclaims the reader, "then there is nothing!" Nothing? There is fairly everything—for there is human nature; there are genuine men and women, in whose fortunes and in whose selves the reader is profoundly interested; there are admirable pictures of homely French provincial life; there are revelations of French schools, French inns, and French factories, forty years ago; and there are consummate literary art and a style full of brilliant vivacity. These things are there, and they are enough to hold the reader from first to last. But there is more. In this book industry is made romantic. One gets in love with sturdy strength, honest effort, and the intelligent application of ideas. A factory becomes as interesting as an old castle; commercial travelers appear as a new order of knights; buying and selling and manufacturing are shown to have fascinations of their own. School-life has been made interesting in many novels, but here the philosophy of education is made delightful, and the reader champions the innovation that reforms as earnestly as he ever championed a hero in the lists; and he is as much delighted at the overthrow of stupid and dreary convention, entrenched as it is, as he ever was at seeing the devices of a villain brought to naught. The book is really a romance of industry and endeavor. In our age of toil it exemplifies how labor has its fascinations, its heroisms, and its achievements; and it is peculiarly interesting to the student of literature in exemplifying that

art is everything and material nothing. Just as modern landscape-painters are showing that the greatest canvases can be painted from apparently the most commonplace conditions—a bit of plain and a stretch of sky—masterly treatment being the secret, so does M. About exemplify, in "*The Story of an Honest Man*," that the simplest pictures of men and women can be made entrancing if the workman is only master of his art.

THOSE who are familiar with Professor Huxley's skill in this field will hardly need to be told that his "*Introductory Science Primer*" is a masterpiece of luminous exposition; but it should be said, also, that it is unique among his works for the epigrammatic force and finish with which he has stated the more important of his propositions. To cover the whole field of elementary science in a little book of less than a hundred pages has involved the utmost attainable condensation and precision of language, and a dozen of Professor Huxley's sentences could be selected which might be fairly said to contain the distilled quintessence of scientific knowledge. What a copious fountain-head of errors would be dried up, for example, if the general public could be made firmly to grasp the truth that science and common sense are not opposed, as people sometimes fancy them to be, but that "science is simply perfected common sense"; that, in strictness, "all accurate knowledge is science, and all exact reasoning is scientific reasoning"; that "scientific reasoning is simply very careful common reasoning, and common knowledge grows into scientific knowledge as it becomes more and more exact and complete"; and that "Scientific experiment is scientific observation performed under accurately known artificial conditions"! These conceptions once definitely lodged in the mind, the student is prepared for another series of propositions designed to make plain to him what is meant by the commonly used but often misunderstood phrase, "laws of Nature." To begin with, "Natural laws are not commands, but assertions, respecting the invariable order of Nature"; further, "The laws of Nature are not the *causes* of the order of Nature, but only our way of stating as much as we have made out of that order"; more precise still, "The laws of Nature are the general rules respecting the behavior of natural objects which have been collected from innumerable observations and experiments, or, in other words, they are inductions from those observations and experiments"; finally, "A law of man tells what we may expect society will do under certain circumstances, and a law of Nature tells us what we may expect natural objects will do under certain circumstances." Supplement these aphorisms with such pithy sayings as that "chance and accident are only *aliases* of ignorance," and the student who has once thoroughly mastered their significance will have been more profitably "introduced" to the special sciences than if he had groped his way through half a dozen conventional text-books.